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(See page 10)

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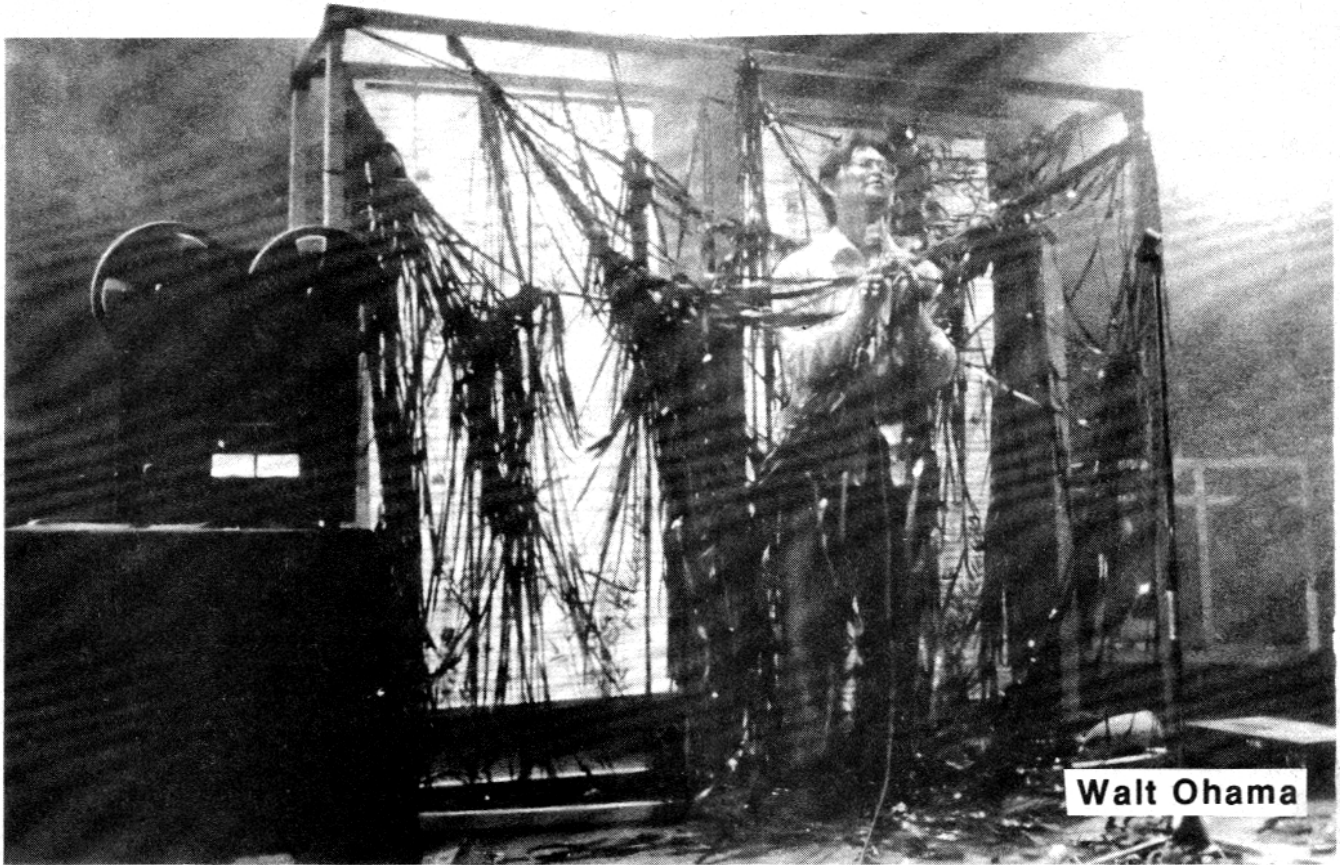
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Walt Ohama

# SOUND CHOICE

No. 5, Summer 1986

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# Statement of Purpose

**SOUND CHOICE** (ISSN 8756-6176) is published by the Audio Evolution Network, an organization dedicated to aiding the evolution of independent music, audio art and experimentation, and related ideas. Sound Choice, the official newsletter of the Audio Evolution Network, is designed to be a communication link and inspiration created by and for all who are interested in A.E.N. matters. Sound Choice has an open mind toward ALL STYLES AND GENRES of independent artistic expression, but is especially interested in subjects overlooked or actively ignored by the mainstream press.

**WE WANT** this to be as open and cooperative an organization as possible. We encourage the ACTIVE involvement of our readers. Think of Sound Choice as a clearing house for important and interesting information gathered by a world-wide network of "intelligence agents." We need you, the readers, to be those intelligence agents. If you have information, be it in the form of an interview, a review, an essay, an important address or phone number or whatever, that you think will aid and abet the other members of the network, then send it to Sound Choice. At that point, with the assistance of computers, typesetters, a printing press and a bulk mailing permit, the staff will attempt to package the information in a convenient format (a magazine for instance) and multiply and redistribute that information to thousands of other sympathetic, highly interested and free-thinking people.

**THE INFORMATION** we receive, multiply and redistribute need not necessarily be written information. Send us independent recordings for instance, and we will not only distill that recording's information into a review for print media, we may very likely redistribute the actual sounds via radio broadcasts, cable music programs, and, if network members would find it useful, perhaps even A.E.N. sponsored records and tapes. (The A.E.N. radio show has already begun and a world-wide network of sympathetic, free-thinking radio programmers is in its formative stages. See Radio section.)

**IN ADDITION** to channeling information, other ways readers can help is by subscribing to Sound Choice (the most cost effective, flexible and personal method of distributing the magazine), and by purchasing advertising space. Subscriptions are \$12 for six issues within the U.S.; \$18 U.S. funds for non-U.S. six issue subscriptions surface mail; and \$30 U.S. funds for non-U.S. airmail subscriptions.

Our ad rates are incredibly low for a magazine with our size of readership. Because of the cooperative nature of Sound Choice, for the price of a small roll of postage stamps you can have a message printed in Sound choice that will be mailed to THOUSANDS of people.

**THE AD RATES** are as follows: Full page (7 1/4" w X 10" h) is \$200; Half page (7 1/4" w X 4 7/8") is \$100; Quarter page (3 5/8" w X 4 7/8") is \$50; Eighth page (3 5/8" w X 2 7/16") is \$25. Unclassified ad rates are listed in the Unclassified section. Display ad rates apply to pre-paid, camera-ready ads only. (Camera-ready means that we print exactly what you send us.)

Sound Choice is published at least four times per year. After several attempts at establishing article and ad deadlines several issues in advance, we will now publish a particular issue's deadlines in the issue that comes out directly before it.

**THE DEADLINES** for Sound Choice #6 are: Articles, letters, reviews and general info — July 28; Advertisements — August 14. S.C. #6 should be printed and into distribution by Sept. 1.

As always, we welcome questions, comments, constructive criticism. If you want to get more involved in any aspect of Sound Choice or A.E.N. let us know. The address is Sound Choice, P.O.B. 1251, Ojai, CA 93023, USA; ph. 805-646-6814.

Note to subscribers: Please sure we are notified immediately about any address changes. Sound Choice is mailed third class, bulk rate. Third class mail is NEVER forwarded.

Workers for S.C. #5 include David Ciaffardini, editor/publisher; Eileen Sterling events editor and office manager; George Charpiéd, assistant editor and designated hitter, and Michele LeBeau, production assistant. Others who have contributed greatly to past and present issues but have never been properly acknowledged include Kris English (cover of S.C. #4), John E (various drawings and reviews) and Robert Bernstein (various drawings) and Robert Bills, distribution.

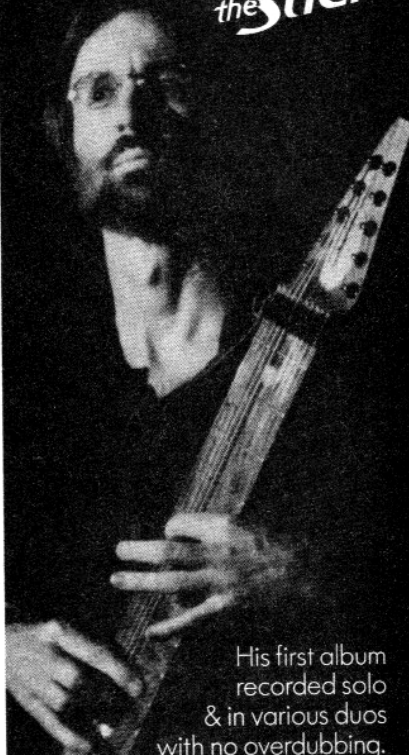
**DEEPEST THANKS** to all the others who have contributed their efforts to this project.

**ON THE COVER:** Jello Biafra and fans captured via the excellent photographic skills of Alison Braun aka Mouse. Kilsight overlay by George Charpiéd.

**Deadlines for No. 6:  
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# We get letters...

Readers, when you send letters for publication, please indicate whether you would like your address and/or phone number printed. Thanks for the input!

## Egotists and pinheads exposed

David,

Reading through your editorial and letters columns I came across a spirit; a fire that jumped off the page. I sat up and recognized the action of someone taking full responsibility for what they feel. How unusual in this time of underground homogenized backslapping for a magazine like Sound Choice to "call it like you see it." Thank you for exposing the radio programming morons that are supposedly keeping the college airwaves progressive, thank you for exposing the egotists and pinheads for what they are and thank you for having the guts to do it. What the scene needs right now is a shot in the arm to let it know that it is being sucked into the mainstream and thereby diffusing its effectiveness. Enclosed is a manifesto that I am going to print on the program notes at Noise Nacht Five here in San Francisco. Noise Nacht is an experimental noise new music as well as visual art showcase. More on this later. It might shed some light on a problem that isn't isolated to one city or country for that matter. That's a subject that could be an article for a future Sound Choice if you're interested.

As the founder of Poison Gas Research now just PGR and new projects such as Noise Nacht, Thessalonians, and Warm Light Productions, I have always guided my travel through the scene and its hairdo politics with Marxist critical reasoning which has kept me estranged from that cancer. I'm glad to recognize similar although probably much different sensibilities in a magazine with as much visibility as yours. Keep up the good work. Kim Cascone, Production Group Resources, San Francisco, CA

## Beef has a beef

Dear David:

Thank you for your review of BEEF in your most recent issue. We enjoyed your commentary but did regret your comment about our publication numbers. Upon meeting your staff at the studio we told you that 50,000 is our circulation. Circulation is based typically on a 3.5 viewing audience, which represents a trade share of readers per magazine. Please refer to *Boston Rocker* (sic) info sheet as to the definition of circulation. They also use 3.5 as their ratio. This is fairly standard and one of the lowest ratios in use.

Circulation is based on press run. When that information was conveyed to you, ours was 15,000. The press run as of our last issue was 20,000 (40 pages), therefore, you can do the multiplication tables to come up with our "new" circulation.

We were surprised and disappointed after having met your staff and telling them the facts, re: how we defined circulation and press run in all explicit honesty and detail, to see that you would label us "deceitful" in our circulation statement.

Beef is free and continually shares contemporary art, music and ideas in a positive format. Everyone works as volunteers to make it all possible. In addition, our ad rates are the lowest for the amount of issues and format of magazine.

If you want to make comments about our circulation statements please get an understanding of the terminology. We are proud of our six year existence, the fact that we print 20,000 copies; are free to thousands of people of all ages and types; and,

have a circulation of over 50,000. None of us need unfounded detrimental statements — that is what destroys all the energy that keeps free, or independent press alive. Again, we would like to thank you for your insightful remarks about Beef. We hope this letter clarifies our circulation statement for you.

More than sincere,  
Pakka Kavan, co-publisher

*Pakka, I appreciate your forthright discussion of this matter. However, you confuse the term "circulation" with "readership." Circulation refers to how many copies have been distributed. Readership refers to how many people read your mag. This is the standard interpretation used by the California Newspaper Publishing Association and every publication I've ever worked with. Second of all, I think that it is your use of these terms that is detrimental to the independent press. Simply going along with this 3.5 readers per issue statistic baloney is detrimental. That statistic was dreamed up by corporate advertising executives and there is no way you, I or your readers can verify the truth of that as it relates to your magazine even if we spend thousands of dollars on surveys. I maintain that, as far as comparisons go, independent press publishers should stick to simply stating how many issues they print and distribute, and let the readers and advertisers estimate for themselves how many people may read a single issue. The bottom line is that as long as you continue to state in your magazine, without qualification, that you have a "50,000 Circulation", and yet print fewer than half that number, I will consider you deceitful and perpetuating practices that are detrimental to the independent press, its readership and advertisers. But, please keep me on your mailing list, because I do enjoy reading Beef and find many of the articles valuable. I'll even try to make sure 3.5 people see each copy you send. — DC*

## Non-profit radio doesn't exercise opportunites and responsibilities

Greetings,

I hereby throw my two cents of noise into the fray and mention that sad as it is, what David says and how he feels is all too true.

It is obvious the college radio market panders after the corporate sound; the whole nauseating miasma of "underground" or "garage" musics that flourish, enabling the proto-yuppies at university radio stations to feel young, daring, and alternative in their rise to a future in commercial radio.

I feel that the quote in last issue from D. Tame's *Secret Power of Music* is so incredibly appropriate for our age and should be etched on the smooth, unlined brows of all independent or so called alternative radio management. I'm putting it on a cart for our staff to use on-air.

For our modern Western communications web is a wondrous thing in these ancient days, but as the technology is still a bit costly, concessions must be made by some to service the spectacle. Yet I doubt there are enough non-profit stations fully utilizing the incredible opportunity or realizing the incredible responsibility.

Cheers and long lives to Sound Choice and its journalistic compatriots!

Scott Marshall, Program Director, WZRD FM, Chicago, IL, USA.

## Into our own hands

Dear David,

Please send me a copy of the Spring 86 issue of Sound Choice you mentioned in your *Maximum Rock 'N' Roll* article. (Mar 86) I enjoyed your article a lot and agree. We have a 12,000 student



university here and have tried to no avail to get them to play alternative music, in accordance with their license. (Actually, their license doesn't specify "alternative music." — DC)

As you can see by the flyer enclosed, some of us have decided to take the matter into our own hands. I think this will work, although it will take a long, long time to get on the air.

Meanwhile, I'm very interested in other possibilities. Punks are so spread out in the south (10 in this town, 10 in that town), I see radio as our best hope for unity and scene building. (Yep, radio has a tremendous capacity for uniting people — unfortunately too much radio is geared to unite people to purchase things thoughtlessly, discriminate, hate and go to war and kill people. — DC)

What about shortwave? I've heard a few people say they've seen reports of punks using that. Know anything about that? (Short wave is covered in S.C. No. 4) Please feel free to comment on the Free Air project. (Looks great! The only thing that could stop it is apathy and lack of action. It will require tremendous faith and unity — and the C.I.A. might try to kill us for it. Sure we're a little naive (side effects of certain chemicals), sure we're a little idealistic but I say LET'S GO FOR IT! Also, how do you define "Hardcore"? How many records do I have to buy to own 50 percent of the company? How bout I give you a really good deal on an advertising/trade arrangement... — DC) Looking forward to hearing from you.

Gary Barlow, Free Air, Hattiesburg, MS  
Here's the Free Air press release:

We intend to operate an AM radio station in the mid-south. AM rules at night. Though we will have to start small, we hope to be able to raise our power up to where we can reach a large section of mid-America every night.

It is our plan to sell compilation tapes and albums to raise money to start and operate the station. This will be a long process. It is doubtful that we can raise the necessary money to go on the air until 1988 or 1989, (If you could be on the air by then you would be international heroes. — DC) but that's not that far away (Ronald McReagan will be president until 1989 — time flies when you're having fun.)

We encourage people to think of the possibilities — we have subverted the major record labels, we can subvert corporate rock radio, too and bring hardcore to a lot of people in a lot of small towns. We plan for the station to be owned by punks everywhere. The best idea so far is that everyone who gets a compilation gets a share in the station. Also, it is our hope that after we go on the air, \$1 of every \$5 we make selling compilations for operating funds will go into an account to be used as seed money to start similar stations in other areas, completely independent of each other.

This will work. Our limitations are ourselves, our patience, our perseverance. These are big dreams, but dreaming sure beats bitching. Help us help everybody. We need music from bands and support when we start issuing compilations (June, July '86) Feel free to write w/comments, questions, help, etc. Free air for everybody! P.O. Box 15695, Hattiesburg, MS 39404, USA; ph. 601-582-4929; Kevin, Thad and Gary.

Dear Sound Choice:

I'd had a VCR for about a year now. I bought it because I had this fine TV set given to me for Christmas but I never watched it much with the exception of Doctor Who and occasional Second City TV. Once I had the VCR, I found a library that stocked some tapes for borrowing and watched one or two movies a week. Then one morning I got a great idea and plugged my stereo into the thing and got a blank tape and started recording some of my favorite music on top of images, sometimes randomly chosen or calculated from the free airwaves. I refuse to patronize monopolist cable TV by the way. I enjoy putting on these tapes when I have company or maybe when I'm cleaning up my house or getting ready to go out. Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't.

The point is: I have used technology to create a semi quasi art

form and in effect make videos for bands that don't make or bother or can't afford videos.

It would be neat to find a club to play these tapes but I realize due to legalities, it is a medium which can't be compromised by being sold commercially. It would be nice to trade with others especially those with punk/hardcore/rock tastes. It's a step in the right direction towards providing a video alternative.

If you ever get your library together, perhaps I'll send you one. I don't have copying capabilities so each tape is unique.

I've also plugged tapes of my own noise into the TV as well as recording weird stuff like TV evangelists making fools of themselves, not hard, and snatches from shows extolling the virtues of police dogs, downright weird! What think you?

Jim Hofmann, 1646 Yakona Rd, Baltimore, MD 21204, USA

## What about trying it with women?

Dear David:

I was sickened by your review of *Rock Jocks: A Pillow Book for Women*. I've never heard of the Flange Sisters; I've never seen their book and I won't be hunting any bookstore for it. The first half of the review was fine, but then you compared their "limp accomplishment" to an equally limp (well, apparently, the men's dicks weren't limp) accomplishment by the Plaster Casters.

Wowie. So they dipped rock stars' penises in plaster of paris — I'm impressed. No, I'm ready to vomit. But that's not the worst of it. You wrote, "To top it all off, all the models for the Plaster Casters got blowjobs." You're implying that the Plaster Casters' project was more valid than the Flange Sisters because they sexually satisfied their subjects, which, of course, is one of women's functions, besides cooking men's meals and cleaning the house. We readers can only go by the exact words in your review, so please tell us that you didn't mean it, David, and maybe we'll forgive you.

I, and I think all women, have better things to do with our time than look at a photo of the Del Fuegos in jock straps, let alone take the picture. Flange Sisters, do you have anything to say for yourselves? Was your book simply a sarcastic joke done on a rainy long weekend, or a sincere attempt to artistry? Can you help me change my mind and find meaning or even amusement, in this kind of crap? Before you begin another project, think it over carefully, and then save your film for family vacations. I must add that although I am not appreciative of the kind of work the Flange Sisters do, it's rather ironic that they paid Sound Choice to print an ad for their book in the same issue that gives a shitty review of their book. Tough break, huh, girls?

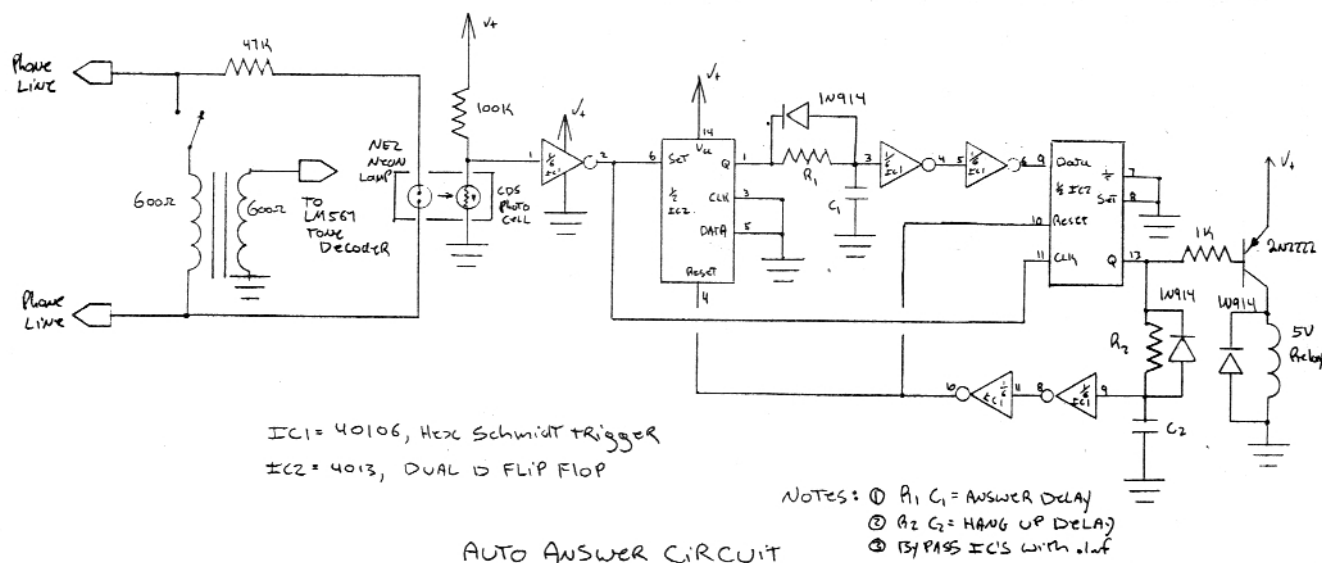
Before I go, I just want to call your attention to one more thing. I noticed that in this last issue, only one of the editorial letters was written by a woman. In fact, in past issues (I leafed through them to count), the editorial sections are dominated by men's letters. Is this a freak accident, David? Am I being a hyper-sensitive feminist? Or is it something worth thinking about? I guess I just hope that in future issues you are more conscious of the women's perspective and give everyone equal time. (But remember, women are not a minority, so don't treat us like one.)

Oh yeah, I almost forgot — I thought the cover of this issue and your brief words about it were a beautiful, simple tribute to your father. My eyes stung when I read it. I hope you're doing okay.

Thank you for hearing me out. Au revoir.

Peace and love, Lauryl Grande, Mankato, MN  
Lauryl, my admiration for the Plaster Caster's work has nothing to do with their sex. I simply think their project was outrageous, humorous and makes for good story telling. My reaction would be the same if the Plaster Caster's had been two men. Secondly, I welcome and encourage more input from women. Why don't you round up some women to write or create art for Sound Choice. The more the merrier I say. — DC





3/86 ALAN ARKOVIN

Sirs:

First, I agree that using your telephone to turn your station on from a remote location is an excellent way to avoid being caught. However, the telephone remote control circuit that you published has some serious drawbacks. The way it stands, either you must be in constant phone contact with the transmitter, or you need someone at the transmitter to answer the telephone, so you can use the remote control. In my opinion, that doesn't make a lot of sense.

It would also be possible to tune the tone decoder to one of the frequencies generated by a touch tone telephone, saving the bother of having to make a dedicated tone generator.

Anyway thank you for a most interesting article and a chance to share ideas with another radiophile.

Alright Alan! Lets keep the homebrew technologies evolving! In fact if more people with your gumption would send us more information about personal broadcasting systems, I would be willing to make it a regular feature, at least until a more free flow of this vital information is achieved.

**Doing it yourself isn't always worth it**

Got your card inquiring as to whether I'd be interested in writing an article for Sound Choice concerning electronics — specifically, "building stuff."

I recently bought a MIDI "thru box" made by Casio for \$60. This week the April issue of Electronic Musician arrived and there was an article in it about building thru boxes. After totaling up all the parts and hardware to more or less duplicate the Casio, I arrived at a cost of about \$45. If a couple days' worth of aggravation is only worth \$15 to you, please go ahead and build your own! But beginners please note that you may find no mat-



ter what you do, the goddamned thing won't work.

Hope I don't sound too sour — it has been fun and educational and all. But if I hadn't spent the time building all that stuff, I'd have probably five or 10 times as much music to show for it right now. And frankly, after 5 years I still have and use maybe 2% of what I sweated over building.

My feeling right now is that if you want to be really off the wall, doing a really personal brand of lo-tech weirdness (which certainly has its merits), it might pay off to build a bunch of stuff. But for the same amount of money you could probably get a Commodore computer setup and a Casio CZ-101, produce a lot more sound and if you apply yourself, be every bit as weird.

At the same time, right here is where I think we begin to get into the problems of the "contemporary" approach...I believe computers and MIDI control, etc., are great, and it's probably "where it's all going. But all the software and synthesizers and stuff are made by people who expect you to have a certain musical approach — you know, great if you're doing demos of pop music, right? What if, though, you're one of the types who never had much liking for — well, for "notes", even? A lot of my own music relates to that. Having an instrument that won't even go out of tune, strikes me as a pain in the ass! Still, something like a CZ-101 has potential that is hard to fathom, even.

I think probably the best approach to this whole thing would be to put the time you might have spent on learning schematics and wieldig a soldering iron into learning how to subvert some of the formulaic music technology that's around. Hell, if you buy a CZ and only use the sounds you can buy on cartridges, you won't get any sympathy from me! In fact, I'm afraid computers and MIDI synths threatened to steer music into a sickening sameness — if you listen to 20 minutes of top 40 radio (c'mon, just as an experiment!) I promise you'll hear the same DX-7 synth sound at least twice. But whose fault is that? Just because it's easy to pop the thing out of the box and head for the studio doesn't mean that's what you have to do. It's up to the creative underbelly (hey, that's us) to turn this stuff around and make our music instead of what Yamaha or Roland, or whoever, thinks music ought to be.

Anyway...you asked for an article and didn't get one. Unless you feel creative and call this an article. I'm just getting into my own Commodore and probably don't really have enough to say yet, let alone speak with any authority — but I tell ya, this is the way to do it. Learn how to use a soldering iron, sure — stuff like patchbays, cords, switchboxes and all, it only makes sense to do yourself. But I think "available tools" doesn't mean soldering irons anymore — it's more like bits and bytes. I don't mean like becoming a "hacker" or some kind of number-juggling egghead; I'm thinking of that "subversion" I mentioned. Maybe we can all think about this angle and come up with some stuff to contribute. I personally do feel that music in general may be headed for some blanded-out times if we don't.

David Myers, NYC

## How long 'til I get caught?

Dear David Ciaffardini:

I was reading your article in *Maximum Rock 'N' Roll* (March 1986 issue). After I got about halfway through I got so disgusted with what goes on with so-called student-run radio stations that I skipped over to the Europe article. This got me thinking.

Here at University of Florida, Gainesville (which you mentioned; but we are much closer to having our own radio station than you thought) radio sucks. There are a lot of young people out there also who could use some alternative input about our world to guide them into adults. We could really be a pirate radio station.

I got thinking about how to do this but had no idea where to begin. When I went back to reading your article, I read the end message.

Help! I need info bad. I also need to know if it's not included, how long till you get caught, best times to broadcast, power needed and laws concerning non-licensed radio.

Red, Gainesville, FL

P.S. Keep the 50 cents as a donation. Thanks for all your work. It's very heartwarming to know other people care.

*Red, The comprehensive Pirate Radio article in S.C. No. 4 should guide you toward answers to each of your questions, (although the legalities change frequently, and this is an area where a full-fledged, researched article is needed. Any reader volunteers?) Copies of No. 4 are still available from us for \$2.50 each; add \$1 for non-North American orders.*

## Frustrated writer frustrates writer

Dear David:

You ask for suggestions. I hope you mean that. Most people ask for suggestions, but hope to get distilled and concentrated praise and accolade. I can only say that I'm sorry that, in my opinion, you are going to destroy yourself and your magazine. I'm sorry for you because I've been there — angry, talented, uncompromising, defiant. I'm sorry for a second reason; I need you — we need you, your publication, but we won't have it long.

I'll give you an analogy, which you will reject and ignore, either because you're too young or too full of yourself to hear, much less to understand. Let's say that instead of having made a start as a magazine publisher, you had been elected to the House or Senate. Your objective as senator, your dreams, if the word is not too naive for today, was to open doors of government. In short, to make government better, less bureaucratic, less in the hands of self-interest groups.

So, you get yourself elected. This is but a small step, my friend. Voters may have simply liked your opponent less. Some may not have known for whom they were voting. The fact is, you have no power. If, in the first three years you manage to alienate everyone of your colleagues, and the press, and even the Oval office, you may as well come home. You will be forced to come home after the next election.

Now, you come home after your defeat, you shake your fists at the world and you shout — "You ignorant bastards. I would rather not be in the Senate than to let anyone control me!" Two hundred people will applaud. If you analyze those 200 you'll find they are losers.

Indeed, the question: Why must the alternative be always only so angry, or salacious? Why can't the alternative position be expressed without angry words? Couldn't you at least adopt the slogan the notorious Huey P. Long is said to have uttered: "I don't mind kissing your ass today if I can be sure I can kick it tomorrow."

In the analogy, as an ex-senator you have lost all powers to effect a change — this side of guns. Wouldn't it be smarter to compromise, play the game, gradually gain a measure of real power, then use it to bring about your original objectives?

At first glance, your magazine emits anger-waves as visible as heat-waves rising from bare soil on an August afternoon. It looks violent, prone to sensationalism. At second glance it is infantile — a child seeking acceptance, angered by rejection, bound by paranoia and fear. A third look and it gives a measure of intelligence and purpose.

You almost shout at commercial firms because they don't advertise with you, then you, time and again, do things to frighten them away. Even in a small photo of a man innocently working with a lathe, you choose a picture that looks violent. You carry on a fight with radio stations. NPR stations, at that, the only radio left that will air music from independent producers. Then you cap it off with an article about how to be blatantly outside the law (Pirate Radio).

By this atmosphere you invite the violent, the angry, the loser. At best, you see the world as black and white. It never is. Take the angriest man you know, make him ambassador to a foreign country, give him a million dollars a year salary and all the trimmings. If his mental equipment is not so dull that he can't function in that job he will turn slavish as any puppy. (Have you taken time to ask where are the most violent, most rebellious guys of the 60s and what they're doing: Hoffman, Rubin, even our own little Jane Fonda is a model of compromise. If Jack Kerouac were alive he might be a minor editor at *Readers' Digest*.



The point, my friend, is that you are not going to come close to changing the world. It is never the anger that counts, but how sincere is the original intention, and how faithful you remain to those objectives. As senator, if you had stayed there long enough, espoused good causes, but allowed some compromises, in time you would have had real power. You might have achieved some of your objectives. As an ex-senator you have only 200 losers cheering you and only for a brief time.

The only point to this letter is that we need your magazine. For you I feel a sort of fraternal concern. I've stood in your tracks, I've walked miles in your moccasins. I know the final line of your drama. If you don't change directions you will self-destruct. The rich blood of your idealism will become anemic. You won't get money from advertisers whom you seek and need. Your staff will decline. Only losers work for nothing — forever. Your mag will fold. Whatever good is in it will be lost. More importantly, whatever potential good will be lost.

We need you and Sound Choice. I do, all of us do who are producers (independent) of music and published goods. Never has the doors of "establishment outlets" been so tightly closed — for books and music. Perhaps as a consequence, never have books and music been so bland, so predictable.

I publish mostly Cajun music. I think there might be as many as a million persons in the nation who might buy albums of Cajun music. It is an established fact that to sell to 2% of your potential buyers is very good. Two percent of one million is only 10,000 — not a vast sale, but I'd be happy with it. But how does one sift the population of this nation if such publications as yours don't exist? No one can afford to pay ad rates in large circulation magazines for a sales figure of that size. The established trade magazines are not eager to review Cajun music. You know that story. That's why we can't afford to lose one publication such as yours. Hence my concern.

The changes I have suggested so far will not be made unless you would agree with what I said. Little chance of that, but at least, consider the following change: Categorize the reviews. Something like: rock, punk rock, heavy metal, country, pop-country, pop, jazz, r&b, Cajun, Latino, Zydeco. Some such divisions. At age 62, I can still read 10 pt. type fairly comfortably, but six or eight pt. type is tiresome. Not your problem, but while you should continue to be democratic and review all genres, many people are not interested in all of them. If you divided them into categories, each of us would read the reviews concerning the types of music we like, and some of us would buy albums once in a while.

After seeing only one issue (No. 4 Spring '86) I have to conclude that its atmosphere attracts mostly rock — perhaps mostly punk rock. Isn't that discrimination of a sort? I don't feel that your readership would rejoice over the publication of another Cajun album, no matter how good, how well done. *I think you're wrong. I know I like Cajun music. And we welcome, in fact, encourage people to submit articles on non-rock music.* — DC For the same reason, I don't feel that an ad, no matter how reasonable the cost, would pay for itself.

It has just occurred to me what might be the main problem. I could have made my letter shorter had I remembered what I know so well. You think the majority of people are as angry as you are! Let me tell you the story of the hardcover book I'm enclosing. I wrote and self-published that book in the 70s. Actually, I wrote it in the early 70s. We had just come from the tumult of the 60s. I was sure that all over the nation there were millions of angry people. There isn't. Oh, we are angry and violent, make no mistakes. Neighbors kill neighbors, spouses kill spouses, parents kill their own children, probably 90% of us (US?) would risk our future to de-nut and de-gut Khadaffy. But that's violence in a non-literary or non-artistic sense. People who thrive on this kind of anger don't read books, except those they buy at supermarkets.

Let me tell you a little about that book. (Hardcover) I bought a small ad in The Sunday Book Section of the New York Times (over \$700). The ad said anyone who would agree to read this book and send me their honest critique of it would get a free

postpaid copy. The first day I got over 400 letters. I didn't know which 100 people were first, so I did it my way. I read all the letters, trying to decide which came from more intelligent, more liberated minds. If the address suggested that the person was a college student, or college professor, he/she surely got a copy. Of the 100 people who presumably received a copy, only 15 sent me their critique. All 15 were revolted by the theme, which simply put, is "we are all poor dumb fucks, and none of us are in control of our lives." Three people paid for postage and packaging to mail back the book to me. The ultimate put-down.

One more shot. The more I think about it, the more convinced I am that you are a frustrated writer. Bet you wrote at least one novel and had it rejected. *Nope.* My friend, by actual count, I wrote 25 and had them all rejected, over and over. So, at this point, I have decided to send you a second book. The softcover one, on page 79-80 makes clear what I see now, but didn't see clearly even when I wrote that. A writer has no business espousing a cause. *Bullshit!* A writer is supposed to absorb the current of life, distill the values, reflect the condensed ingredients. He is not supposed to analyze or reform. *Says who? And besides, what do you think you are doing?* — DC

Please do send me your next issue. I paid for it.

Pierre V. Daigle  
Chere Aline Records & Cassettes  
Church Point, LA

*Pierre: You make a lot of assumptions, unfortunately most of them are false. Also, you're not very clever when it comes to advertising, sending \$700 to the mainstream press! For that amount you could take out four full pages in Sound Choice and I guarantee you would get more than 15 people would have followed-through. Liberated minds are trying to liberate themselves from the brainwashing of the mainstream, lowest-common-denominator mass-media.*

*I think most caring, aware people in this society are frustrated to some extent, for a variety of reasons. But "kissing ass" will not relieve that frustration even if you delude yourself with the rationalization that you can "kick ass" later on. I'm not betting on there being a later on. The most frustrating thing about butt kicking right now is that there are too many butt kissers with their faces in the way. Once the butt kissers get off their hands and knees, real progress can begin. But let me make one thing clear, I think any lasting change for the good will only come about through a non-violent revolution. Let the oppressive structures and armor decay and watch all the bastards run naked into hiding. It IS happening. And when the assholes of the world start shitting in their tracks it will be the butt kissers who get a mouthful.*

*And another thing, you seem to think longevity is a prerequisite of success. It can help but not if its at the expense of integrity. Guys like Abbie Hoffman threw themselves into the fight for freedom, helped end the war in Vietnam and get Nixon out of office, and got bashed around for their troubles. If it were not for those efforts, brief as they may have been, society would be in even worse shape than it is today. Now it's time for other people to pick up the baton. I don't need or want to publish Sound Choice for 5, 10 or 20 years. It already has succeeded, in just five issues, in accomplishing things that the New York Times, Rolling Stone, etc. have never accomplished. Publishing Sound Choice has educated me immensely and brought me new friends. Any success beyond that is pure gravy. If Sound Choice were to fold tomorrow, I would have no bitterness, nor would I have debts that I cannot pay. I would feel free.*

*Sound Choice may not have gotten far, but it has pointed me and many others in a good direction and that is success as far as I'm concerned. Where and how much farther Sound Choice will go, and how it will evolve, is largely out of my hands. It is too much work for one person. Sound Choice is open to anyone willing to work. The people who have good ideas and do the work will shape the progress of the magazine and its periferal projects. And I realize that Sound Choice is just a small piece in a very large puzzle, and I often think there are much more important things I could be doing with my time. If someone else wanted to publish Sound Choice and could carry it off without massive amounts of ass licking, I'd let them do it. Until then, I'm stuck with it. But I'm also very thankful for the opportunity to be an integral part of this project. I also greatly appreciate your sincerity, concern, and willingness to pay for your copy of this magazine. It may not be a big step, but it's in a good direction. Sincerely, DC.*



Personel from all of the radio stations listed below have contacted Sound Choice within the last 6 months. All of the stations play independent recordings; some play a much greater percentage than others. Unless otherwise noted, almost all of these stations program quite a bit of contemporary rock-oriented music. Most also program "specialty shows" featuring jazz, blues, Third World, Latin, Classical, etc.

Independent recording artist will find this list helpful in at least two ways: finding allies at radio stations who will play their recordings; and contacting station personnel to find venues where independent artists may perform (many of these stations even sponsor their own concerts/shows.)

Radio stations that wish to be listed in future Sound Choice radio listings should keep us abreast of their activities at least once every three months (Send playlists or program guides but personal correspondence is especially helpful) and should make sure we have, in addition to call letters, frequency, address and phone number, the following information: commercial or non-commercial; number of watts, formats (LPs, CDs, cassettes?), and any network affiliations (NPR, APRT).

Some food for thought: One of the stations below is a HIGH SCHOOL station. Why not help other high schools get their own stations started...? Some of the stations below are commercial stations. We believe the time has come when more and more commercial stations will find success by programming primarily independent recordings and artists and/or following free-form programming. We would like to hear more from some of these stations.

It is our firm belief that everyone will benefit by promoting greater diversity on the radio airwaves and that the present stagnation of radio is the single most important factor stifling the creativity and success of true audio artists. We ask you: What are you doing to stir things up?

The following stations are listed in zip-code order, approximately east to west.

**WMUA-FM**, Room 102, Campus Center, Univ. of Massachusetts, Amherst, MA 01003, USA.  
**WICN-FM90.5**, 75 Grove St., Worcester, MA 01805, USA; ph. 617-752-7517. 8,100 watts.  
**WCUW-FM91.3**, 910 Main St., Worcester, MA 01610, USA; ph. 617-753-1012. Includes several ethnic shows.

**WJUL-FM91.5**, Univ. of Lowell, 1 University Ave., Lowell, MA 01854, USA; ph. 617-459-0579. 1700 watts.

**WMFO-FM91.5**, P.O.B. 65, Medford, MA 02153, USA; ph. 617-625-0800.

**WMWM**, Salem State College, 352 Lafayette St., Salem, MA 01970, USA; ph. 617-745-9401.

**WHRB-FM95.3**, 45 Quincy St., Cambridge, MA 02138, USA; ph. 617-495-4818. Adventurous heavily independent-oriented programming from this commercial station on the Harvard campus. 3,000 watts.

**WMBR-FM88.1**, 3 Ames St., Cambridge, MA 02142, USA; ph. 617-253-4000. Lots of mainstream indie rock, plus several "Third World" music programs.

**WRIU-FM90.3**, P.O.B. 791, West Kingston, RI 02892, USA. Lots of folk and jazz.

**WESU-FM88**, Box 2300 Wesleyan Station, Middletown, CT 06457, USA; ph. 203-347-0050.

**WNHU-FM88.7**, University of New Haven, 300 Orange Ave., West Haven, CT 06516, USA; ph. 203-934-9296. Mostly rock, some indies.

**WFMU-FM91.1**, Upsala College, East Orange, NJ 07019, USA; ph. 201-266-7900. Adventurous, heavily independent oriented programming.

**WJSV-FM90.5**, 50 Early St., Morristown, NJ 07960, USA; ph. 201-898-9578. A high school radio station.

**WKCR-FM89.9**, Ferris Booth Hall, Room 208, Columbia University, NYC, NY 10027, USA; ph. 212-280-5223. Jazz, New Music, world music — almost everything but rock.

**WSIA-FM88.9**, College of Staten Island/CUNY, 715 Ocean Terrace, Staten Island, NY 10301, USA; ph. 718-448-9742. Mostly indie-rock.

**WRPW-AM630**, Pace University, 861 Bedford Rd., Pleasantville, NY 10570, USA; ph. 914-993-3703. Adventurous electronic music programming is heard on Paul Rafanello's "Gut Level" program.

**WNWK-FM105.9**, 477 82nd St., Brooklyn, NY 11209, USA; ph. 718-745-2537.

**WRPI-FM91.5**, 1 WRPI Plaza, Troy, NY 12180, USA; ph. 518-266-8248. 10,000 watts.

**WPLT-FM94**, PSUC College Center, Plattsburgh, NY 12901, USA; ph. 518-564-2727.

**WHRW-FM90.5**, SUNY at Binghamton, NY 13901, USA; 607-777-2139, USA.

**WTR-89.7**, Melody James hosts Sweet Sedations, a program of experimental, industrial and spoken word. Her personal address is Box 63051, Rochester, NY 14623, USA.

**WRUR-FM88.5**, Univ. of Rochester, Box 29088, Rochester, NY 14627, USA; ph. 716-461-1450.

The usual plus 15 hours of folk programming per week.

**WRCT-FM88.3**, 5020 Forbes Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15213, USA; ph. 412-621-9728. 100 watts.

**WTJU-FM91.3**, 711 Newcomb Hall Station, Charlottesville, VA 22901, USA; ph. 804-924-3418.

**WXYC-FM89.3**, Box 51, Carolina Union, Chapel Hill, NC 27514, USA; ph. 919-962-7768.

**WREK-FM91.1**, Georgia Tech, "85 Eighth St., N.W., Box 32743, Atlanta, GA 30332, USA; ph. 404-894-2468. Adventurous indie free-form.

**WLRN-FM91.3**, 172 N.E. 15th St., Miami, FL 33132, USA; 305-372-5440.

**WVUA-FM90.7**, P.O.B. D, University, AL 35486, USA.

**WUTK-FM**, P103 Andy Hoyt Tower, Knoxville, TN 37917, USA. Kevin Crothers should be a good contact.

**WBWC-FM88.3**, Baldwin-Wallace College, Berea, OH 44017, USA.

**WRUW-FM91.1**, 11220 Bellflower Rd., Cleveland, OH 44106, USA; ph. 216-388-2207.

**WNWG-FM93.5**, c/o West Green Office, Athens, OH 45701-2979; ph. 614-594-8476.

**WECI-FM91.5**, Earlham College, Richmond, IN 47374, USA; 317-982-3541. Lots of jazz and classical.

**WCBN-FM88.3**, Univ. of Michigan, 530 Student Activities Bldg., Ann Arbor, MI 48109, USA.

**KUNI-FM91**, Univ. of Northern Iowa, Cedar Falls, Iowa, 50614, USA; ph. 319-273-6400 or 1-800-772-2440. A 100,000 National Public Radio affiliate. Includes Dave Delbier's "Underground Hour" that welcomes "avant-garde, hardcore, whatever" — especially small independents. All recorded formats welcome.

**KRUI-FM89.7**, Student Broadcasters, Inc., 897 South Quad, Iowa City, IA 52242, USA; ph. 319-353-5500.

**WORT-FM**, P.O.B. 3219, Madison, WI 53704, USA. Bill Milosz hosts "System Considerations" featuring electronic and experimental music. Other indie oriented shows as well.

**WCCX-FM 104.5**, 221 N. East Ave., Waukesha, Wisconsin 53186, USA; ph. 414-544-4577.

**WYMS-FM89**, 5225 West Vliet St., P.O. drawer 10K, Milwaukee, WI 53201, USA; ph. 414-475-8389. Includes John Beadle's "African Beat" program. His address is 3156-A N. Booth, Milwaukee, WI 53212, USA.

**WGBW-FM91.5**, Univ. of Wisconsin-Green Bay, Green Bay, WI 54302, USA; 414-465-2444.

# Audio Evolution Radio

The following are playlists from some of the first Audio Evolution Radio programs broadcast on KCSB AM, Santa Barbara, California. The order of the cuts is just as they were broadcast, nothing left out, nothing added. There are few cassette-only recordings broadcast because the studio cassette player was broken or non-existent during the period of these shows. When the program shifts to the FM studio (which we hope will be very soon) cassettes will be broadcast more often and will be heard by thousands of more listeners.

March 7,

Joe Pop-O-Pie; Burned Out Guy; Third Record  
 Pere Ubu; Final Solution; Terminal Tower  
 Massacre Guys; Kill, Kill, Kill; 7"EP  
 Butthole Surfers; American Woman; 5" single from Touch and Go video  
 Eugene Chadbourne; Wild Angels; Country Protest  
 Brother D and Silver Fox; How We Gonna Make the Black Nation Rise Up Against The Beast/Ina Two Step  
 Mecca Normal; Beaten Down; Mecca Normal (break)  
 Dangling Gargles; Carly's Trauma; Monsters From the Id  
 Dafabumba Drummers; Tora; W.O.M.A.D. Talking Book (Africa)  
 Raunchettes; Slaughter The Pig; 7"  
 Rod Myers and The Ramps; Wheelchair; 7"  
 Barbacus; Tumble Down; 7"  
 Crass; Don't Get Caught; 7"  
 (break)  
 La Muerte; Blues, Heaven Or Hell  
 Peter Perkin; Arrival; Ritual  
 The Horse, He's Sick; Tastes Grrr; Ha, Ha, Among The Trumpets  
 Algebe Suicide; Tonight; 7"

(break)

Vivenza; Unte Objective; Ladd-Frith cassette  
 Splatscats; The Nightstalker, 7"  
 Joe Pop-O-Pie; World of Morons; Third Record  
 Night Mares; Baseball Altamont; 7"  
 Smokeless Zone; (We Shouldn't Be) Together; 7"

(break)  
 Globe and The Whiz Kid; DJ Mix; Scratch It  
 Ministry; Cold Life; 12" single  
 Magic Horse And His Royal Rockers With Blind Sam; I'm Dreaming of a Noir Christmas; 7"

April 8, 1986

Shockabilly; Born On The Bayou; Vietnam  
 Johnny Thunders; Pipeline  
 Minutemen; Price of Paradise  
 Shockabilly; Nicaragua  
 ?????????; Eve of Destruction  
 (break)  
 Gerns; Round and Round  
 Dicks; Sidewalk Begging  
 Teenage Rebellion Soundtrack; Pot Party  
 Shockabilly; People Are Strange  
 Tom Troccoli's Dog; Suicide  
 (break)  
 Proof of Utah; It Doesn't Matter Much  
 Twinkys; Tonight Again  
 R. Stevie Moore; Get The Job Done  
 (break)  
 Sickness of Snakes; The Pope Held Upside Down  
 Unknownmix; Sing Song  
 Nurse With Wound; You Walrus Hurt The One You Love  
 Mark Lane; Cartel Danse  
 (break)  
 Crass; Don't Get Caught; 7"

Anthrax; Capitalism is Cannibalism  
 Gerns; Lexicon Devil  
 Gerns; Circle One  
 (break)

Johnny Thunders; You Can't Put Your Arms Around A Memory  
 Tom Troccoli's Dog; Girl From North Country  
 The Cache Valley Drifters; Green Eyes  
 Johnny Thunders; It Ain't Me Baby

April 17, 1986

Shockabilly; Don't Want Love  
 Ten Foot Faces; Bad News  
 Hit Parade; H-Block  
 Music Beyond Culture; (untitled)  
 David Thomas and Wooden Birds; My Town  
 Fred Lane; Rubber Room  
 Three Colors; Curious Colors  
 (break)

Naked Raygun; Those Who Move  
 Husker Du; Diane; Metal Circus  
 Ten Foot Faces; Sand Fuck/Dangerous Visions; 7"  
 Windbreakers; This Time She Said; Run  
 Pussy Galore; Car Fantasy; 7"  
 Mecca Normal; Are You Hungry Joe; Mecca Normal  
 Two Young Burundi Girls; Greeting Song; W.O.M.A.D. Talking Book, Vol. 2  
 Christian Marclay; Discomposition #23; State of the Union  
 Sonic Yout; Ghost Bitch; Red Moon Rising  
 Sickness of Snakes; Swelling Leeches; Nightmare Culture  
 Walls of Genius; Reigns/Live for the Sun  
 Shockabilly; Life's a Gas; Heaven  
 David Peel; Thought Police; 1984  
 (break)  
 Deep Six; 10,000 Things; Green River  
 Pee Wee Crayton; Tired o' Travellin'

April 30, 1986

Linton Kvesi Johnson; Five Nights of Bleeding  
 Delmain Ebank; We Don't Need No Radio Minutemen; Political Nightmare  
 Charles Manson; Look at Your Game Girl; Lie  
 Baby's First Christmas; Walk With a Winner; 7"  
 Gerns; False Start/Shut Down  
 (break)  
 OK Band; My Dog  
 The Ordinaires; Industry  
 Andy T; Jazz On a Summers Day; Bullshit  
 Detector Comp.  
 Elmore James; Sho' Enough I Do  
 Jan Spaleny and Peter Kalandra; Turpentine Blues; Blues in Mind  
 Rhythm Pigs; Road Machine  
 Detention; El Salvador; We Do What We Want Comp.  
 Lindsay Cooper; No Missiles; Music For Other Occasions  
 L. From London  
 Avengers; We Are The One  
 (break)  
 Mystery Tapes; Marzfeber Fluent; RE Quarterly, Vol. 2  
 Copernicus; Lament of Joe Apples; Victim of the Sky  
 Smith, Roback and Mitchell; Fell From The Sun  
 Wayfarers; Esperanto; 7"  
 Rudy Shvartz Project; An Orange is Just a Juicy Pumpkin  
 Charles Manson; Eyes of a Dreamer; Lie

May 9, 1986

Philip Perkins; Rainy 3rd St./At Home and Away/Noise Organ; Drive Time

**WLFM-FM91.1**, Lawrence University, 113 South Lawe St., Appleton, WI 54911, USA; ph. 414-735-6566. Lon Ponshock and Bonnie Wagner host 90 minutes of "Contraband" featuring eclectic, often independent programming, however, says Lon, "We do not play art noise unless we can mix it for comic effect." Also, no obscenities. All formats. 10,500 watts.

**WRST**, Univ. of Wisconsin, Oshkosh, 800 Algoma Ave., Oshkosh, WI 54901, USA; ph. 414-424-3113.

**WKDI-FM93.5**, Northern Illinois Univ., 544 College Ave., DeKalb, IL 60115, USA; ph. 815-753-1278.

**WNUR-FM89.3**, Northwestern Univ., 1905 Sheridan Rd., Evanston, 90201, USA; ph. 312-491-7101.

**WZRD-FM88.3**, Northern Illinois Univ., 5500 N. St. Louis Ave., Chicago, IL 60625, USA; ph. 312-583-4780. Very adventurous free-form programming. Scott Marshall should be a goo contact.

**KSLH-FM**, 1517 S. Theresa, St. Louis, MO 63104, USA; 314-865-4550. Includes "Airwaves" a weekly hour of "new acoustic and electronic music" (Eno, Weingarten, Aldo Ciccolini, etc.)

**KWUR-FM90.3**, Washington University, Campus Box 1182, St. Louis, MO 63130, USA; 314-889-5952. Has some programmers eager for more independent experimental and black recordings.

**KJHK-FM91**, 200 Flint Hall, Lawrence, KS 66045, USA.

**KTRU-FM91.7**, Rice University, P.O.B. 1892, Houston, TX 77251, USA.

**KONU-FM88.5**, P.O.B. 885, Boulder, CO 80306, USA; 303-449-4885. Timothy Lenk hosts "The Present Edge" featuring avant-garde, experimental and electronic music...much of it from the "classical" tradition.

**KUOI-FM89.3**, Student Union, Moscow, Idaho, 83843, USA; 208-885-8433.

**KHO-AM1480**, P.O.B. 379, Spanish Fork, UT, 84660, USA; ph. 801-798-3559. Plays "almost exclusively new age music...melodious, mellow, and rhythmic."

**KXCI-FM91.7**, 145 East Congress St., Tucson, AZ 85701, USA; 602-721-6896. Wide-variety, including Matt Finstrom's experimental music show and Holly Brauer's Reggae program.

**KCSN-FM88.5**, 18111 Nordhoff St., Northridge, CA 91330, USA; ph. 818-885-3089.

**KSPC-FM88.7**, Pomona College, Thatcher Music Bldg., Claremont, CA 91711, USA.

**KUOR-FM89.1**, 1200 East Colton Ave., Redlands, CA 92374, USA; 792-0951.

**KCSB-FM91.9, AM880**, P.O.B. 13401, Santa Barbara, CA 93107, USA; ph. 805-961-3757. The Audio Evolution Radio show has begun! Hosted by Sound Choice staff, it is being aired each week at KCSB. We play all genres of independent music and audio art. Lots of world and ethnic music is played at KCSB also.

**KCSX-FM90**, 4100 Vachell Lane, San Luis Obispo, CA 93401, USA; ph. 805-544-5229. National Public Radio (NPR) affiliate. Jazz, folk, ethnic. No rock.

**KFJC-FM89.7**, Foothill College, 12345 El Monte Rd., Los Altos Hills, CA 94022, USA; ph. 415-960-4260. Mostly rock.

**KPFA-FM**, Brian Ladd and Julie Frith (of the Ladd-Frith label and Psyclones band) host Objekt Radio, featuring experimental music and harsher sides of the rock spectrum. Aired about monthly. Write them direct, Objekt Radio, P.O.B. 967, Eureka, CA 95502, USA. **KUSP-FM90.3**, 2130 Fulton St., San Francisco, CA 94117, USA; ph. 415-866-8206. A once interesting non-commercial station has embraced the Top-30 mentality. Can it be saved?

**KKUP-FM91.5**, P.O.B. 820, Cupertino, CA 95015, USA; ph. 408-253-6000. Just about everything but contemporary rock. Includes Don Campau's "No Pigeonholes" program featuring home tapers, experimental and garage stuff.

**KUSP-FM90.3**, P.O.B. 423, Santa Cruz, CA 95061, USA; ph. 408-476-2800.

**KZSC-FM88.1**, Univ. of Calif., Santa Cruz, 95064, USA; ph. 408-429-2811.

**KHSU-FM90.5**, Humboldt State Univ., Arcata, CA 95521, USA.

**KDVS-FM90.3**, 14 Lower Freeborn, Davis, CA 95616, USA; 916-752-0728.

**KTUH-FM90.3**, Hemenway 202, 2445 Campus Rd., Honolulu, HI 96822, USA; ph. 808-948-7431.

**KBVR-FM88.7**, Memorial Union East, Oregon State Univ., Corvallis, OR 97331, USA; ph. 503-754-2008.

**KEOL-FM91**, Eastern Oregon State College, La Grande, OR 97850, USA; ph. 503-963-1397.

**KCMU-FM90.5**, 304 Communications Bldg./DS56, Univ. of Washington, Seattle, WA 98195, USA; ph. 206-543-4680.

**KUGS-FM89.3**, Western Washington Univ., 410 Viking Union, Bellingham, WA 98225, USA; ph. 206-876-5847.

**KAOS-FM89.3**, Olympia, WA 98505, USA; ph. 206-866-8822. Adventurous independent programming including cassette only programs and 10 blues shows per week. 1,500 watts.

**CKLN-FM88.1**, 380 Victoria St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M5B 1W7; ph. 416-595-1477.



**CRSG-FM89.1**, Concordia University, 1455 de Maisonneuve, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H3G 1M8. Includes Michael Gericke's "Wave-Forms" program featuring "electroacoustic, contemporary and musical concrete with some electronic thrown in."

**CJSR-FM88.5**, Room 224, Students Union Bldg., Univ. of Alberta, Edmonton, T6G 2J7, Canada; ph. 403-432-5244.

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**CITR-FM102**, 6138 S.U.B. Blvd., Univ. of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.C., Canada, V6T 2A5.

**4ZZZ-FM**, P.O.B. 509, Toowang, Q.4066, Australia.

**Radio Toestels**, Moors Miguel hosts "Demo-Revue". Write him at Tramstraat 20, 9710 Zijknaarde, (GENT), Belgium.

Jandek: Star Up In The Sky; Telegraph Melts  
Schlafengarten; Turn Away; Spring Cleaning  
Dissonant Ballet; Isolation; Czech Comp.  
Swans; Money is Flesh; Greed  
Twilight Idols; In Demand; Beyond Good and Evil  
(break)  
Flux of Pink Indians; Tube Disasters  
Dream Syndicate; When You Smile  
Ed Special; Zip-a-dee-doo-da  
C.I.A.; Where Did We Go Wrong  
Shockability; Live Medley; Bad Alchemy  
This; Truth of the Wound  
Charlie Pickett; On Horseback; Route 33  
Huge; I Don't Need Drugs to Get Fucked Up; Glass Eye  
(break)  
Johnny Thunders; Ask Me No Questions; Hurtin' Me  
Blues Busters; Let Your Loss Be your Lesson; Busted!  
Cousin Joe; Revenge Is So Sweet; Relaxin' in New Orleans  
Minutemen; Cheerleaders; Project Marsh  
Chris Hickey; Man of Principle; Frames of Mind  
Detention; Dead Rockers; We Can Do Whatever We Want comp.  
Gears; Lexicon Devil; Rock N Rule  
Rhythm Pigs; Dr. Harley  
Husker Du New Day Rising  
Get Smart; Every Road You Go Down; Swimming With Sharks  
(break)  
Shy Strangers; Indian Name  
Great Plains; Chuck Berry's Orphan; Naked at the Buy Sell and Trade  
The Aviators; Keeps The Alive; Deed the Ranch  
Les Larnes Ode to Billy Joe  
(break)  
Falx Cerebri; (several untitled cuts)

May 29, 1986

Lethal Gospel; Why don't We Do It In The Road; Martian Whores  
Revolution Cocks; Union Carbide; Big Sexy Land  
Flipper; You Nought Me; Gone Fishin'  
Joe Pop-O-Pie; Bumped Out Guy/World of Morons; Third Record  
(break)  
Hector Zazou; Chief Bingos Village; Reivax Au Bongo  
Kallias; Sugar and Spice; Whispered Words  
Various; Ella Gift; Under the Coconut Tree  
Walter Tore; Making My Life Complete  
Eugene Chadbourne; New Car Song/Universal Soldier/Her Name is/ When I'm Gone; Country Protest  
Flaco Jimenez; La Barranco; Ay Te Dejo En San Antonio  
(break)  
Smith, Roback, and Mitchell; Fell From The Sun  
Chris Hickey; Don't Just Say No; Frames of the Mind  
Jones and Mary Chasin; Upside Down; 7"  
The Avengers; Fuck You (Live)  
The Dramatics; (medley) Somewhere in Time-Be My Girl  
Shockability; Hendrix Buried in Tocomas; Heaven  
Detention; El Salvador/Dead Rockers  
Steve Stain; Piece Got Teeth; The Brain Feels No Pain  
(break)  
Misha Lobko Sextet; Ritual 1; Rituals  
Steve Stain; Take A Left  
The Durutti Column; Dance 1; Circusses and Bread  
Tex Thomas and the Danglin' Wranglers; Lip Seackin'; Dare To Dangle  
Rich Halley; The Excuse; Song of the Becklands  
Bunk Johnson and his New Orleans Jazz Band; One Sweet Letter From You; New York, 1945

June 5, 1986

The Yobs; the Wild Hunt; Just Because Sleepers; Fear is Your Friend; Thrust  
Hector Zazou; La Pour Suite/The Chase; Reivax au Bongo  
(break)  
Peter Fromhader; Arrival; Ritual  
Gordon Monahan; Solitary Waves; Piano Mechanics  
Maggie Nichols and Peter Nu; Touching Faces  
Chasin; Without a Word; Midway  
(break)  
Merrill Fankhauser; Who Can ou Call; Doctor Fankhauser  
Running Stream; She Eats Mushrooms  
Yellow Man; Money Make Friends; Galong, Galong, Galong  
Thomas Mapfumo and the Blacks Unlimited; Mhondoro; W.O.M.A.D Talking Book vol 2  
Steve Stain; Taking Byron's Garage By Ketamine  
(break)  
Paul McMahon; My Wish  
Phranc; One o' the Girls  
Jandek; Telegraph Melts  
Cowboy Mouth; Son of a...; Cowboys and Indians  
Nicht auf Sofa Melchior; Tonnenaher in Abendkleid; Aufmarsch der Schlamer  
(break)  
Invisible Chains; 10,000 Songs for Horny Dancers  
Bent; Strictly fro Squaresville; Found Objects comp.  
Anti Scranti Faction; Boys will Be boys; Damsels in Distress  
Grong Grong; Laurie the Fly  
Anti Scranti Faction; Slave to My Estrogen  
Alternative; Death is So Sweet; If they treat you like shit, act like manure  
Jon Rowe; The Trampoline Effect; Devils and Angels  
Batang Frisco; Myth; All Songs

Audio  
Evolution Radio



## Album poster leads to pornography charges

LOS ANGELES (AP) — Five people, including the lead singer of the Dead Kennedys, have been charged with pornography for including a sexually explicit poster with their album "Frankenchrist."

"The poster depicts a close-up montage of 10 explicit sex acts," City Attorney James Hahn said Tuesday. "It's hard to imagine a more sexually explicit poster, and it is the height of irresponsibility for it to be packaged with an album distributed to minors."

Jello Biafra, leader and songwriter of the San Francisco-based group, said, "Needless to say, we deny the charge. We think this is the first of the trickling-down effect of efforts by the religious right to censor rock artists and other artists."

The poster is titled "Penis Landscape," which Biafra said reproduces a painting by European artist H.R. Giger that has been shown at galleries and exhibitions. He said there was a "warning sticker" on the outside of the album that states the poster is a work of art.

Wherehouse Records, a large record and video retail outlet, already has pulled the album from its shelves, Hahn said.

"This is not a battle over pornography," said Biafra, who was

charged under his real name, Eric Boucher, 27. "It is a battle over First Amendment rights."

The investigation began after the mother of a teen-age girl who bought the album complained about the poster, Hahn said.

The charge filed late Monday alleges the defendants illegally distributed to minors a sexually explicit poster. The complaint described Biafra as owner of Alternative Tentacle Records, a distributor of the "Frankenchrist" album.

The others charged are Michael Bonanno, 25, identified as the general manager of Alternative Tentacles Records; Debra Ruth Schwartz, 26, of San Francisco, identified as the general manager of Mordam Records, another distributor of the album; Steve Boudrea, 38, president of Greenworld Distributors of Torrance, which allegedly distributed the album to Wherehouse records; and Salvatore Alberti, 66, of Huntington Beach.

The Dead Kennedys have been on the San Francisco rock scene since 1978, and enjoy a large underground following.

The defendants were ordered to appear for arraignment in Municipal Court on July 3. If convicted, each faces a maximum sentence of a year in jail and a \$2

Francisco, armed with guns, clubs, and search warrants. Once in the Bay Area, they gathered a half-dozen San Francisco cops and made their appointed rounds, intruding upon Biafra's rented 27th Street home and the downtown warehouse office of Alternative Tentacles, the record company Biafra owns. Searches were conducted in both buildings and copies of the album and poster and Alternative Tentacles' financial records were confiscated as evidence.

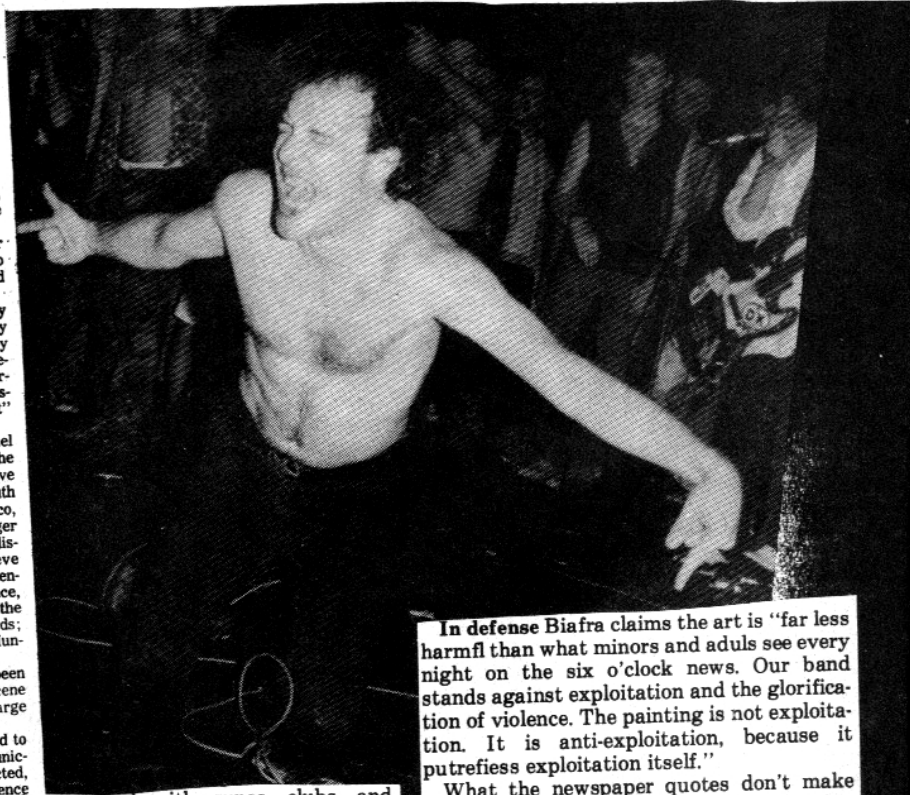
Three weeks later, the Los Angeles District Attorney's office filed charges. If convicted, each defendant could be forced to serve a one year jail sentence and pay a \$2,000 fine for each offense. Multiple counts are a possibility as financial records reveal that more than 40,000 of the posters were distributed.

District Attorney Hahn claims the charges were filed after a San Fernando Valley mother complained to authorities that her teenage daughter had bought the album as a gift for her 11-year-old brother at a Wherehouse music store in a shopping mall last December.

Since the charges were filed, Hahn has begun a publicity campaign to discredit and devalue Giger's painting, going so far as to distribute press releases on the matter. He contends "The poster depicts a close-up montage of 10 explicit sex acts...it's hard to imagine a more sexually explicit poster."

In an L.A. Times story headlined "Album Poster Leads to Porno Charge Against Punk Rock Singer" Deputy D.A. Michael Guarino stated "The poster is not a communication of anything of value, and I'd think it would be beyond arguing that the average adult of California would consider this material highly inappropriate for minors."

It is with statements like these that the attorneys are trying to develop their case in which they must prove that, in addition to causing harm, the artwork "has no redeeming value for minors."



In defense Biafra claims the art is "far less harmful than what minors and adults see every night on the six o'clock news. Our band stands against exploitation and the glorification of violence. The painting is not exploitation. It is anti-exploitation, because it putrefies exploitation itself."

What the newspaper quotes don't make clear is that "Penis Landscape" is a painting of horrific, surreal assemblage of male and female genitalia packed together as one might can oiled sardines. A nightmarish vision for sure, but not the kind of thing found in one-hander men's magazines.

Painter Giger is a noted European artist, who has had his work (including the painting in question) displayed in galleries, exhibitions and art publications worldwide. He has also created album covers for many mainstream recording artists including Emerson, Lake and Palmer, who chose him for their "Brain Salad Surgery" album cover. He has also designed film sets for mainstream movies including ALIEN for which he shared an Academy Award for best visual effects.

Biafra, who said that he originally wanted to reproduce the painting as a gatefold for the Frankenchrist album jacket but was vetoed by the rest of the band, was aware that the Giger image would shake some people up. Albums containing the poster came with a sticker on the cover stating: "Warning: The inside fold out to this record cover is a work of art by H. R. Giger that some people may find shocking, repulsive or offensive. Life can sometimes be that way."

Since the search, the posters have been pulled from the albums and replaced by a form allowing album purchasers to mail away for the poster for fifty cents after swearing that they are 18 or older. Biafra's attorney, Rick Stott, points out that removing the posters was not a sign or admission of wrong doing, but was done to protect any others in the distribution system from facing similar charges. Theoretically, any California record store or record store employee who has ever sold a copy of Frankenchrist to a minor could face similar charges. Similar laws could apply in every other state as well.

If the defendants are found guilty, the case could have wide ranging ramifications

by David Ciffardini

This is a small disjointed abbreviated part of a much larger story - The History Of Rock - a story which in an unabridged version could span ten thousand pages and ten thousand lives. But although the following is just a sliver torn from fresh pages of the rock calendar, it illustrates a commonality that has been dominant in this hardest, most potent manifestations of Rock music and thought from its inception.

It illustrates, once again, that Rock, when it's true to its heritage as a social as well as musical form, challenges prejudices, habits and morals of the dominant culture and thus draws antagonism from people who attempt to either co-opt or destroy the strident rock voice.

The drama of this particular chapter arises from the recent indictment against Jello Biafra, the lead singer of the Dead Kennedy's, and four others who had a hand in distributing the DK's independently created and distributed album FRANKENCHRIST.

The indictment, handed down by Los Angeles District Attorney James Hahn, charges the defendants with violating section 313.1 of the California Penal Code which prohibits the "Distribution of harmful material to minors." The charges contend that a poster reproduction of H. R. Giger's painting "Penis Landscape" that was distributed in the album is harmful to minors.

Arraignment for the charges is set for July 3, in Los Angeles Municipal Court. All indications are that Biafra, if not all of the defendants, will plead not-guilty leading to a trial sometime in August or September.

It was mid-May when officers from the L.A. police department were sent to San

# Independent Rockers Indicted--

## Who's Next?



All Jello Biafra live shots by Alison Braun, aka Mouse

throughout the music and art world, ramifications which could especially affect smaller, independent artists who may find it difficult to distribute art containing challenging material, especially if the work could in any way be construed to be "harmful to minors".

Already church groups, the P.M.R.C., and the nationwide P.T.A. have constructed long lists detailing what they feel are harmful material being distributed to minors. The materials listed range from Ozzy Osbourne records to metal studded belts to rock band insignias.

This case should not be taken lightly by anyone involved with alternative music or art or are otherwise concerned about freedom of artistic and political expression.

Even if Biafra and his colleagues are found innocent, they will have spent great amounts of time and money defending themselves, time and money that must therefore be diverted from their artistic goals.

According to attorney Stott, Alternative Tentacles has already budgeted \$20,000 for the defense fund and Biafra has had to take many hours of time away from working on the Dead Kennedy's new album for which he has already reserved time at a record pressing plant for August.

It is easy to interpret the D. A.'s action against Biafra as an opportunity to harass and possibly put out of commission one of music's most powerful, popular, controversial and strident social protest bands. It is easy to speculate that the police officers that searched Biafra's home and office hoped to find more than a few posters. Wouldn't it be nice to find out just how much money this radical rock group is making from their records, and wouldn't it be great if we happen to stumble upon some kind of drugs which would make a sure bust?

Is it any coincidence that Alternative Tentacles is an autonomous, independent record label, openly "counter-culture and anti-entertainment industry" who distribute their product through a network of independent distributors? Would the D.A. have acted if he had to fight against a barrage of highly paid lawyers of a major multi-million dollar major record label? And one wonders if the D.A.'s actions - described as "highly unusual" by the L.A. Times - were encouraged by an unnamed party, perhaps an antagonistic L.A. based major label record company?

It is no secret that many people just don't like the Dead Kennedy's and their messages of dissent and challenge. They sing against

political corruption, unbridled macho chauvinism, environmental poisoning, and media manipulation and mind control. And what especially threatens the powers that be is that Biafra goes so far as to suggest his audiences take ACTION against their oppressors, actions which include, as he calls it, "day to day creative vandalism."

The Dead Kennedy's have also garnered enemies in the mainstream record business - among them people who contributed to a three year delay between the creation of their second LP, PLASTIC SURGERY DISASTERS, and FRANKENCHRIST, their third LP. The DKs ended up being screwed out of thousands of dollars in a deal devised by Miles Copeland (the man who brought The Police to A&M Records) where the DK's signed their record pressing and distribution rights away to a company (Faulty Products) who soon declared bankruptcy, leaving the band in debt, despite impressive numbers of sales of their records, the experience so embittered Biafra, that he has made it clear that he will from now on always remain independent "no matter how down and out we ever get."

And to many people's consternation, and despite apparent efforts to stop him, Biafra and the DKs seem to be succeeding with



their indictment, one of the year's largest selling independent record releases. (More than 45,000 albums and 15,000 tapes of Frankenchrist had been sold as of June.)

But there are undoubtedly many people, even among the independent rockcommunity, who have little sympathy for the Dead Kennedy's struggles.

"At least a third of the so-called punk scene in this country would dearly like to get rid of me," Jello Biafra once told an interviewer for Birth of Tragedy magazine.

And Biafra's right. A lot of people don't like him...at all. Even people who might be expected to be his allies. Even people who don't know him, even people who've never heard his records or been to his shows, can't stand the guy. The Dead Kennedy's name is one reason. There are a myriad of other reasons, as well.

Then there are the people for whom he is a hero. You can see them at the shows. Arising from the pit of frenzied youth at the foot of the stage is adoration illuminated. Raised fists of power punctuate each crescendo, and there in the bright eyes, are reflections of Jello Biafra, hanging over the stage, bigger than life, hovering and billowing like a Superman dirigible at Macy's Day Parade.

But like needles in a haystack, in every audience, in every society are people - jealous people, insecure people, frustrated angry people - who would just as soon blow a hole through anything that reminds them of their weaknesses, immoralities and hypocracies. Biafra, and he prides himself on this, has a propensity to stir things up in just the right way that those needles begin to surface - point up.

Yes, he's gotten death threats, but so have lots of performers, even wimps like Bruce Springsteen and Michael Jackson. But Biafra takes more chances with his life than any cult hero since Evil Kenevil tried jumping 21 cars on his motorcycle. Many times Biafra has literally dove into his audience, microphone in hand, and allowed the crowd to pass him, hand to hand over their heads as he lays prone, continuing to sing and never missing a word on his mile-a-minute vocal delivery.

Sure it's dangerous. He's been stabbed, had ribs broken, and gotten lots of shades of black and blue, but its part of his effort to tear down the barrier between performer and audience, something that gets more and more difficult to do for any performer whose popularity continues to increase.

As Biafra will admit, his act is a variation on the IggyStooge persona, confronting the audience with words, often with things they do not want to hear. Then, by putting himself in physical danger, he creates sympathy as if saying to the audience, "If I can put myself in your hands and face physical danger, certainly you can handle any verbal abuse I might dish out to you." It is a performer's trick, like that of a Shaman, to help the audience stretch the boundaries of safety and acceptability. "If he can go THAT far, we can at least go PART of the way" the audience pulses in unison.

But Biafra takes Iggy's routine a step further, a step that treads into the minefields of human uncertainty. In the old days Iggy worked with glass, on stage, alone. He would roll and writhe nearly naked through broken

## Editorial

We're sure everyone is sleeping more peacefully now that City Attorney James K. Hahn has brought the moral force of the City of Los Angeles to bear against a rock band.

The Dead Kennedy's Jello Biafra, a.k.a. Eric Boucher, stands accused of distributing pornography to minors as a result of the inclusion of an explicitly sexual poster by Swiss artist H.R. Giger (familiar from *Alien*) in one of his albums. The city will spend a lot of money on legal work. The Dead Kennedys and their label will have to spend a lot of money. Is there anyone in Los Angeles who thinks that bringing this case to court, whatever the outcome, will protect minors, or improve or defend moral standards?

While Hahn's office is busy filing this kind of junk paper with the courts, real crime, crime with victims, is being committed. A recent investigative story in the *Weekly* described the situation facing the inspectors employed to make sure toxic waste from local factories doesn't reach our water supply or local ocean waters: On less than catastrophic violations, this reporter found, there was a reluctance by prosecutors to file. If there is this much unused prosecutorial talent in Hahn's office, perhaps Hahn's office could show Jello Biafra the same kind of consideration now shown to polluters, and issue a warning.

glass, arising bloody to taunt the audience with the unspoken challenge: HOW FAR WILL YOU GO, YOU WIMPS?" But unlike Biafra, Iggy doesn't throw himself into the audience and his crew of bouncers won't let the audience get to him - no way. Iggy sticks with the glass - it's sharp and he knows it, but he also knows that shards of glass will only go so far, then stop. Throwing oneself on a shattered mass of humanity is not so simple - not so predictable.

And in other ways Biafra's artistic path is much more dangerous than other rock performers. He traverses a very political path and doesn't couch his disatisfaction and counter-culture stance in vague poetics. He calls assholes assholes and tells people what they should do about them.

As he will tell interviewers, Biafra has his bouts with suicidality depression. But, although he is often very cynical, the fact he has continued with his art, an art hollering for social change, indicates he does hold some hope for humanity and his role as a positive force within it. When he throws himself into his audience, it becomes an act of faith, as if he is giving mankind a chance to prove itself. But the cynical, suicidal tone is there, nevertheless as if he were saying to God: "If mankind is not the group of assholes we think they are and if I am as worthy to stand on this stage as I think I am, then mankind will return me to the stage to carry on. I they don't return me, but instead stomp me into the floor, then either I was not worthy or else mankind is a bunch of assholes so why go on living anyway..."

And so far, by summer of 1986, Biafra and the Dead Kennedy's have survived, and that gives hope to a society on the edge of a cataclysm, that there is some chance of going on at least a few more years. If a group of musicians that talk about changing the present government and business lenders and has a name so repulsive, feared and accusatory to the power elite of this country - that a band like that can survive, in fact prosper - that, for many, is an important ray of hope in this age of increasing darkness.

But as the recent indictment points out, the Dead Kennedy's, like other artists who push down repressive barriers, must continually battle to maintain their freedom.

## PUNK ROCK DELINQUENTS

Mohawks, leather jackets worn with spiked belts and strong beliefs in anarchy may be signs of alienated adolescents "struggling with their sense of selves," according to Beverly Hills marriage, family and child counselor Dr. Brian G. Gold.

Gold completed a study last January that examined the differences between some of the punk and non-punk juvenile delinquents under probation in Los Angeles County Court. He found that the punks, unlike the non-punks, felt misunderstood by and couldn't relate to their families, headed primarily by professional and business people. Gold sees the resulting sense of alienation as the "key factor in the punk-rock delinquent's appearance."

The differences end there. Gold's punks and non-punks perform essentially the same delinquent acts; why some choose to be punk-rockers, he wasn't able to discover. "The difference is outside the realm of delinquency, and merits further investigation," he said.

Don't expect to see many aging punk-

U.S. WEEKLY June 6, 1986

"I don't want to end up like Lenny Bruce" Biafra said, reminding us how lonely and devastating such battles can be.

But many people, even people who think they are hip to new music, have misconceptions about the Biafra and the Dead Kennedys. Sure, nearly everyone has heard of the Dead Kennedy's - their name alone is headline grabbing - and many have heard some of their more popular songs such as "California Ubberr Alles" and "Holiday in Cambodia", but most people don't realize that with the release of FRANKENCHRIST and other albums on the way, that the DK's are back on their way, if just because there is so little competition, to the forefront of radical, socially challenging rock n roll.

They are not a generic, nihilistic, cliché hardcore band that some might believe, nor are they over-the-hill rockers as others believe.

In fact, as FRANKENCHRIST shows, the DK's music is more powerful than ever and the band's lyrics are becoming increasingly incisive and perceptive, while maintaining a straight-forward aggressiveness, and simplicity. Above all, there are few bands who have survived as long as the DK's who continue to openly attack the status quo so fiercely and blatantly. And there are few bands operating independently (without major corporation backing) that appear to have their act together enough to fend off the forces that continually try to destroy or dilute such strident messages.

A lot of rock fans, however, find Biafra's personality hard to take. Too often he seems to be preaching as if he were trying to be some kind of punk rock guru, people say. As if he were trying to turn punk into some sort of dogmatic political or religious movement.

But if one looks objectively at the DK's work - the records and songs and the rapic art that accompany them - one sees that Biafra urges exactly the opposite.

It is Biafras' conviction that even a segment of his own fans are responsible "for letting themselves be fooled" into fucking up the world. "People are too goddam easily lead," he is fond of saying.

"We go out of our way to stir up shit inside

people's emotions and get them to think," Biafra explains. "And we're one of the few bands or artist of any art form that confront the audience with themselves." As Biafra admits, such a tactic often loses them fans and draws angry response from former supporters. A prime example is the DK's son "Nazi Punks Fuck Off" which chastises the fascist stance and action of many of the people who started coming to Dead Kennedy shows.

He makes his opinions known loud and clear, that's for sure. We all know he doesn't like Ronald Reagan. We all know he despises Jerry Falwell and all he stands for -- but at the heart of every album, every song in fact, is the message urging people to wake up and think for themselves.

I'm just a dumb guy with a big mouth when you get right down to it," Biafra says. "If anybody has a better idea, then we welcome them to come up and tell us." And if he should ever start considering himself some kind of guru? "I should be thrown out of the nearest building by anybody who still cares enough to do it," he stresses.

But it's true that Biafra is often abrasive or cold, even a bit arrogant on and off stage. It's as if he feels his time is much more valuable than anybody else's. (Even his roadies have a hard time getting along with him, and as a result there has been a large turnover of help.) As he said once, "The bane of my whole personality is that no matter what I'm doing I always wish I was doing something else and no matter where I am I always wish I was somewhere else."

In fact, Biafra is a very busy perso, gets tremendous amounts of work done, is cynical and paranoid, and lots of people do waste his time. And one must realize, that at age 27, Biafra is relatively young, has had to go through a lot of shit, and is still learning how to relate to people on a one-to-one, give-and-take basis.

The bottom line, although he might say otherwise, is that Biafra is a very intelligent, altruistic person. He frets and sweats to make sure he is as clear as possible with his messages. When he is interviewed he insists a tape recorder be running so that nothing he says becomes misconstrued or taken out of context. He tries very hard to be in control of every situation, going so far as to encourage interviewers to allow him to go over and touch up and "clairfy" statements before they are put into print.

His propensity to be very large, dominating, and controlling on stage or in print irritates some people, especially those who view his actions as a contradiction of the anarchistic punk style that the Dead Kennedy's grew out of. But one must realize that some of the characteristics that might be viewed as egocentric are also the characteristics that have allowed the DK's to survive and be vital where many have failed.

(Continued next issue. But don't wait. If you're gonna act, don't be late.)

Please send: Letters, information requests (BASE please), recordings, artwork or record photographs & clippings for future collage art to:

Alternative Tentacles Roach Motel of the Id  
P.O. Box 11455  
San Francisco, CA 94111



## STARS AND STRIPES OF CORRUPTION

words: Biafra, music: Dead Kennedys

Finally got to Washington in the middle of the night  
I couldn't wait.

I headed straight for the Capitol Mall

My heart began to pound

Yahoo! It really exists

The American International Pictures logo

I looked up at that Capitol building

Couldn't help but wonder why

I felt like saying, "Hello, old friend"

Walked up the hill to touch it

Then I unzipped my pants

And pissed on it when nobody was looking

Like a great eternal Klansman

With his two flashing red eyes

Turn around, he's always watching

The Washington monument pricks the sky

With flags for public hair ringed 'round the bottom

The symbols of our heritage

Lit up proudly in the night

Somehow fits to see the homeless people

Passed out on the lawn

So this is where it all happens

The power games and bribes

All lobbying for a piece of ass

Of the stars and stripes of corruption

Makes me feel so ashamed

To be an American

When were too stuck up to learn from our mistakes

Trying to start another Viet Nam

While fiddling while Rome burns at home

The Boss says, "You're laid off. Blame the Japanese"

"America's back", alright

At the game it plays the worst

Strip mining the world like a slave plantation

No wonder others hate us

And the Hitlers we handpick

To bleed their people dry

For our evil empire

The drug we're fed

To make us like it

Is God and country with a bang

People we know who should know better

Howl, "America rules. Let's go to war!"

Business scams are what's worth dying for

Are the Soviets our worst enemy?

We're destroying ourselves instead

Who cares about our civil rights

As long as I get paid?

The blind Me Generation

Doesn't care if life's a lie

So easily used, so proud to enforce

The stars and stripes of corruption

Let's bring it all down!

Tell me who's the real patriots

The Archie Bunker slob waving flags?

Or the people with the guts to work

For some real change

Rednecks, and bombs don't make us strong  
We loot the world, yet we can't even feed ourselves  
Our real test of strength is caring  
Not the war toys we sell the world

Just carry on, thankful to be farmed like worms  
Old glory for a blanket  
As you suck on your thumbs

Real freedom scares you  
'Cos it means responsibility

So you chicken out and threaten me

Saying, "Love it or leave it"

I'll get beat up if I criticize it

You say you'll fight to the death

To save your useless flag

If you want a banana republic that bad

Why don't you go move to one

But what can just one of us do --

Against all that money and power

Trying to crush us into roaches?

We don't destroy society in a day

Until we change ourselves first

From the inside out

We can start by not lying so much

And treating other people like dirt

It's easy not to base our lives

On how much we can scam

And you know

It feels good to lift that monkey off our backs

I'm thankful I live in a place

Where I can say the things I do

Without being taken out and sh

So I'm on guard against the goons

Trying to take my rights away

We've got to rise above the need for cops and laws

Let kids learn communication

Instead of schools pushing competition

How about more art and theater instead of sports?

People will always do drugs

Let's legalize them

Crime drops when the mob can't price them

Budget's in the red?

Let's tax religion

No one will do it for us

We'll just have to fix it ourselves

Honestly ain't all that hard

Just put Rambo back inside your pants

Causing trouble for the system is much more fun

Thank you for the toilet paper

But your flag is meaningless to me

Look around, we're all people

Who needs countries anyway?

Our land, I love it too

I think I love it more than you

I care enough to fight!

The stars and stripes of corruption

Let's bring it all down!

If we don't try

If we just lie

If we can't find

A way to do better than this

Who will?



# Backtracking

by Sally Idasswey

"Soothe me, with your caress...sweet marahuana...marahuana.  
Help me in my distress...sweet marahuana...marahuana...  
You alone can bring my lover back to me -  
Even though I know it's just a fantasy  
And then, put me to sleep...sweet marahuana...please do."

The latest song by Mick Jagger? The theme from the new Cheech and Chong movie? Guess again. "Marahuana" (sic) was recorded on the Bluebird label by Dave Harman and His Orchestra in 1934!

The arrangement is exotic and the vocalist sounds...well...lethargic.

Since the birth of sound recording in 1877, artists have told the stories of their lives in words and music, captured forever on wax cylinders and shellac discs. The voices of Florence Nightingale, Sir Arthur Sullivan, P.T. Barnum, and countless others have been preserved via the medium of recording. In 1922, the 29th president of the United States, Warren Gamaliel Harding recorded his thoughts on "The Republican Party" and "A Tribute to our Disabled Soldiers" (Pathe 021042).

Looking through big piles of 78 rpm records in thrift stores and at yard sales has long been one of my favorite pastimes. One can never tell what treasures will turn up! The disadvantages to such a hobby are formidable. 1) The records are very fragile and easily broken. 2) They take up lots of space and are heavy. 3) They can be expensive. 4) After upwards of 60 years, they're usually in lousy condition. 5) Most of today's turntables do not have the 78 rpm speed. 6) A special cartridge and stylus are required for playing them. These obstacles have prevented a

lot of people from exploring the wealth of "lost music" on 78s that will probably never come out on compact discs, or even LPs.

But let's hear it for the noble cassette! A little company called Vintage Recording Company has released a series of cassettes (all are 60 minutes and cost \$3.98 Such a deal!) of vintage music, each with a different "theme." I'll describe some of my favorites:

**Phonography Pioneers** This tape contains 22 tracks recorded from 1906 to 1911 and features some of the most famous and prolific artists of those years (all virtually forgotten today, except by record collectors). Comedy, ballads, marches and novelty tunes. Billy Murray (whose voice appears on over 200 records made during the first quarter of this century) is featured.

**Hit of the Week (1929-1932)** features the rare 15 cent paper records sold at newsstands during the early Depression years. These are nearly impossible to find today.

**Vintage Jerome Kern** is a great collection of Kern songs released in his centennial year of 1985. Some are standards today, but some are from obscure musicals such as "Sally" (1921) which are far too infrequently heard today. It fascinates me to think that the songs on this tape (and also on *Vintage Gershwin*) were not only recorded during the composer's lifetime, but in some cases, under their personal supervision!

**Sex, Drugs, Booze** features the three perennial topics in songs by Cab Calloway, Beatrice Lillie, Bessie Smith, Mae West, and a nice sprinkling of artists that were unfamiliar to me, but equally good. You'll hear about Willie the Chimney Sweep who "smoked a dozen pills or more." You'll find out why "Everybody

Wants a Key to my Cellar." And your own imagination will tell you just what goes on "In That Apartment Upstairs." Tipper Gore would have a field day with this one.

**Gems of Broadway:** from 1909-1929, the Victor Talking Machine Company issued a series of records called "Gems from..." These records were medleys of tunes from hit shows of the day, arranged for the brevity of a 78 rpm record side. These featured some of the most popular artists of the day, and were the forerunners of the original cast and soundtrack LPs which emerged in the late 1940s. "Gems from Babes in Toyland" and "Gems from No No Nanette" will probably be the most familiar items here. Anyone remember a show called "The Night Boat" (1920)? Or "The Pink Lady" (1911)?

**Piano Favorites:** Around the time of the transition from acoustical to electrical recording in 1925 (i.e. singing into a microphone instead of a big funnel-shaped horn) great strides were being made in recording techniques and microphone placement. The piano, always a recording challenge, is featured here in 20 sides from that era, including one by Harry Snodgrass who appeared in vaudeville billed as an ex-convict after his release from the Missouri State Penitentiary in 1925!

**Vintage Christmas** features an unusual and rare recording of Handel's Messiah from 1901, "Jingle Bells" from the aforementioned Hit-of-the-Week series (1931) and a beautiful and relatively unfamiliar setting for "Away in a Manger" by John McCormack (1927). There are 20 tracks here, all of them quaint, charming and beautiful windows on Christmases past.

All of these tapes, and others, are available from Vintage Recording Co., P.O.B. 356, St. Johnsbury, VT 05819, USA for \$3.98 each, plus 50 cents per order for postage and handling. Congratulations to them for performing this valuable service as a labor of love and at such a reasonable price!



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## Interview

# Don Carlos

by Jimi Jaimin

**Jimi:** Don Carlos — Where were you born, where were your parents born, and currently how old are you now?

**Don:** My parents were born in Jamaica, my father in the parish of St. Catherine and mother in St. Marie. I was born in Kingston, June 29th, 1952.

**Jimi:** Do you have immediate family outside of your brothers and sisters and parents?

**Don:** Yeah, man, I have some youth differently, you know.

**Jimi:** How was it growing up in Jamaica under British Rule, and how did the effects of British Rule contribute to the development of Reggae music?

**Don:** Well, British Rule never really trouble reggae music, because reggae music is the music to come mash up certain oppressive vibes.

**Jimi:** How do you classify your style?

**Don:** Well, I sing Reggae Music and the lyrics that come from me is conscious lyrics, culture roots and reality, you know.

**Jimi:** Is there any other music you listen to or buy besides reggae music, Jah Music.

**Don:** Yeah man, because music is music and its the purest and cleanest thing on Earth, music of all forms is music but natural music is clean livity.

**Jimi:** Which entertainers do you get inspiration from as far as their sincerity to really deal with music?

**Don:** Lot of artists, some foreign artists, some local Jamaican artists, like Bob Marley, Delroy Wilson some foreign artists, such as Stevie Wonder, Ray Charles, Nat Cole, Sam Cooke, Bobby Womack, Jerry Butler.

**Jimi:** Do you play any other instrument besides your voice and how long have you been playing professionally?

**Don:** Well, I have an idea about most instruments still, but I am not so clear on them professionally. I prefer to sing the culture to the people and do the works. I've been singing a good while now from youth since the age of 13 or 14 years old.

**Jimi:** In how many countries are your records distributed?

**Don:** The music reach many places, such as the U.K., Africa, Japan, Europe, U.S., it spread out all over. Almost every where reggae is, you can find a Don Carlos record or one of its albums. I am happy because the message is being spread and give thanks that it is reaching the people.

**Jimi:** On your album "Just a Passing Glance" the song Zion Train, can you tell me why you wrote that song?

**Don:** Sometimes some of the lyrics I sing I don't know why I sing them just come to me still. But really it is just Jah moving through me. But Zion Train is that if you have love for humanity you must love Jah. Where there is Jah you have a Zion, where every good man good thing resides. To be there you got to be there, you got to be clean to get on board, you don't need money.

**Jimi:** How was your African Tour? What countries did you play in and how were you received?

**Don:** Zimbabwe was the only country. People are really nice there and they respect I and I and I love the. They like Reggae Music more than their own national music.

**Jimi:** Were there any heads of states to meet or greet you when you arrived in Zimbabwe?

**Don:** Yeah, there was the Minister of Justice to greet us and they gave us a party with full colors and everything.

**Jimi:** What is your opinion of the famine in Ethiopia and will it end soon?

**Don:** Jah can do anything still. I really don't want to say anything about that because it is Jah works. I am not here to criticize that.

**Jimi:** Do you see the Ethiopian struggle, the South African struggle for Africans home and abroad, a universal struggle?

**Don:** Yes. Repatriation is a must. South Africa must be free. But this is just a reminder because many men say this "before I and I and I must go home."

**Jimi:** What are some of the good things manifested in Jamaica since you hear so much about the bad things.

**Don:** The good things in Jamaica is the birth of knowledge to the world, I and I being a Jamaican have been through a lot of tribulation in slavery time with brutality and how they try to control us. But this was for a purpose that's what I and I see it as because certain things in this world they need to see. Everyone is afraid to talk about things except the Jamaican man. He gets out and start talking about truth and rights. That is some of the good things happening in Jamaica.

**Jimi:** There is an unemployment problem in Jamaica and do you see the youth in Jamaica having a problem with the cocaine runnings there like everywhere else?

**Don:** Like I say this is a part of Babylon and I and I can expect



Photo by Conley R. Major

with me all the times close.

**Jimi:** A lot of shows that you do in the United States are they done in the black community or in the inner city?

**Don:** Mixed, mixed, because you can't isolate the message and

music is for everyone, Jah is for everyone. I sing to all, black and white, no partiality. I just show the world love to everyone, as a Rasta Man, love.

**Jimi:** When you talk about repatriation, is this repatriation of the mind, the body to Africa, can you clarify this a little more?

**Don:** The homeland Africa. Because India is for the Indians, China is for the Chinaman, so not physical or mental because if you take it seriously, boy you go home. Africa is home for the Blackman.

**Jimi:** Who exactly are the Maroon people and a Maroon way of life?

**Don:** I can't tell it to the fullness but Maroon is the African during slavery days which organized himself in the hills start fighting against the whites. He was highly equipped with science. The soldiers couldn't conquer them, so they had to make deal for them to control a certain area of land to carry him forward. Many of them live in segregated areas but today in Jamaica you can't just say over here this is Maroon town. They stick out still but they are all over Jamaica.

**Jimi:** As a youth did you hear much talk about Marcus Garvey?

**Don:** Yeah man. Enough respect, respect. Them talking about Marcus Garvey. From youth to elder. I still had the opportunity to acknowledge him from other people, still you don't have to read the books but you can feel the vibes.

**Jimi:** On your album "Just a Passing Glance" you have a song called "Front-line" can you tell what is the frontline.

**Don:** Frontline is just a corner where Jamaicans gather in England and places, you see, you have one in Brixton and other parts of England where you hang out and play sports and music.

**Jimi:** Your moves on stage, is that planned thing or is it just how the vibes flow?

**Don:** Just how the vibes are, because working on stage the only thing I do plan is which songs I am going to sing.

**Jimi:** I would like to let you know how glad it was to sit down and reason with you.

**Don:** Yeah-man it all works to "Jah", Jah set it up.

**Jimi:** Praises and Thanks, Thanks and Praises.

anything still. Just be a conscious man and see what's going on, to see which way you are going to go.

**Jimi:** What is the Nyabingi Music?

**Don:** Nyabingi music is chanting music, the same as you know like church music, you know. When man just congregate together, cook food and sing songs of praise.

**Jimi:** What is the Nya Man?

**Don:** The Nya Man is the Rasta Man. The higher man.

**Jimi:** It is now the 50th year or Golden Jubilee of the todays movement "Jah Rastafari." Do you see it going back further than that?

**Don:** That celebration date you are talking about this time but the manifestation of Jah Rastafari is from creation. Since division, we have been divided from culture and opportunity but this is like a rebirth or recycle this past 50 years. But Rastafari is from creation and from me have the opportunity to put it out again without getting even a fight, it's just Jah works.

**Jimi:** What is the responsibility of the Rasta Man today?

**Don:** To show love to each other and everyone and to let the world know about "Jah" and that Jah is the one.

**Jimi:** Have you ever attended the Ethiopian Orthodox Church?

**Don:** Not in person but may be in mind and spirit, you know.

**Jimi:** How does the 12 tribes of Israel in your opinion relate to Rasta?

**Don:** Well, I can't even give you an idea of how they operate so far still but it is positive and they step it up still, you know. They move forward to certain foundations.

**Jimi:** So have you always gave praises and thanks everyday and what does his Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie mean to you?

**Don:** Thanks and Praises everyday? I don't quite remember but I can recall at that moment it was something that shocked me because he make me walk, he make me talk so I try to keep him



# Lynia Lurch

interview by George Charpied, Larda Bix, Darby Lix

In a discussion with Jim Thirwell (James Foetus) I expressed dismay at the current state of radio in America. What do you think?

It's the corporate assholes that run everything. It's always the liars, thieves and idiots that do the talking, the choosing, the picking and the sorting out, and that's what someone like me has to come up against and it's just too much of a fight. Nothing you can do about it. You can only try, you know, to blow your shot in the fucking wind hoping it'll land on someone's face.

**How is that the cheats and assholes end up with the control?**

Because they start with the money. That's basically it. It's in the hands of the ignorant, foolish, stupid and inconsiderate people for the most part. Especially if you are talking about large amounts of money. Because people like myself and ahh, the people I associate with are now, it's too dangerous for us to have large amounts of money, access is denied us. Unless we are willing to compromise and become mediocre enough to be accepted by the general public, or not even the public but by the people that run what the public are allowed to accept. And that's what I come up against. But I don't really care. I am not looking to expand my boundaries necessarily as far as attention from the public or mass consumption. That's not something that interests me anyway. So I'm quite happy with the situation as it stands.

**How does the situation stand?**

At this point, I mean, after 10 years doing what I've done I've finally been able to get to the place where I've gathered up all my past works and recordings, got a hold of them for myself and started my own company, called Widowspeak Productions, my own record label. I use Rough Trade in England and CD in San Francisco, to, um, manufacture and distribute my materials. I just held out for as many years as it took for me to be able to get into a position, which by no thanks to anyone else, in order to gather up my material, to take it away from the thieves and the idiots

and finally be able to, at least, make it available, small time, to those that want it. Because that's all I ask for, is that my material is available, so that people who do want it can seek it out. Now I know that there are a lot of people who are not as fortunate as I, in fact, either their stuff hasn't been documented like mine has, or, that they have not been able to get it back. It was a long, hard fight. But definitely worth it.

I have 10 products which will be available within a year, that start with HYSTERIE which is a compilation on CD and has one side Teenage Jesus, one side Beirut Slump, one side Eight Eyed Spy and one side collected B-sides. It's a huge, monumental burden off my back to have things like Beirut Slump, which no one seems to have heard of. Only one single was released, I had the band the same time I had Teenage Jesus and for a year I refused to perform out. There was no reason for it, but fortunately it was documented. So after the release of Hysterie things will start coming out again. QUEEN OF SIAM, 13.13, IN LIMBO: The Uncensored, which is

my cassette of my stories; there's THE DROWNING OF LUCY HAMILTON, which is an instrumental LP; THE RIGHT SIDE OF MY BRAIN, the video; umm, a No Trend album, and a Mars LP. I'm putting out a compilation Mars LP from the No New York. Snowball effect, you see.

**Does the film you are doing now fit into any projects you have going?**

The filming I'm doing now is a 15 to 20 minute drive-in trailer. It is very violent, very sexual. It is, uhh, a telephone sex operator decides to meet one of her customers and has to face the consequences, basically.

**Do you see this as close to reality?**

Very close.

**Are you still doing any of the "Why You Murder Me Productions" with Henry Rollins?**

There will still be future work along that line. As of now, though, just because I'm so busy and Henry is so busy, we haven't decided what will be the next move, as far as that goes. Umm, that one performance heralded so much controversy, just because I catered it to the fact that people are so petty. The way rumors spread, I knew I could do something and because it was secretive, or because only a few people get to actually experience it, and plus I was spreading false rumors through people I knew in the audience, it would cause a lot of controversy because of people's petty stupidity. I always love to shed some light on stupidity. Assumption is the root of all ignorance. I am assuming, you don't know. You're guessing. So don't bother; don't assume. As far as people summing me up, I mean, I've done many projects none of which can attempt to scratch the surface of what I am. And, you know, that's why I have to do so many projects. I have so many things to express, you can't try to sum me up by saying that you didn't like the last album, or that another album was great. It's all one tiny nose hair from a picture. Hopefully, maybe someday I'll be able to give a full and well rounded, you know, complete viewpoint once everything has been done.

**Therefore, the work that you've done is more of a sample of your feelings of the time?**

...my feelings at the time. Exactly. It's all very spontaneous and it's meant to illustrate one spiney concept; one tiny flicker. So, I mean, I am forced to create continually because I'm not satisfied yet.

**When you write, do you see yourself from the vantage of the male or the female role?**

I think like a man. And I also observe them. I've spent my first 25 years wasting my time observing men and their weaknesses, their indulgences, foolishness, their folly. Basically, their psyche and their problems. I mean, that's why I'm constantly studying them, if

I'm to be called a social scientist. It's, ahh, thinking like a man, I can really appreciate them, and no matter how base or redundant occasionally they will appear through my work, for instance THE RIGHT SIDE OF MY BRAIN or my many stories. I do like to elevate their baseness to like a romantic level. Because I find it romantic. First, men are so easily manipulated, as most people are. But I don't waste my time bothering with women because they have too many games of their own to play. Second, I don't like to play games, I like to experiment.

**What was the motivation to become an observer of male behavior or as you've said, a social scientist?**

I wanted to be a psychoanalyst, that was my first professional interest at 12. And also, just because I had such a revolting relationship with my father that I decided that before I get totally fucked up I'd better understand why, why men are the way they are. It's just an interesting subject to experiment in. And I do observe it, I mean, I do all my stories as a means of calling it as I see it. It is a woman expressing the male point of view, as I get it dished out to me everyday on the street. I'm speaking in a very general way when I speak of the male population but I tell very specific stories without naming names. All my stories are he. I am a female chauvinist. Yes I am. But I mean look around you, why wouldn't I be? I mean, most men...for instance, I just spoke at this festival, Feminist and the Misogynist Together at Last, and they were arguing about how pornography degrades women. I said that I find it [pornography] hardly degrading for a woman to lie back looking pretty slimy and counting her bucks for fucks that she's accumulated. Where you have men, pornography which exploits men by exposing them in a light where they're all fucking dogs, chasing after their dicks and that magical elixir. Who is the stupid one? Who's being exploited? Not women.

**What was the response?**

Horrification. I gave a huge speech in defense of film, it's called Anti-censorship, that was hailed like a revivalist speech by Billy Graham. People were into what I was saying, but the alternative in a place like Seattle where I did it was such, you know, flannel-shirt dykes saying that if they went to my house and found pornography that offended them, I should go to jail. That was my opposition. Who's gonna be cheered? When I stand up, put my hands over my head and say, 'Look it's women like you who tell women like me that we don't love or want sex, and be thought sluts.' I mean, deal with fucking reality. You know, McCarthyism. Censorship equals freedom; freedom equals liberation; liberation is the right to choose. Repression equals violence. I mean, that's what I said to the feminists, they're trying to repress something. That results in violence.

**Can censorship really be equated with freedom?**

No! I think...you know, I meant that freedom comes from the right to choose; freedom is liberation; liberation has nothing to do with oppression, which results in violence, which is what censorship does.

**Does feminism have any real motivational force to offer for social change and women? Is feminism truly a liberating element in society?**

Well, I also met with quite a few feminists against censorship. I mean there's many breeds of feminism. I mean it's just a term. I mean it's just like there are many kinds of Republicans and Democrats, uhh, you know...I think mostly it (feminism) has a bad name because those who call attention to it are too upright, and not really speaking for people, which is what...you know, feminism should be doing. It is not separating the sexes, it's saying equality. You can break it down into male versus female. Because, in the battle of the sexes I know who's going to win...it's obvious. I'm for human liberation, for people to relieve themselves of their uptight stupidity and insecurity which causes people to feel inadequate and insecure anyway, which basically began the oppression of women because men couldn't handle their own insecurities so they had to try and dominate the alternative.

**As a social scientist is there any point to your work?**

What I try to do is...try and educate men against your obvious shortcomings. And I'm not talking, like I say, it's a very general thing, but a very easy trap for people to fall into is the stereotype that they allow themselves to become habituated to, and...I try, like the speech to the Seattle festival, meat, meat, and all it is how sex and everything are so much a part of our being, why deny it. However, it is presented in a manner that we are reduced to pieces of fucking meat. I'm so against people thinking of each other as pieces of meat, because of how I think anyway. So it's so fucking amusing, so Flintstone that society is still in the Stone Age. I try not to endorse or advertise things I do or say. But prognosis is so minimal mentally, there is a need to get the word out that there is an alternative way of thinking.

**Do you desire to bring about change?**

No! No, I don't care about change. I'm one small person. I change my clothes every now and then. I'm here to tell it like I see it. Tell it how I feel it and that's it. I'm expressing one single view point and by no means saying that this is how all men and all women are; that this is what all women want. Especially when I'm dealing with my extremist views of pornography. I've been accused of propagating the rape myth, but they are forgetting that there are some women that want to be raped. You cannot say that there aren't women who don't want to be raped, mutilated and killed. There are.

**But isn't a woman believing that rape is erotic the same as a man believing that a woman wants to be raped a perverted romanticization? Or am I just naive?**

Well, I don't know. I can only speak from my own experience, when I say that I entertained these fantasies in the past, it was because I wanted the obliteration of all distraction so I could concentrate on one...intense focus. I wouldn't be plagued with anything else except what was immediately at hand, which is, hopefully the most physically all consuming desire just to be rid of the fucking world just for five minutes. Sometimes the best way to apply yourself to that very desire is to convince yourself that you wanna die at the hands of a maniac. There were times when I repeatedly convinced myself of that. But fortunately I have shaken myself of that childish folly.



**Can a social scientist be political as well as experimental?**

I think so. I'm trying. I mean, political, I don't consider myself...I don't know what that means. That has a bad connotation to me. But, I mean, I...I guess, it's the same as I said in the feminist speech, a woman should have the right to exploit herself.

**What motivates you?**

I'm a selfish person. And I don't mean greedy. I'm such a carnal and nearly gluttonous person for everything. I mean, I'm just so...for experience in life. I don't have any great need for anything necessarily material, it's just the consumption, the consuming and knowing that I haven't lived up to my full potential to be as perfect as I can be, which is what my main goal is, is to convince people dotted around the globe of what a wonderful and personable person I am, what a wonderful creation I am. I seek a great deal of satisfaction. I know that I am the only one who can give it to myself. I think that when I'm experienced enough, educated enough, and...having rid myself of enough bullshit and personal deception, and personal frustration and anger, which I work continually to eliminate from my life. I think when I am my most peaceful and satisfied, I would probably pray for the fucking bomb every day.

**For what reason? As a form of punishment?**

Basically, I'm quite content to wait. I hope to live to be the oldest woman on the face of the earth so I can watch the world fuck itself to death and rot itself with pollution and stupidity and ignorance and greed...and money and filthy and concrete, that it becomes so heavy and unbearable and polluted that it just fucking rushes toward...they just dropped the bomb it would be left intact in all of its decay. It's ugly. It's too crowded. That's my biggest beef. It's too filled with unnecessary objects, most of them human, the rest of them architectural. I guess I would have felt better in a simpler time. I guess this seems confusing. I mean uncluttered, uncluttered, unpolluted. You know, not enough space, that bugs me. People looking at me, that bugs me. Walking down the street, especially when you live in New York, being visually assaulted by people staring at you every fucking step of



the way, that bothers me. Knowing that my every move is plagued by the rest of humanity. I guess I should live on a mountain top. **I you did live in a different time and place, let's say the 17th century here on the west coast, what would you be?**

I'd be a story teller, just like I am now. A cross between a prostitute and a story teller. In order to get good information out of people you have to get pretty close to the bone. One to one is the best form of communication. The ultimate form of audience participation. People have my records; they have my books, and they have my performances. But tells you really so little. People can become so enamoured with one small iota, one small idea of what I am. But that's why I'm never really satisfied. I know that if I am looking for mutual reciprocation, obviously, the only place we are going to get it is on a one to one basis. Not by distributing my documents.

**I guess, then, the element of assumption plays a large role in how people perceive you because they are left to fill in the blank spaces.**

Well the public in general has such horrid and torrid opinions of what Lydia Lunch is, people who don't really know that I do things. I mean I'll hear people say, "wow, a record, punk rock..." I always got confused with punk rock. It amuses me. I despise no form of musical stupidity more. That's why I had a band like Teenage Jesus which was as far away from punk rock as I could get. I mean, because I have black hair and wore black clothes, of course...queen of punk in New York. I can't go around the country correcting people. Like I say, the best way is the one on one encounter, but most people are too horrified of me to ever approach me anyway. That chases the weak ones away and I'm all for that. I don't

really get hassled very much because people think that I'm going to bite their noses off, they could be quite right.

**Is there a method, as a social scientists, you apply while looking for truth, as you defined it in "Birth of Tragedy" (publication)?**

No, I can just smell bullshit a mile away. You can look into people's eyes and see it piled six feet deep behind them. You just develop a sense for people that are...you just weasele around them. I mean, I'm pretty direct. I'm pretty confrontational. I don't stand for nonsense. I mean, I don't give it, why should I have to put up with it.

**I'd like to ask you to elaborate your idea on the difference between a crazy man and a crazy woman.**

What do you mean?

**Well, in reading your story in "Birth of Tragedy," "One day on the Bus", you defined two types of role playing. One is the all-consuming, ultimately destructive male behavior. The other is the all-giving, or accepting and ultimately self-abnegating female behavior. Both could be considered crazy. However, when you put them together a strange dynamic occurred, in a metaphorical sense, which transcends the obvious destructive nature of the pairing.**

Well those things attract. It's just nature. It's like cliches, or habit. It's just boiling it down to basics.

**The LP 13.13, what was its intent? Was this music to motivate people emotionally. Or simply an expression?**

It's primal as possible. That was my state of mind when I was living in Los Angeles. Anyone would feel like a dirge, feel like they were dragging their butt. I despise the place personally. It put me in the worst frame of mind,

hence accentuated on the LP. But, also very all-consuming and romantic. I mean, no matter how bad, or horrible, or how much I hate something I am so ridiculously romantic that I find ways of expressing these sentiments. I think it's rather uplifting. Just because it's taking the sludge and the drudgery and purging it from myself, as well as pushing it along in the form of a gregorian chant that one would find in a cathedral. The lyrics, I think, are some of my finest as far as just expressing that angst or the wallowing in the fucking pit of hell which we all fall into. Obviously, all of my records are what one could call mood records, bad mood records. They're meant for a specific mood. You have to be in the mood for them. Something like 13.13 you would probably listen to before you slit your throat. We need records like that and IN LIMBO, a cocktail record for the manically depressive.

**Is Jim Thirwell a guru to Lydia Lunch?**

I don't consider him a guru. I consider him someone with clearest vision and unpolluted faculties, unperturbed ideology...I get strength from his sobriety and his sanity; his intellectual capabilities and capacities, umm, because...for those reasons. And he also knows me very well because he doesn't put up any barriers to protect himself from the big bad wolf. Which is why we get along so well, because I can't stand those brick walls that people put up. I like nothing better than dropping kicking to the ground. He knows exactly what I'm talking about because he understands me fully without any bullshit and he's not full of shit. He's just my best friend.

**One final question, did you do the vocal on Stained Sheets?**

Yeah. George Scott and I wrote the tune. Chance just took the credit.

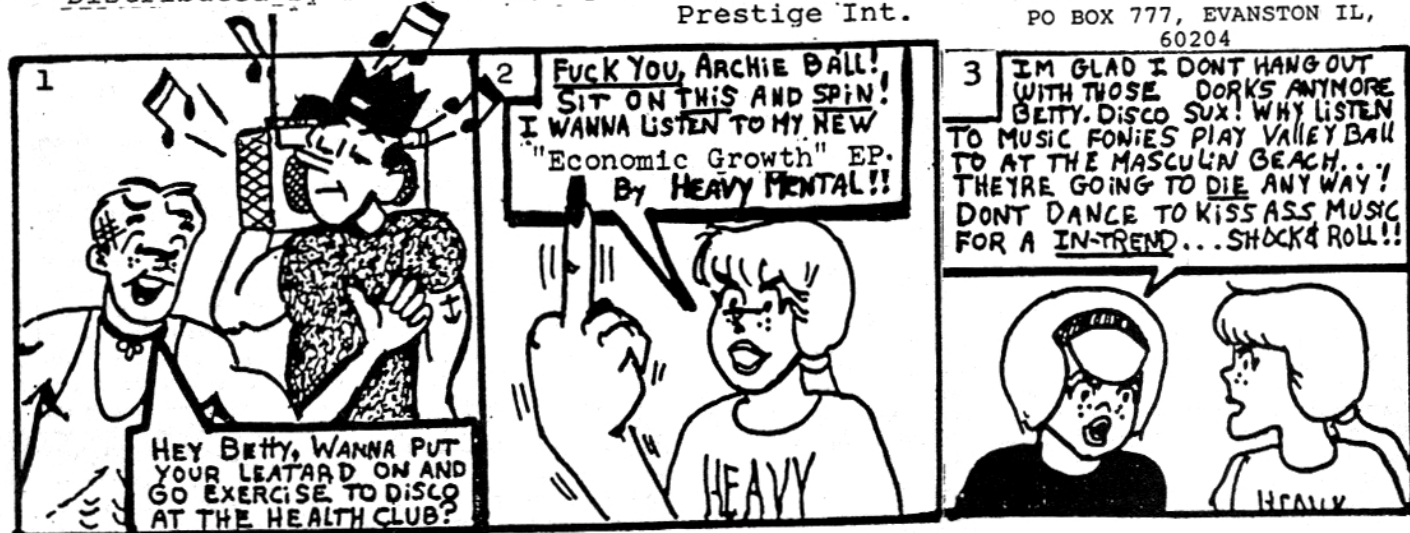
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## Interview

# Sam Falcetti



by Ron Sakolsky

Q: What do Queen Ida and Pauline Oliveros have in common?

A.: Sam Falcetti

Sure, Ida and Pauline are both female accordionists, but the link between the Zydeco queen and the meditative improviser is Falcetti. When Oliveros did a composition for accordion orchestra, it was Sam who she gave the nod to as conductor (*The Wanderer*, Lovely Music VR 1902). As he put it in talking about their collaboration, "I hit it off with Pauline right away. I was attracted to her music because she was using accordions to make new sounds that no one had heard before."

While many of Oliveros' compositions explore the nature of music as a healing force, this particular piece was perfectly suited for Falcetti because of his enthusiasm for the sonic possibilities of the accordion. It is intended by Oliveros to delve into the unique resonant qualities of accordion reeds through long sounds. While Sam was immediately taken with the experiment, his musicians (average age 16) thought the piece at first to be just awful. Yet, the more they performed it, the more they saw its beauty. While the orchestra (presently 25-30 accordions) had previously performed such symphonic pieces as "Night on Bald Mountain," the Oliveros' piece was not only a musical challenge ("rhythmically, it was very difficult to keep together"), but an aesthetic one as well. Both of these problems were solved over the course of four rigorous rehearsals. This firsthand exposure to "New Music" made Falcetti's students aware not only of the range of the accordion, but of the unmapped musical territories to which an imaginative composer like Oliveros can transport us.

But it would be a mistake to paint Falcetti's portrait in ethereal colors only. After all, in answer to my question of why he picked up the accordion, Sam simply replied, "Because its lots of fun." His "real father" was an accordionist who played with many local dance bands in the thirties in and around the Italian community of Springfield, Massachusetts, and his own first dance band (which he joined at age 16) was called "Leon's Five Notes." The accordion was a perfect choice for some since it was portable, inexpensive, and could provide melodic, rhythmic and harmonic accompaniment all rolled into one. This brings us back to Queen Ida. As Sam told me, "Recently my wife and I went to hear Queen Ida. She was swingin' like hell, and there were 600 kids there dancing up a storm." That this kind of event is a rarity Sam attributes to the rock music industry's promotion of mass culture which not only robs ethnic communities of their musical roots but impoverishes us all in the process. "If we were more ethically-oriented like Europe," he says, "there would be no distinction between ethnic and popular music."

However, as is evidenced by not only Oliveros' recording, but by his positions on the music faculty of Holyoke Community and Westfield State Colleges, his presidency of the Massachusetts Accordion Teachers Association and his former vice-presidency of the American Accordionist Association; Sam has an expansive notion of the accordion as both a playful and a serious instrument. In terms of the latter emphasis, he refuses to be limited by stereotypical views about the accordion orchestra as a novelty act.

Whether performing string quartets or pop tunes, he is always looking for new contexts for accordions which preserve the integrity of the instrument. When the Springfield Accordion Orchestra was once asked to appear on the David Frost Show, at first Frost wanted them to play "Beer Barrel Polka" and "Lady of Spain," but, in the end, the orchestra got to do a program of contemporary popular music.

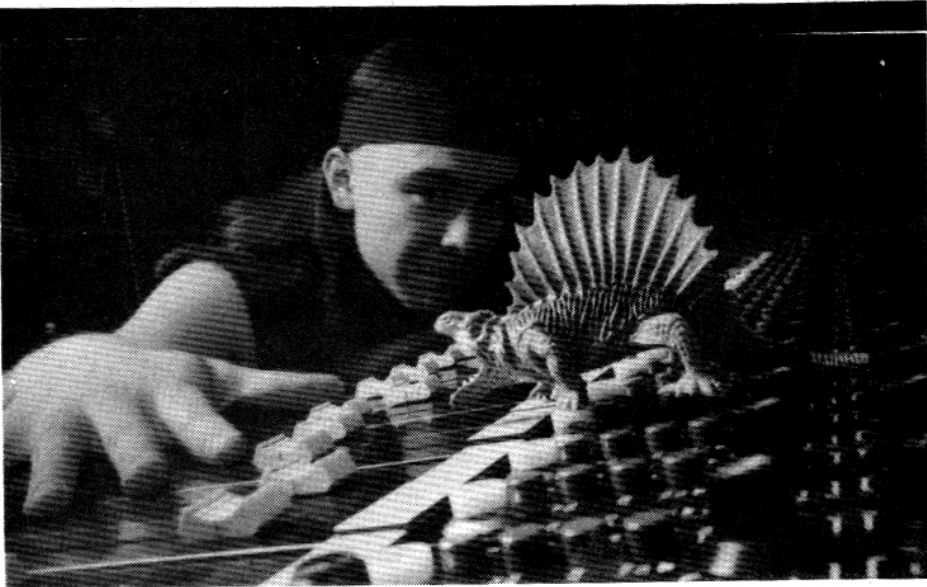
A self-styled "left renegade" and "pacesetter in the accordion industry," as he terms himself, Falcetti has always been interested in upsetting popular preconceptions about the instrument. Today he even uses percussion (drums and mallets), synthesizers ("you just can't duplicate brass with an accordion") to augment his original orchestral sound.

You might say about Falcetti that in his seventy-five hour work week he lives and breathes accordion music. Not only does he teach, perform and adjudicate contests, but he owns and operates five music stores ("one of the top sixty-five music chains in the country") in the Springfield area. These stores also offer music lessons, and it is from his students that he selects those who become part of the Springfield Accordion Orchestra. At home, the accordion is also in the forefront, in that the whole Falcetti Family plays and/or teaches.

Away from home, the accordion has taken Sam and the orchestra all over the world. In 1973, they toured by bus and truck all over Italy. Unfortunately, a once in a lifetime opportunity to play "The American Mass" for the Pope fell through when his instruments didn't arrive at The Vatican in time for the scheduled performance (although he was allowed a papal audience). Nevertheless, the orchestra did get to play parts of the piece elsewhere at several different churches over the course of a one-day stint, and the orchestra appeared on a TV special which pulled together these separate performances into a composite documentation of the project. His accordion orchestra and smaller ensembles have also played in the States in locations as diverse as Disneyland (with Mickey Mouse as conductor) and Carnegie Hall, and internationally in Europe, Japan, and New Zealand. Most recently, the orchestra played on a luxury liner en route to Bermuda and Nassau. "Another first," said Sam with a mixture of glee and pride bubbling up in his voice.



# Martin BISI



by Dennis Rea

At age 24, the scope of Martin Bisi's experience as a recording engineer and musician belies his years. He has engineered recordings by such artists as Material, The Golden Palominos, Herbie Hancock, Elliot Sharp, Mikel Rouse, Masacre, Brian Eno, John Zorn, Jamaaladeen Tacuma and many other musicians of widely varying backgrounds. Working in his studio, B.C. Studio, in Brooklyn, Bisi is adept at capturing the nuances of free improvisation, the urgency of New York's "downtown" fringe rock scene, and the high-tech streetwise rhythms of the hip-hop culture.

Born in New York of Argentinian parents, both of whom had backgrounds in music, Bisi's love of music led him into service as a roadie for a group of school friends who later went on to become the influential art-funk outfit Material. Eventually the group's Brooklyn rehearsal studio was transformed into a modern recording studio where Bisi found himself behind the board for a number of groundbreaking recordings.

In his studio one evening, Bisi communicated his insights regarding music and the recording engineer's art.

**DR:** You have a history of association with independent musicians. Has this been your preference, or have you simply acted on the opportunities of the moment?

**MB:** Even though I wasn't sure of what other people were doing, I did have a concept of ourselves (Material) as being independent. In the beginning, the whole idea was to be alternative and revolutionary in everything, so that people would see the way we were set up as a company as

being as revolutionary an idea as the music. I saw DAO (Material's production company) as being something that even people who weren't into music would look at as a revolutionary way of doing business—the studio, the record label, everything about it. If we were going to hire businesspeople, we would hire someone whose ideas were revolutionary, someone you could hold up and say, "what a visionary businessman." We were very proud. We thought we were the only people doing that; thank God we saw other people doing it also.

**DR:** What are your thoughts about the proliferation of independent record labels in recent years? Do you think that more honest, quality music is being made available as a result, or do you feel there is a danger of the market becoming glutted with amateurish efforts?

**MB:** A lot of independent labels are acting like major labels, and the music that they're putting out sounds to me like any of that stuff. The business may have more integrity because it's not a huge machine and is more personalized, but really what they're going for in the music is the same. Some independents are giving a strange kind of legitimacy to music which tries to fit into the major label form, cerebralizing it and saying it's really art. Yes, there is a danger, but the people who are really brilliant will always shine.

**DR:** What led you to become a recording engineer?

**MB:** Before we ever made a record I was a roadie with Material. As the need arose I became sound man. As sound man I wasn't an engineer yet. I would do the live sound, then I would go into the studio with engineers that didn't care and help them produce.

**DR:** Did you undergo any formal technical training to become an engineer?

**MB:** Yeah, but it was useless in retrospect. It focused on technical stuff when really what it comes down to is your ears. I think all training as an engineer should be on the board, listening. Anything else is totally useless.

As far as recording goes, you've just got to go for the natural sound. There's a limit to how much fancy miking you can do. There's nothing people can teach you about just recording basic sounds.

Everytime you hear a mix you have to listen as though you're hearing it for the first time. You have to know how to listen to a mix and figure out if it's coming or why it isn't. It has to draw you in and come out at you at the same time.

You have to really use your imagination and try all of the ideas you have. Material had a reputation for being really heavy on sound, even though our sound wasn't necessarily that good, because we manipulated technology using our imagination. We had to get the most out of using digital delays, sampling and making loops and making it sound really together and clear.

Also, an engineer's attitude is important. They've got to take responsibility. A lot of engineers are really good, but their attitudes are bad; they don't realize the urgency that the musicians feel. You know how a musician feels about his own music, that it's got to come out, it's got to happen. The engineer's got to feel that way. It's almost impossible to be a good engineer without getting involved in the production. You've got to be so involved with the music that you can't stand to let anything go by

that you have an opinion on without expressing it. That's part of being a good engineer. The schools don't teach you that. I can't let one project go by without it reaching some level of perfection or I feel like it's the end of my career.

**DR:** Are you encouraged to see that high-tech musical equipment is finally "trickling down" to economically disadvantaged musicians?

**MB:** The technology coming down to the people is going to help break the hold that Western Europe and America have on the media. South America, Central America and Mexico will have a media renaissance. I know for a fact that in Argentina that sort of thing is going to be happening. There is going to be a cultural revolution.

People with 4-tracks and 8-tracks are slowly but surely getting really good quality. The demos that people make will become more impressive as a musical experience. With the increased technology, a lot more people will be able to make records and get fantastic sounds. I'm taking full advantage of this technology. I'm reaping the benefits as well as the people who are making demos. I like technology; I'm a fan of technology. It's amazing what you can do with digital delays, kepekes...you can get so much out of these little devices. By using loops and digital delays, we were doing sampling when the Fairlight was the only sampling instrument.

Right now, the music that I'm doing depends heavily on a sampling keyboard, the Mirage. But then I think, five years from now everyone's going to have a Mirage, so will I lose something? For instance, I've listened to the Art of Noise alot, for the sheer

**Cont. on page 85**



# Other Music and Just Intonation

By Leland Sainty

Other Music is a San Francisco based ensemble that composes, records, and performs original music in a variety of musical styles, but all in just intonation. In the last year, Other Music has founded the Just Intonation Network, and the network's quarterly journal entitled 1/1. Although Other Music, the performing ensemble, has at times hosted over a dozen members, the group currently consists of its core trio, Carola Anderson, David Doty and Henry Rosenthal. A list of sources follows the interview for those who are interested in learning more about the Just Intonation.

**LS: Did you consciously decide that you were going to explore other intonations, or did that evolve?**

DD: I knew that Just Intonation was when we started, and Dale was interested in any kind of abstract idea. We talked a lot about strange subjects like what half waves sounded like. I don't think that I ever convinced him that you couldn't hear a half wave in isolation. I had always sort of intellectually believed that Just Intonation was a good idea. I was familiar with Partch, and had been for some time. In the summer of '75 while Henry was off in Los Angeles getting his gall bladder removed, I took a class with Lou Harrison, and that put it in perspective. Not that it is just an abstract good idea, but that this is what it really sounds like and this is what you have to do to get it. I came back after that summer hard selling the gospel of Just Intonation.

**LS: I'm sure you have worked out something to say to people who want to know what Just Intonation is.**

DD: There are several answers. There is a technical answer of interest to composers and theorists and instrument builders that really isn't of interest to the general listening public. The technical answer is the short one and that is that Just Intonation is any tuning system in which all intervals can be represented accurately by whole number ratios with a strongly implied preference for small whole number ratios.

For the listener who doesn't want to concern themselves with why music sounds the way it does, but just wants to listen to it and enjoy it, it may not even be an issue. The fact that a piece of music is in Just Intonation may or may not be a prominent feature of the way the music sounds to the untrained ear. Terry Riley's "Songs for the Ten Voices of the Two Prophets", or any Glen Branca album or any Other Music album or any recent Lou Harrison record are all in Just Intonation and none of them sounds very much like the others. If someone who didn't know the concept of just intonation listened to them all, they probably wouldn't pick out tuning as something that they had in common.

The people who really want to know what the technical answer means are going to have to read Harry Partch, read 1/1, listen to Ralph Hill, whatever. They're not going to get an answer that means anything in twenty-five words or less.

It's important that composers and people who design instruments, know about Just Intonation and what its virtues are. On the other hand, people whose primary relationship to music is as listeners, have to evaluate music in terms of what it does for them. In which case, tuning may be a factor and it may not. There's music in Just Intonation that I've heard that does nothing whatever for me. That is in Just Intonation does not necessarily make it good music. On the other hand, just intonation, if understood, enables one to do things that one otherwise wouldn't be able to do.

I don't think that there is any meaningful new material to be extracted from 12-tone equal temperament. That doesn't mean that one can't write music in twelve tone equal temperament that might be emotionally powerful music, but anything you do in equal temperament that has harmonic sense would have a parallel in Just Intonation that would sound better, in my opinion. Whereas there are lots of things that you could do that have harmonic sense or melodic sense in Just Intonation that would have no parallel in 12-tone equal temperament.

**LS: You went from doing all acoustic music, by candlelight, to playing practically all electric music. What instruments are played now?**

DD: The Prophet 5, that's old, crude technology nowadays. Re-fretted electric guitar and base, drums.

CA: We like real drums.

DD: That's another archaic technology. Clavinets.

**LS: Would you care to talk about the potential that computer controlled musical instruments have for Just Intonation?**

DD: The hardware that is used in any and all contemporary synthesizers could be easily capable of Just Intonation. But with the exception of the Prophet 5 and Prophet T-8 the system software isn't written to permit it. The Prophet 5 is a very low tech instrument by today's standards. It has a Z-80 processor, and strictly analog tone generation, but it's capable of accurate just intonation. All of the instruments that have come out since would be equally or more capable if the designers had written the software to permit it, but they don't. Curse their foul hides.

**LS: Does MIDI hold any promise for you?**

DD: MIDI is a kludge. It's better than nothing. That there should be a bus and a protocol for sharing information is a good idea but the way it was done seems rather poor. Aside from the much discussed aspect of time lag, it's a protocol which doesn't describe sound. It describes music in terms of key closures on a 7 white, 5 black keyboard. And that is an extremely limiting way to describe music. It should be something more like a device driver, which will translate an appropriate language to suit the needs of the machine. A musical interface needs to have a language that says play this exact frequency for this duration, and then the hardware (the driver) on the other end will do whatever it needs to do to play that note. Timbre is a more difficult problem, and I don't know how you make a language that describes timbre among instruments that have very different tone generation. But at least pitch and duration should be describable. And the 24 beat per quarter note clock standard in MIDI means you can't do accurate quintuplets or septuplets or any more complex rhythms than that except by using clumsy expedients. That, to me, is appalling.

**LS: I want to give people an appreciation of the difficulties of what you are doing, how you have to be very dedicated.**

HR: Nothing would bring that more to light than having them write for a free issue of 1/1. Any issue of 1/1 makes readily apparent the problems, complications, intricacies, and general pain in the assedness of working with Just Intonation.

However, I think that there are a lot of Just Intonation dabblers out there. We hear from a lot of people who use it occasionally. Use it as part of their microtonal palette. But nobody has to commit their whole life to it in order to experience it or use it.

DD: There are different approaches to Just Intonation. If one is content with modal noodling, Just Intonation is available to almost anyone.

CA: Chordal noodling is harder.

DD: Anything that gets harmonic, or polyphonic, and involves modulation to more than a few closely related tonal centers, gets complex, quickly. And that's the traditional argument that theorists make about why just intonation is impossible. It's not impossible, it's just a hell of a lot of work, and you have to really want it to do that much work.

Twelve tone equal temperament is a dead issue in my book. All the possibilities have been milled pretty thoroughly. For those out there who have some idea about what Just Intonation is, and what the mechanics are, 12 tone equal temperament is a good approximation of five limit, although that's what it's used for mostly. Major and minor triads in tune are five limit Just Intonation. Go anywhere above five and 12 tone equal temperament falls completely down. People try to play chords in 12 tone equal temperament that represent high identities, that is they try to expand the chordal resources beyond major and minor triads through 7th or 9th or 11th or 13th chords, every step up they go, they are further from the truth and making a muddier mess of things. I've only recently started working with the prime number 17. Certain chords that have been in traditional western music for 150 or 200 years, imply 17. But until you've heard them with 17 in tune, you don't know what they sound like.

**LS: Can you clarify what you mean by certain chords implying 17?**

DD: There is a diminished 7th chord in equal temperament and diminished



7th chords are used all the time in romantic period music and in Ragtime and in jazz. If you play a diminished 7th chord on a tempered piano and then played a diminished 7th chord that's tuned 10, 12, 14, 17 in Just Intonation, and you played them in similar musical contexts, you could tell that they served the same musical function. Just like you could play a tempered major triad, and you could play a just major triad and you would recognize them both as the experience of a major triad. But once you've heard the just major triad, it's purity and the separate identities of the different notes, and the functions are all clear, and then you go back and hear the equal tempered one and it sounds very scummy by comparison. The same thing happens with a diminished 7th chord, it's a much more definite experience, when it's properly tuned. But the equal tempered one approximates it closely enough that you can tell that that's what it's trying to do. The idea that sounds are trying to do anything is probably a difficult one to accept. If someone had not had the experience of playing a tempered chord and a just chord of the same variety this dialog probably doesn't mean much.

**LS:** One great difficulty is that the instruments that are readily available are not often the ones that can play in Just Intonation. Something more than clavichords and thin sounding synthesizers is necessary to make this music appealing to people who aren't attracted to it as an interesting theoretical proposition.

**DD:** The people who have the latest technology and the fancy production techniques are necessarily, in a capitalist society, the people who are doing the most commercial thing. See, Henry said earlier that we had to talk about politics. If someone were to provide us with a \$100,000 dollar production budget we'd be glad to take advantage of it, but the fact is that that is not how the market runs.

**HR:** But to get the concept of Just Intonation across to the public, I agree that it would have to be sold to the public in the form of music that the public liked.

**DD:** But the public doesn't know anything about the concept of equal temperament.

**CA:** I don't think the public cares about Just Intonation, I don't think that it should. It doesn't care about tuning.

**HR:** Well, it will when it hears music that it wants to take into its parlor or its garage and play. And when it finds that it can't play that music in its parlor or its garage, then it is going to...

**DD:** You are talking about musicians, not consumers. The public gets it if it's on record, or on tape or on TV.

**LS:** They don't particularly crave equal tempered music played on clavichords or thin sounding synthesizers either.

**HR:** Right exactly. I guess I'm envisioning the kid that buys a Van Halen record and goes home and locks himself in his room and morized every lick or every song, and then plays it with his buddies in the garage. If there was a music that excited that musician, and he found himself unable to duplicate that with conventional instruments, and the music was exciting enough to that person to motivate them to get into the sticky wicket of tuning, then that is when I think you will see Guitar Center and places like that catering to those needs. And that will be the beginning...

**DD:** Yeah, ideally the best sign that the Just Intonation network had accomplished what it was intended to do would be that there was no need for a Just Intonation network. That anybody who wanted an instrument that could play in Just Intonation could go down to their music store and buy one. And anyone that wanted to learn about composing in Just Intonation could go to their library and get a book or go to the local music school and take Just Intonation 1-A or whatever. That it was just music, it wasn't a separate category that was of interest to an obscure group of people, it was just music. And no body would evaluate music on the basis of whether it was in Just Intonation or not, they would evaluate it in terms of whether it fulfilled whatever emotional need they were listening to it for.

**HR:** The thing to keep in perspective is that though we appear to be this fringy group, the network representing 120 people scattered over the entire earth; in fact, equal temperament is the aberration. Just Intonation is not some strange sub-set, we are talking about the fundamental nature of music.

**LS:** The network has upset a number of people.

**DD:** There are those who see Just Intonation as a subset of something they call microtonality or xenharmonics. Their position seems to be that any tuning system is valid as long as it isn't 12-tone equal temperament. My opinion, which I have stated, and which is what has upset these people is that equal temperaments are useful to the extent that they approximate some level of Just Intonation accurately. And certain ones do approximate certain subsets of Just Intonation with reasonable accuracy. But Just Intonation is the real thing and equal temperament is the approximation. And that if you wanted it in the first place, then why didn't you take the real thing and forget about substituting one approximation for another. If you want something else, then more power to you, go out and do it. But don't tell me about it.

**HR:** It's a strange world, the world of people who consider tuning. They're a passionate group, they are a group who feel very strongly about the subject. Some people think it's strange how anyone could feel strongly about such a subject.

**LS:** There's a lot of unlearning that has to happen, and more for the musician who has more training.

**DD:** That is certainly true. But, again, most musicians don't learn about equal

temperament. I think if you ask the average conservatory graduate to explain to you what 12-tone equal temperament is and why it does what it does they will be at a total loss. Some may have a sort of vague notion, but find one that knows that it is the 12th root of two taken 12 successive times in an octave and why you have to do that to get 12 perfect fifths to fit into seven octaves; and it would surprise me. It's hard for musicians to learn about an alternative tuning because they haven't learned anything about the one they've got in the first place.

**CA:** And guitarists, with tempered frets tune their strings off harmonics. So that they don't have any kind of intonation at all, they don't know this. That's one reason that I have reservations about Just Intonation becoming widely accepted is that maybe people just won't hear the difference, they won't appreciate it.

**LS:** When you tune up you are listening for those physical things, those properties that being in tune will produce, the absence of beats or the thing that you recognize that means you are in tune. These are not tempered properties.

**HR:** It's wrong, but it's hard convincing guitarists that it's wrong, because it sounds right to them.

**DD:** Well, they're playing the open strings of their instrument in tune, which instinctually would seem like a sensible thing to do.

**HR:** But they have frets which are set to equal temperament. The string when tuned by harmonics is not making good equal temperament, when the frets are used. The harmonics being just.

**CA:** Our guitars re re-fretted to just intervals, so when they are tuned by harmonics, they work.

**DD:** Error is less important in playing equal temperament, because compared to playing in tune, it's already in error, so if you make the error slightly wider, it is not a startling different experience. The difference between Just Intonation and playing out of tune is much more obvious.

**LS:** Your music, though involved in large part with theoretical concerns, is never cold or academic sounding. Some pieces, notably Henry's, get pretty wild.

**DD:** One of the pieces we have been working on over the past 6 months to a year has been "Hey Joe," the 60's garage band classic. Hank's got a whole collection of Hey Joe's on tape, none of which are in Just Intonation. It's got a harmonic structure which to me is the essence of what 60's garage band music is about. A harmonic structure that translates very well into Just Intonation and from there becomes a point of departure for other things. That piece is definitely in the kick-ass category. We will eventually produce a recording of "Hey Joe." But kick-ass is not all that there is to musical values. A point that I would like to make, and make strongly, is that Just Intonation is not a musical style. There is nothing inherently esoteric about it. The most mainstream popular forms of music which are by their nature based on fairly simple harmony are some of those that will most obviously benefit from the application of Just Intonation. Thus Hey Joe, which is not the least esoteric.

**HR:** Popular music has an inherent implication of a social situation. Our music has not up till now has a social counterpart to identify with it. We'd like to invent a social counterpart along with the composition of the music.

**LS:** Your music is often rhythmically unusual, you haven't mentioned your interests in this area.

**DD:** Polyrythm is another Other Music shibboleth. Polyrythm is Just Intonation slowed down. And it seems like an obvious choice, but it is another area where western music has become very static in terms of what is acceptable in rhythm. Lots of other cultures have much richer repertoires of rhythmic ideas, and we try either to import some of those or to make up our own straight from the mathematical potential. I think ideally we could come up with a music in which rhythmic and harmonic complexity and melodic subtlety can all coexist in one composition without it resulting in chaos.

**Words:**

Write for a free issue of *I / I* to Just Intonation Network, 535 Stevenson St., San Francisco, CA 94103.

*Genesis of a Music* by Harry Partch, Currently in print, softcover, from Da Capo Press.

Ralph David Hill has produced an excellent taped presentation called *Sounds of Just Intonation*. Two C-90 cassettes and extensive written documentation is available for \$25 through the Just Intonation Network at the address above.

*Lou Harrison's Music Primer*, Edition Peters, No. 66431

*The Acoustical Foundations of Music* by John Backus, W.W. Norton & Co.

*Introduction to the Physics and Psychophysics of Music* by Juan G. Roederer

**Music:**

Other Music's two LP's, *Prime Numbers*, *Nth degree* and *Incidents Out Of Context*, Flying Fish Records.

Terry Riley — *Songs for the Ten Voices of Two Prophets*, Kuckuck Records, and *Shri Camel*, Columbia Records.

Lou Harrison — *Three Pieces for Gamelan with Soloists and String Quartet Set* (1979), Composers Recordings, Inc., CRI #455.

Alludin William Mathieu — *Streaming Wisdom*, Cold Mountain Music.

David Hykes — *The Harmonic Choir*, Ocora records.

Harry Partch — *The World of Harry Partch*, *Delusion of the Fury*, Columbia Records, *And on the Seventh Day Petals fell in Petuluma*, CRI #213.

## Interview

# PAUL LEMOS

By Alan Richards

*Allan Richards: When did Controlled Bleeding form and what was the idea behind the original group?*

Paul Lemos: The first formation of Controlled Bleeding began in 1976 and was actually a free improvisational trio/quartet. We were using tuned metal percussion, guitars "on tables", tone generators, and other minimal electronics. The idea was to perform spontaneously to prerecorded tape, and present the resulting sound in a multi-media format where performers would act simply as a backdrop for various moods, formed by sound, lighting and various props.

*AR: After that line-up of the group disbanded, when did you decide to reform?*

PL: Well, we did not reform as such. At that time, I was living in Boston. When I moved back to New York I put together a very vigorous rock-oriented group and decided to retain the name. The music was very pounding, all instrumental, structured and a great deal of fun.

*AR: Why did you keep the name?*

PL: It just seemed true to the music. There was so much pent up aggression in both formations, despite differing styles. That the idea of "controlled release" was very accurate.

*AR: You have mentioned in the past that the first two LP's (Knees & Bones and Body Samples) were "catharsis for Emotional violence". Do you still feel that the group is a vehicle for such extreme feeling?*

PL: The feelings are always changing. When I'm under great stress or in emotional conflict, the music somehow conveys this, as was the case with the first two LP's. That was a period of great turmoil and the music was the resulting "vomit". But these days, the tone of life and of our work is very different. So, no, the music doesn't convey feelings of violence at this point.

*AR: Can you tell us a bit about the new music? How is it different from the older material?*

PL: There is honestly no similarity between the forthcoming projects and the first two! Both *Knees* and *Body Samples* had very definite intensity and I do like them, but in retrospect they were very premature, very rawly recorded. We are presently working with a variety of compositional approaches, mostly based on structure, dynamics and texture of layered sound and rhythm. The older music was 98 percent spontaneous. We are now trying to fuse different musical elements under one umbrella.

*AR: So, what you're saying is that the group is moving out of the industrial scene into more conventional music?*

PL: I'm not terribly fond of the categorizations, but I suppose that what you are saying is in some ways correct. We are manipulating and integrating raw sound, jazz, opera, musique concrete and aspects of rock — so the music is really without category as a whole. There is no one stylistic characteristic at this point.

*AR: This seems to be a pretty ambitious goal. Don't you think all this variation will alienate or confuse your audience?*

PL: I never think about response from an audience. I can only concentrate on what is creatively fulfilling and hope that people who have enjoyed the other records will also like the new ones.

*AR: How can you separate yourself from an audience? Isn't this in a way defeating the purpose of making music available to the public?*

PL: I don't separate myself at all, on a personal level! I very much enjoy correspondence with people who find value in what we do. But on a creative level it is suicide to define one's music or art by listener's expectations.

*AR: How are you effected by critical reviews of your work?*

PL: If they are written in the spirit of honest criticism, and if the reviewer has listened and thought about the music then they can be helpful and interesting. It's hard to get an impartial critical view from friends, etc...and it's almost impossible to be truly objective about one's own work, on the whole. But too often reviews are written by people who have some preconceived notions or personal biases, and those reviews are only hurtful. In general I am only annoyed by either hostile or stupid reviews, situations where the writer sums up 40 or 50 minutes of music in three or four lines.

*AR: You have been doing some reviewing during the past few years. How do you approach critical analysis of another's music?*

PL: I simply try to review music that I enjoy and that inspires a positive response. It gives me no pleasure to condemn someone else's material. So, my

approach is simply based on whether I like or dislike the release. I will try to pass on it if the reaction is unfavorable.

*AR: Do you think this is fair to the buying market? What is wrong with a bad review?*

PL: Absolutely nothing, if it is well discussed. When it comes to this subject I'm only concerned with fairness to myself. The process must first be enjoyable. You must understand that I receive no payment for these writings. So, it's not a job, but something that can be pleasurable.

*AR: How are record and tape buyers to know what's good and bad before purchasing?*

PL: I would assume through word of mouth, radio, compilations as well as reviews. I'm not disagreeing with your point. I'm only speaking from personal viewpoint. I don't usually base my choices upon reviews, but rather I speak to people with similar interests and do a lot of experimenting! Do you really think that reviews accurately tell buyers what is universally good and bad? Many of my favorite records were absolutely shit upon by reviewers when released. It's all very subjective.

*AR: I am curious to know more about the other LP's you've done, namely Body Sink's Lung Ties, The Art Barbeque LP and the Placebo compilation Dry Lungs. What was your input into those records?*

PL: *Body Sink* is an old version of *Controlled Bleeding*. This was the rock formation, live at CBGB in 1979. The music seems a little dated to me now, but it has a lot of sentimental value. The record is very, very limited in America, but available in Europe. It was strange, the label wanted to issue the LP six years after the fact, so I agreed, but had to change the name to avoid a lot of confusion.

*The Art Barbeque LP* is a collaboration with some other musicians from New York. The LP follows a similar line to some of the *Controlled Bleeding* music, but is not a *Controlled Bleeding LP* by any means. I provided tapes, percussion and guitar.

Lastly, *Dry Lungs* was a compilation of "new" music from Europe, Japan and America; kind of an introduction to some groups that have not been heard widely on these shores. The next compilation will continue the process.

*AR: It seemed odd that Placebo, a label known for hard core, would release a record that is so devoid of rhythm and melody.*

PL: Placebo is run by a very open minded fellow who was interested in the new experimental music, but at the time, did not know much about it. We discussed the possibilities of opening other ears to this music and decided that a compilation of this nature would be appropriate.

*AR: Why the horrible back cover imagery (starved corpses in decay) and the "industrial" sticker on the front? Doesn't that stereotype the music in the grooves?*

PL: I cannot really give you an answer as to why the image of death was used on the back cover. I had no hand in the sleeve design. You must realize that Placebo had not dealt with this music before, and so they packaged the record according to the notions they had about "industrial music." You are very right in the observation that it does stereotype the groups to a degree, but you also should keep in mind the fact that it was all pretty new to them. I'm not fond of the "industrial" categorization but it seems that many people, who only know of this music through magazine articles and radio airplay, look for some identifying mark. So the sticker was used only as a tag for identification. It's a minor point.

*AR: How has response been to Dry Lungs?*

PL: Overall, it has been a complete success in terms of opening people's ears! I get a lot of very positive response from listeners who have finally had access to this sort of thing. Critically, opinions have varied widely, and many people familiar with the genre feel the disc is fairly one-dimensional. So reactions have been strong in both directions. I will do a second volume of *Dry Lungs*; this time with only ten groups. The material will be more subtle and varied. Volume one dealt with the more aggressive aspects, so the next one will be quite different, and vastly better in many respects.

*AR: Are you working on any other projects outside of Controlled Bleeding? Perhaps another Art Barbeque LP?*

PL: There really is no time for other projects right now. We're staying very busy with the projects at hand; however, Joe Papos and I are planning to do some extensive vocal improvisations, possibly for cassette release.

*AR: Is Controlled Bleeding only you and Joe Papa? If so, what do each of you play?*

PL: At the moment no one else is involved, just Joe and me. But this isn't permanent. Generally Joe does all of the main voice and percussive parts. I do most of the arranging and instrumental/tape work. Cris Morriarty helps out occasionally with keyboards and percussives.

*AR: How do you begin forming a piece of music? What is the basic creative process?*

PL: There is no set formula. It changes, depending on the particular tone of the material. When doing the first two LP's, we would go down to a concrete basement filled with scrap metal, tools and instruments, turn on the recorder and let it go. Most of that music was done live and wasn't preplanned. But through the past year and a half we have been counting measures and developing careful structures and rhythms. Often, we'll begin building drum and percussive tracks, then add bass, then vocals then tapes etc. At other times, the focus is on the development of tape loops and keyboard tracks. A lot of time goes into experimenting with tape and looking for the right sound combinations, but there is no set process.

*AR: Are you working outside of the studio, performing live?*

PL: No, we haven't played live at all, only because the studio is our main tool in many ways. To play live we'd need too much equipment and several added players. I'm not much for the idea of performing to tapes and the like. So, re-

**Continued on page 85**



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## Interview

# DAVID THOMAS

by Darby Lix

David Thomas, the singer/songwriter and focal point for Pere Ubu, a defunct band from Ohio that took rock and roll to a new level of innovation in the 1970s, has continued his musical path, now working with "David Thomas and the Wooden Birds" a group that includes several original Pere Ubu members. In the following piece Thomas and band member Allan Ravenstine share their thoughts about performing.

**Sound Choice:** There seems to be loads of formula in rock and roll. Formula that music industry executives consistently rely on to make the industry viable, whether or not those formula have any philosophical basis. That is, is what I see onstage largely patterned theatrics of experimentation and improvisation with some reasoned intent? Or would each night's show be the same?

**David Thomas:** Well, that would certainly depend on how sensitive you were to what you were looking at. But, yeah, there definitely should be a lot that was different. There's generally a lot of stuff from night to night that changes. The whole thrust and mood of the show will change.

**Allan Ravenstine:** There were moments during tonight's set when David said that he was changing the song, or he had written a new song, all that stuff was real.

**SC:** When you [Thomas] came on stage, you told the audience that tonight was going to be an examination of the unique experience of the ordinary. What did you mean?

**DT:** Generally, during any tour I'll have a theme, the theme of this tour is the unique experience of the ordinary. Some nights I won't even do it. Some nights I'll take the theme in one way, or I'll take it another way. It depends on how I feel, what kind of day I've had, what kind of audience it

is, what I want to say in particular. Some nights I'll stress one aspect of the whole thing, some nights the stress is totally different. It just depends...on what I feel like. I mean, I have an outline I go through at night, some parts of the outline I leave out, some parts I put in, other parts I don't do at all, some parts I change. Like the piece on the museum and natural history and dinosaurs...

**SC:** Does this give you a sense of control over yourself and the show?

**DT:** Yes, I'm in control of what I'm doing at all points. I know exactly what I'm doing. Everything that I'm doing is, ah...theatrical. I'm not naive, or an idiot savant. I'm very old in this business, anybody reaches 10 years in the business is old. So I mean, I learned a lot of stuff. Like, I know how to manipulate audiences...I know the techniques of audience, ah, contact.

**SC:** Did you come to the stage as an artists with an innate idea of what to do, or is there a period of trial and error, rite-of-passage, one must go through in order to be successful on stage?

**DT:** Well, I don't even remember, I started 10 years ago, how can I remember more than 10 years ago, how can I remember that. No, when I started I wasn't very good at all. Yeah, ya know, [laughs to himself] I put a few years in and I started getting better. Ya know, In Pere Ubu, I was never as good as I am now. Pere Ubu was totally different. In Pere Ubu I didn't even have to work except maybe 20 minutes of every hour, everybody else was doing stuff. Pere Ubu was maybe one of the great rock and roll bands of all time. I wasn't as good in Pere Ubu as now.

**AR:** He was much more standard in Pere Ubu. Strange singing. I mean I have a few little bits...mannerisms, vocalizations, quirkiness, it was all that.

Well, first of all...gosh, he's a pretty big guy, tall, also, and he had long hair, pretty long hair then...he wore a beard for a time. He was a very imposing structure on stage. He wore a coat, it was black, it was just a coat. His voice was unusual, it was really strained because he had to sing loud most of the time so it was quite grating. He had some strange, ah, things that he did. Some of which I was discussing with him the other day. He doesn't remember. One was, one night he had pockets full of shrimp that he tossed out into the audience. Not at anyone, just out into the audience. He also used to do a hat solo. He usually wore a stocking cap and for a while, in the old band I used to play a musette, and I'd get up and play this musette solo thing and David would pull his hat off and play his hat. I think some of the stuff that he would do between songs was because of the synthesizer I used. Synthesizers today are all programmed to be changed by the flip of a switch. Back then it took a lot of time to set all the knobs and switches. So, in between songs David would get uncomfortable just standing around, so he started doing stuff. He was weird, we were weird. What we were doing wasn't getting any radio play.

**DT:** Our poor manager, we'd put out these records, and we'd call him and tell that this one was gonna well, this one is gonna sell. And to him it was stranger than before and he'd always be quite frustrated with that. We didn't know what we were doing. In our minds it made a lot of sense. We thought this makes sense, this is logical, people should like it. But they never did. Because, no matter how hard we tried and we really did try, we just couldn't make something that everybody else was doing. So ya know we just played everything the way it made sense to. We weren't sitting down strategically trying to make a strange record, we were just trying to make good records, we were just trying to make good music. We always have...and always were very serious about making good music, even though some of the music we made was very funny, very unserious. Our attitude about what we were trying to do was serious.

**SC:** Did you rehearse a lot? Was it a boon or a bane?

**AR:** We worked real hard. We really did, we rehearsed all of the time. We rehearsed when no one else wanted to rehearse. We'd rehearse when we'd come back from a tour. We'd finish a record and we'd rehearse. We had a strong sense that work was a good thing. Rehearsals were brutal.

**SC:** No matter how original a band may be, somewhere during its existence there have been influences. Other musicians, songwriters or groups, that helped in some manner to shape whatever sound a group now has. Is this true of The Wooden Birds?

**DT:** I don't think so, all it is is that we need somebody to play in the band. For instance, Ralph Carney plays these various instruments. He thought the violin would work on certain of the songs for what we wanted to do. So we used a violin whether or not it sounds like early Zappa is coincidental.

**AR:** When we come here and want a backup band to play what we do, there is a limited set of people that you can draw from...I mean, maybe there isn't but in terms of who you might know, who you might be aware of.

**DT:** It's not as though we said we needed a violin, we needed somebody, somebody to play. I'll tell you right now, we're trying to stay away from the guitar!

**AR:** ...it's too confining.

**SC:** Are musicians brought into the studio for sessions given large latitude within which to improvise?

**DT:** Yeah, they are given a certain amount of latitude, if they're not doing something I don't like, or it doesn't fit with what I want to do then I adjust what they're doing. Until they cause me trouble, as far as what I want to accomplish, then they're left on their own. You know what they're gonna do. You don't just grab somebody off the street. You assemble a bunch of people who have a chemistry to accomplish certain things. That's what music is all about. It's not about learning a bunch of parts, and cranking the stuff out. Music's about playing, and ah, communicating. It's not a product, it's not fashion, ya

**Cont. on page 85**



# Radio listeners

She is touchy, molesque and magical, soft and shy and afraid. Patti LaBelle is the queen of rock n' roll, perched on the edge of the BIG Success after the tumultuous end of Lady Marmalade and the subsequent of rock.

But the Music Seminar is more than just topical instruction. Artistic expression gets full attention through the various competitions and the nightly concerts, both long-respected for the vast array of new and established talent seen there. The competitions, the most widely-attended in the country, include categories for aspiring vocalists, songwriters, and bands.

[illegible]

# STING LOSES HIS COOL

**CABARET  
VOLTAGE'S  
ARMCHAIR  
PHILOSOPHY**

[illegible]

22 of the 44 record companies that belong to the R.I.A.A. have agreed to this label on certain Rock albums. Media General/Associated Press poll found 51% of those on additionally, a recent Rock music had a bad effect on children saying it "encouraged violence, drug use, disobedience, sexual activity, and a disregard for authority."

Nevertheless, in contrast with the '70s, I now detect a noticeable shift in the music press principally in its approach to the musical material. Around 1975 journalists were very passive; their articles mainly mirroring what was happening. The music journalists of today however, keenly aware of the media's manipulative properties, try to influence musical life directly to control public taste and influence the outlook of new generations of musicians with their opinions. Out of the different musical streams, they select those which might fit into new fashion trends, offering them disproportionate amounts of column space and by so doing, attempt to persuade the less informed public that today's journalist's new discoveries are the smartest thing around.

This role of the modern music journalist is not always negative. Sometimes she or he might succeed in bringing to the surface interesting and good music: witness the efforts of some authors to propagate African pop or more recently good '50s jazz. But these are exceptions. Generally this activity merely reveals a search for new versions of things already leading to the celebration of generation after generation of updated versions of the Doors, the Velvet Underground, the Sex Pistols and so on.

Praising older groups is similarly based on a desire to deliberately influence taste. In recent years the lifespan of fashions has become shorter and the speed of their rise and fall has, in turn, influenced the effective lifespan of 'new' groups. A group with three LPs is considered virtually senile now and frequently becomes a target for journalists trying to push through some new style. While it is true that five years ago things were much worse, there remains this insufficiency of objectivity and the constant promotion of the new coupled with a disrespect of the old, leading to a feeling of exclusivity or proprietorship over the music, typical in the last few years, especially of the *N.M.E.* This constant striving after originality and newness has, in effect, written off a whole generation of once fashionable groups: groups the *N.M.E.* itself had earlier brought to its readers' attention. Though objectively we accept that the music of Duran Duran or Spandau Ballet can hardly be described as interesting, how many groups the *N.M.E.* is writing about today are better? Moreover, of late, new ways of writing about new bands have developed; now a new group leaps over all the intermediate stages and its members are introduced as stars, though they may have no more than one single behind them. Perhaps such new groups are easier to write about because they seem to believe that they have something to say to people?

For the old, tired stars, after 20 years in show business, what is there to talk about? Everything has already been said long ago. The new thing may be completely awful, but it is still deemed more (journalistically) interesting than the old. Even if such considerations are not taken seriously (and in my isolated island, unfortunately, they are) a reader of many years standing may take them as part of an entertaining but cynical game, and even enjoy the constantly repeated arguments and phrases rolling down from generation to generation. What is curious is that the thinking of the music journalist in the last 10 years has evolved differently from the thinking of commercial rock groups, resulting often in an uncomfortable dislocation between journalist and groups.



**THE WEAKEST** products of the pop press are its reviews of records and concerts. Yes, there are writers capable of successfully analyzing the momentary (what we called earlier the horizontal) significance of a gramophone recording, but they narrowly and proprietorially specialize in "their own" particular genres, and apart from these exceptions, most reviews are dreadful. Some contain whole passages in which it is not even possible to ascertain what kind of music the group plays at all. This is particularly true of reviews of run of the mill groups that a critic has decided not completely to crush. We can learn absolutely nothing from such reviews.

Obviously a journalist who has to write up an interview every week and who is obliged to produce a few potboiling regular columns and may have dozens of other jobs to do (on and off the paper) besides, is hardly capable of handling in addition say four good quality reviews for every issue. It is not humanly possible; there isn't even time to listen to the record properly. Yet such instances are common. Of necessity then, judgements must always be superficial which is why the modern reviewer takes refuge in piling up phrase upon phrase or merely parading his or her own ego, instead of reviewing the record.

After years of reading these kinds of reviews, I have grown used to them and it no longer bothers me that instead of finding objective information and objective evaluations, I am obliged to read the totally subjective opinions of some arbiter elegantiae (arbiter of elegance) whose opinions are quite irrelevant to me in my eastern European isolation. And I still haven't learned to appreciate a record review as a sneaky school essay on Nietzsche, Pynchon, Sartre, Marx, etc, etc.

Recently, I have had to create for myself a special system that determines the quality of a record from the name of the reviewer and the relation between this reviewer's evasive digressions (about Nietzsche, Genet, etc) and the serious information contained in the review. For example, if I see that journalist X, who holds low status in my hit parade, has written an article saying absolutely nothing about a record under review, it is clear to me that either the record is really bad, or alternatively the reviewer really hasn't understood it at all, in which case I might become reasonably interested in it.

In the review columns, after 1982, in the waning of the post punk experiments we observe a complete lack of interest in the avant-garde and explorative activities of rock. Reviews of such music are on the decline and when some do appear (presently Biba Kopf and Don Watson who deal with the relatively narrow stream of avant-garde hardcore: Foetus, Swans, Husker Du etc.) the critics are hopelessly groping about in the dark. Usually they judge such records by their own standards of commercial pop, with the obvious result that they regard them as cliché, narcissistic, posturing, pretentiously artistic and so on. (And often they are accidentally right, since nowhere can art be so easily faked as in the "avant-garde"). Mostly however, records of this type are simply not reviewed at all, so that a reader far from the center of musical activities will have

DEAR LETTERS:  
That extreme exception to the review of Real  
George Baker from how can a magazine that  
does not have a section for the review of the  
of New Guinea or would like to or it was that  
nobody we know or would like to or it was that  
TV in the first place and I don't know how to  
such a negative public review, I mean, let's  
that a representation of the whole alternative-  
music type?

Diamanda Galas is Satan's  
favorite vocalist, coaxing  
demons out of her throat  
in silvery crescendos.

Ivy & Lux & Knox offered  
you A Date With Elvis and  
you bought it. #1 Retail  
Breakout this week -- The  
Cramps on Big Beat UK.

Pop music's social conscience, unveiled so  
spectacularly in 1985, has begun to show signs  
of buckling under pressure—the pressure of  
too many demands, too many benefit events,  
too many promoters who have seen charity  
promotions as a back door to the big time.

'It's amazing.  
We don't have  
a thing to say.'  
Andrew laughs.  
'Am I wrong?'

ONLY THE MUSIC  
TELLS ME WHERE TO GO.

FROM THE ASHES of one of the hardest-edged  
and most experimental bands of the post-punk era,  
The Birthday Party, has risen an able successor,  
Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds. Two former Birthday  
Party founders (lead singer Nick Cave and  
percussionist Mick Harvey) are joined by British  
bassist Barry Adamson (from Magazine), German  
Bliza Bergeld (of Einstürzende Neubauten) on lead  
guitar, and Hugo Race (of the Australian band Flys  
with Harbours) on rhythm guitar. The result  
quietly continues the demonic ferocity of the Birthday  
Party while taking off in new and exciting directions  
that the Birthday Party may not have been  
follow.



no idea that certain records, indeed, certain musical styles, even exist.

It's true that writing about minority, fringe music doesn't sell papers in the UK but on the continent a music paper's quality is judged precisely by its attention to such complex minority music. In today's British pop press however, one finds no interest at all, nor I fear any of the polyhistorical knowledge necessary to the comprehension of contemporary heterogeneous innovations.



**FOR SUCH AS I**, living in musical isolation, reviews are important above all; through them I discover that certain records have been released, and I hope to find out if one of them might be worth trying to get hold of through our various involved and complex channels. Those who live in the centers of musical activity — at least so far as commercial popular music is concerned, are assured of finding out about their favorites' new releases from radio or less commonly, TV. They certainly don't have to read the music magazines. The recommendation of a radio DJ, or a successful video clip has immeasurably more impact on sales than an advertisement in the pop press, which is less significant and reaches far fewer people than do electronic media. And it is a fact that most of the record-buying public never even read a music paper. In recent years therefore, the music industry has tended to underesteem the sales value of the pop weeklies (*NME*, *Sounds* and *Melody Maker* particularly) and consequently pop press journalists tend now to be less the agents of the record industry than they were in the '60s and '70s.

When the old parasitic relation declined at the end of the '70s, the press tried for a while to be an independent as it could and there was a temporary parting of the ways from the immediate interests of big business. Today, when the big companies (at least so far as distribution is concerned) have swallowed up most of the small, independent labels, we find the interests of music press and music industry once more converging. The same goal appears in both camps — to support the creation of a new kind of "fusion" music, mixing elements of the many different strands of recent years into a kind of "muzak-relaxation" music, not intended for conscious engagement but to fill up time, to dance and daydream to. And even though today's journalists constantly profess wonder and respect for a few creative personalities of quotidian pop, they increasingly are turning back to "rediscover" singers with "great" voices and the light pop and jazz of 30 years ago. At the same time, for years the music press has been trying to graft the carefree atmosphere of the '60s onto the music of the '80s. The insuperable contradiction guaranteeing the failure of any such attempt, the vital difference between the spirit of the '60s and today is that the only musicians who can win the support of the music press are those whose music, in spite of their radical opinions, is as little radical as possible.



**THE LAST** of these partial views of the British rock press through the eyes of one far outside it is concerned with the relation of the music press to politics. Here I must completely dismiss *Melody Maker* and *Sounds*, of whom it is only possible to say that the feeling I get from them is that of an airless void, in which their subjects eddy aimlessly about.

All the more interesting therefore is the development of the *NME* over the last 10 years which, although the most obsessed with the creation of newer and newer fashions (in dress and lifestyle generally) has tried nevertheless to give its readers a fair slice of domestic social problems (wrapped in left, or left-sympathizing language) in every issue. I must say that, whether it is a discussion with some politicians, interviews with imprisoned delinquents, or merely traces in various reviews and articles, this political element, for the reader unfamiliar with British problems, not only gives information about local problems, but also helps to explain many obscure points that lie behind the latest musical trends.

Such overtly political articles however are not always good. Alongside articles about the peace movement and the famine in Ethiopia (these being the only instances where the *NME*'s Anglo-centric politics have looked beyond the borders of the UK) appear empty armchair pronouncements and arrogant omnisciences. When I come across references to parochial and liberal issues, the politics of fashion, it makes my head spin; how can people in England be concerned about such matters and not about what is happening in Turkey, El Salvador, South Africa, everywhere where people are fighting and dying for the liberation of us all?

It is hard to assess whether the armchair politics of such a paper have any influence on the ordinary reader. People generally have no desire to hear about hydrogen bombs next door to them, or the escalating crisis, or other unpleasant matters that affect them directly. About the misfortunes of a neighbor yes, but the danger that tomorrow something may happen to me, better not to think about it. And so long as their favorite magazine gives them even a little dose of political information and forces them to realize that such uncomfortable considerations do exist (and I can't believe that left to themselves most people between 15 and 30 would even think about such things) the journalist's work is not in vain. And it seems to me anyway, that in 1985 a conscious political engagement is growing, even in groups whose music we commonly dismiss as

**Continued on page 85**

MAGAZINE OF NEW MUSIC  
The sounds of tomorrow are on college radio today. We asked radio programmers on campuses coast to coast to pick nine bands to watch. Beats to the hell out of 'em.  
**Music**  
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**Dave's Fave Van Halen Rumor**  
My favorite item about Van Halen is that Eddie suddenly has zoomed up out of oblivion and his band is back on the microphone. There's a guy who's been in the studio with them for a long time. I was in the studio with him the same time. And he was doing Sammy Hagar at the time. And the telephone call comes, and Eddie says, "I'm back." He just got his first big shot with some song and he's back.

**"Explicit Lyrics — Parental Advisory"**

# RECORDING REVIEWS



We review all styles and genres of **INDEPENDENT** recordings. We encourage recording artists to send three copies of all recordings — one for the reviewer, one for the non-profit, public access Audio Evolution Network Independent Recording Library (from which we draw material for our Audio Evolution Radio show), and one for good will. But, as always, even if you only send a single copy, A.E.N. will review your work in *Sound Choice*.

To ensure inclusion in the review section, recordings should include a contact address **ON** the recording cover.

In order to avoid repeating addresses we have listed several of the more prolific labels: **Alligator Records**, P.O.B. 60234, Chicago, IL

60660, USA.

**Homestead**, P.O.B. 570, Rockville Center, NY 11571-0570, USA.

**Enigma Records**, P.O.B. 2428, El Segundo, CA 90245, USA.

**Flying Fish**, 1304 W. Schubert, Chicago, IL 60614, USA.

**Fantasy**, 2600 Tenth St., Berkeley, CA 94710, USA.

**Green Linnet**, 70 Turner Hill Road, New Canaan, CT 06840, USA.

**JEM**, 3619 Kennedy Rd., South Plainfield, NJ 07080, USA.

**Of-Factory** (U.S. broker for several European labels), 325 Spring St., Suite 233, NYC, NY 10013, USA; ph. 212-741-0329.

**SST**, P.O.B. 1, Lawndale, CA 90260, USA.

**ACCIDENT: Crazy** (LP; Massacred Music, dist. by Toxic Shock, POB 242, Pomona, CA 91769, USA) A pop oriented hardcore band from England. Side one is most popish, including the cover of Rare Earth's "Get Ready." Much of the music on this side is in the vein of '77 English punk; tight, danceable, and not too fast. Side two, subtitled "American Versions" is much more uptempo and energetic; not the intensity of West Coast speed thrash but drawing from the same ideas and rhythms. Even in their more commercial moments, Accident play the tunes with lots of energy and honesty. — Bryan Sale

**ACK-ACK: Automatic/Shadow of a Heart/Track** (12" single; \$4 Office Records, POB 2081, Station A, Champaign, IL 61820, USA) Illinois' Ack-Ack comes to us smacking of British synth-pop roots. All three tracks reek of the essentials to a good pop tune: great hooks, clever lyrics, and most of all, outstandingly clear production and a great mix. Henry Frayne has to be complimented on his guitarmanish, both for the nice sound he achieves, and for his clever deliveries, especially on "Track" which is funky and aggressive, a mover dancewise, enhanced by some fine guitar chops, and some clever fills and interplay of the bass and keyboards. The ballad, "Shadow of a Heart", and the more relaxed mover, "Authentic", are great tunes. — Nathan Griffith

**ACOUSTIC MEDICINE: Uplifting The World** (C, Acoustic Medicine Productions, Box 1082, Qjai, CA 93023, USA) It says "This Album is dedicated to the children" on the sleeve. That and the song titles including "We Are Where It Begins" and "You Are The Sweetness" portend the lyrical content. The first song fades out with a chorus of "We gotta keep our spirits open, we gotta keep on really hopin'..." Suitable for a fund raising telethon, Acoustic Music are proficient with their instrumentation (guitar, mandolin, bass, congas, etc.) but the vocals lack character and the choral backups are right out of a church youth choir, flat and unseparated. — Scott Adair

**TERRY ADAMS: Made in Japan** (Mini-LP, Pretzel Records, POB 464, Brockport, NY 14420, USA) In a way, these power-pub originals seem tossed off, but since they're written by a member of NRBQ, you can forgive him that, because that's the way musical loonies operate. This is a record for fans of Nick Lowe and perhaps The Beach Boys and early T-Bone Burnett. Some is awfully sloppy, but so is the best stew and there's a lot of ingredients in this one. — Jordan Oakes

**ALGY KREBBS QUARTET: The Mood is the Moment** (C; Smiley Turtle Records, 228 Clough, Bowling Green, OH 43402, USA) A loose but coherent conglomeration of guitars, percussion, horns, keyboards, harmonica and vocals. There's psychedelia here, but not thoroughly so: there are many instruments and forays into jazz, folksy sing-along, primitive percussion and on one song, cool, beatnik-type lyrics. This is fun musical eclecticism, by people who enjoy each other's company and play well together. — Scott Pollard

**ALIEN FARM: Successive Cloudy Days** (C; 485 Parkway Estates, Oak Creek, WI 53154, USA) Quite an improvement over their debut cassette, this shows AF to be a strange, post-punky pop group with the most annoyingly beautiful vocals this side of Dylan. The lyrics seem gloomy but reveal tenacity and hope. The group also offers backward-masked-sounding weirdo-crap (an intentional joke, is my guess). Most of the songs move me out. — Jamie Rake

**GG ALLIN AND THE TEXAS NAZIS: Live in Dallas** (C-60; POB 54, Hooksett, NH 03106, USA) Hilarious! The moment GG opens his mouth you know he is a riot. "We've only played together two times before" he announces. The Nazis then blat out fast loud obnoxious noise. This tape is more or less a sampler of GG's twisted career. Featuring tracks like "Hard Candy Cock" from the EP of same name, "I'm Gonna Rape You" from the I Wanna Fuck Your Brains Out EP, "Scumfuc Tradition" from the You'll Never Tame Me cassette and even the incredible "Drink, Fight, and Fuck." Obnoxious, destructive, metal grunge plus GG's dialog with the crowd. — Rich D. Beef

**THOMAS ALMQVIST: Unknown Tracks** (LP; Breakthru Records, 2 Lincoln Sq., NYC, NY 10023, USA) Not music I'd expect to hear from Sweden. This has a tropical feel to it the electronics. It also made me think of Andreas Vollenweider. Except that Almqvist is more earthy and lively than Vollenweider. Side One is smooth, beautiful, relaxing music. Side two is built on stronger rhythms and more processing and not as mellow as side one but no less beautiful. The pressing was very good quality — no pops or hissing. 37:52 of terrific music. I like Andreas Vollenweider...but I like Thomas Almqvist even more. — C. Newman

**AMBIENT HEAT** (C-60; \$4ppd; Panic Productions, 215 E. Grace St., #2, Richmond, VA 23219, USA; ph. 804-788-8135) Very rhythmic songs with choppy guitar and roving, booming bass and inventive drumming from the drum machine. Very little melody though. The vocals are between droning and a David Byrne rip-off. All of the songs sound similar and have nearly the same tempo. — Doug Hagen

**AMERICAN MUSIC CLUB: The Restless Stranger** (LP; Grifter Records, 300 Brannan St., #601, San Francisco, CA 94107, USA) A.M.C. searches for the perfect hook via Echo and the Bunnymen slide guitar. Problem is, the hook never got found. This LP is an odd conglomeration of style, reminiscent of both English neo-psychedelic and, at times, country rock. Most attempts at pop are forgettable, the exceptions being "Tell Yourself" and "Broken Glass", with catchy instrumentation, especially the lead guitar. With the countrified "HeavenlySmile", the guitar shines again with some nice pickin'. — Nathan Griffith

**ANANDA: Amazonia** (LP; Sonic Atmospheres, 14755 Ventura Blvd., Suite 1776, Sherman Oaks, CA 91403, USA) Good ensemble jazz, with an ethnic orientation. The dominance of oboe, flutes and guitars (electric and acoustic), plus Latin percussion instruments, makes for a light but sinewy sound. The oboe doesn't always work well as a solo instrument but the flutes and guitars contribute fine solos. Includes some pop/new age tunes with good hooks, and more traditional arrangements with a big band flavor. More than generic hot tub music. — Bill Tilland

**DENNIS ANDREWS: Concepts** (C; \$8; Daylight Productions, POB 284 Metuchen, NJ 08840, USA; \$8) Pure electronics in the German vein ala T. Dream. Nothing terribly inventive or adventurous. The mood is like a delightful stroll. All tunes are built on a sequencer base. Some nice solos that are competent though not complex. This tape will appeal both to those favorable to the new age and also to most aficionados of the more pulse oriented style of the Germans. — Nathan Griffith

**ANISA ANGAROLA & VALARIE KING: Pastorale** (C; James Mars Prods., POB 93694, Pasadena, CA 91109-3694, USA) This tape of flute, piccolo, and guitar is an audio version of good wine. The playing is superb, elegant, tasteful. The material is drawn from a wide variety of sources: Medieval, Renaissance, Celtic, Impressionistic, and Spanish. There are a few hackneyed chestnuts however [O'Carolan's "Sheebeg Sheemore" and Satie's "Gymnopedies"] but a generous serving of lesser known but excellent material balances these out. I've rarely heard even the ubiquitous O'Carolan pieces played with more finesse and grace. Add to this some of the most beautiful artwork I've ever seen on a cassette album, and you have something exceptional. — Sally Idasswey

**ANGELIC DOGMEAT: Inside/Outside/Upside Down** (C-60; \$6; Schrodinger Institute, 22158 Wyandotte St., Canoga Park,



CA, 91303, USA) This experimental band uses techniques akin to certain abstract-expressionist painters; a selected range of materials (voices, drums, a few instruments including synthesizer) manipulated in a large number of ways (backwards, erratic speed shifts, sped up, slowed down) and spread across a large canvas with an ear toward balance and cohesion. Three works, 20, 10, and 30 minutes respectively. Disorienting, evocative and effective. — Tom Furgas

**DAN AR BRAS: Acoustic** (LP; Green Linnet) At a time when music seems so cluttered by electronic gadgets and overdone arrangements, it's a relief that some people are creating powerful music with minimal accompaniment. Singer/songwriter Ar Bras is from Brittany, France, and draws his style from there. The guitar playing is impeccable and is accompanied in parts by tasteful keyboards of Benoit Wideman. Lyrically his themes deal with social issues such as oil spills, the plight of poor farmers in a changing economy, and a small village that rises against the government to prevent a nuclear power plant from being built. — Bob Haddad

**ARCHITECTURE: Electric Impulses From The Upper Cerebrum** (C-60; Tim Ski, 8125 Bremen Ave., Parma, OH, 44129, USA) Inept and dull living-room rubbish. Heavy on the echo to hide technical flaws, the usual (and by now very boring) mixture of one-note riffs with found noises and voices sprinkled without concern for balance or forethought. Note on the sleeve says "I don't think it sucks, I think it's funny." I'm not laughing. — David Stanford

**THE ARMS OF SOMEONE NEW: Susan Sleepwalking** (LP; Office Records, POB 2081, Station A, Champaign, IL, 61820, USA) Slow, dreamy, almost depressing songs with lots of reverb. Breezy, over-emotional, indiscernible vocals and sterile emotions. I hear a post Joy Division band without spark or fire. — Doug Hagen

**ARRIVAL: Slave a' Society** (12" single; JIA Records, 1110 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11230, USA) Third World and Inner Circle fans will groove on this Holiday Inn-style reggae disco tune with negligible vocals and too long a groove for its own redundant good. The rest of us will either leave the room or be perverse enough to think it's camp. — Jamie Rake

**ART IN THE DARK: The Icons** (LP; Press Records, 262 Rio Circle, Decatur, GA 30030, USA) Familiar elements — ringing guitars, floating vocals, obscure lyrics, major key shifts at the bridge. Includes wimpy Big Star cover version. — Scott Siegal

**FRANKIE ARMSTRONG: I Heard a Woman Singing** (LP; Flying Fish) This could offer a rude awakening for those who think of folk music as pretty-pretty ballads and meandering tunes. Armstrong opens eyes and ears with the most intense, personal, and, yes, frightening album I've come across in any genre, any time. Armstrong is one of the best folk singers, male or female, currently alive; the emotional power in her voice is second to none. There might be some quibbles with the material ("The Ballad of Erica Levine" is a great idea realized weakly), but the strength of the singing and the spare, eerie accompaniment rolls over any objections. The opening track, "Mr. Fox," a creepy combination of "Reynardine" and "Little Sir Hugh," two of the creepiest of ballads, makes the entire album worthwhile. Armstrong injects the ballad with a new, disturbing male-female subtext, and it scared me half to death in full daylight. This is worlds beyond the received, trendy horror of the Laylah recoding stable.

Recommended to anyone who thinks they like raw, honest emotion in music. This album will test your commitment to that idea. — Christopher Pettus

**THE AVAILABLE RESOURCES BAND: Life Is Better With A Cat** (7" EP; \$2; Brian Sherman, 1313 Hillyer Pl, Decatur, CA 30030, USA) Without knowing it, ARB are the father to an era of anti-music in Atlanta. Coming from a conceptual, academic approach to true improvisation, Brian Sherman, has influenced a generation or at least a small part of one. Sherman says, "the point of ARB is that deep, pleasurable, enjoyable musical experiences can be created whenever they want to by whom-ever is present using whatever is available in the environment that they happen to be in." This is the "band" that results. This record, released in 1982, was the first step. ARB is still active. — Glen Thrasher

**BAD SNEAKERS: Beat the Meter** (LP; Now and Then Records, POB 9650, Newark, DE 19711, USA) One of those detective pop bands, snooping around for an elusive hook to snag a hit song. The one moment of originality and virtuosity is in the reprise of "Invisible Man" resurrected in a spirited acapella interpretation. However, this track is trapped in a fake, studio produced "live" effect — the audience clapping, noise bit — further perpetuating the irrelevancy of this boring derivative band. — Kim Knowles

**STEVE BACH: Child's Play** (LP; Eagle Records, POB 1027, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254, USA) Bach's solo piano playing calls to mind Chick Corea's more reflective moments, except for one track, "Mischief" which takes off like a bat out of hell and demonstrates his talent. No minimalist noodling here, Bach's compositions are all top-notch, filled with enough interesting rhythm and harmonic variety to satisfy any piano buff. The piano is not an easy instrument to record properly, but the sound is excellent. — Sally Idasswey

**PATRICK BALL: Secret Isles** (C; Fortuna, POB 1116, Novato, CA 94947, USA) All solo Irish harp, mostly metal strung, which Balls plays beautifully. — Ed Blomquist

**BATTLE AXE: We're On The Attack** (LP; Battle Axe Records, c/o Madison Street Sound, 17-1/2 South Madison St., Waupun, WI 53983, USA) Heavy metal with late '70s/early '80s AC/DC inclinations, though not so aggressively stupid. A great screecher for a vocalist. There is fun in them thar cliches. — Jamie Rake

**FRANCIS BEBEY: Akwaaba** (LP; Original Music, R.D. 1, Box 190, Lasher Rd., Trivoli, NY 12583, USA) Bebey's music is stunning. Schooled in the musical traditions of his native Cameroun along with European classical traditions (and conversant in the American jazz as well), his music is a personal hybrid of cultures in conflict. Heard here performing on sanza (thumb-piano), string bass, Ndehou (pygmy pipe), talking drum and other percussion instruments, and most impressively with his voice (vocal techniques include head and chest voice, double voice, and "hocketing voice"), Bebey presents multiple layers which often focus on a simple melody treated to repetition and subtle variation. The timbral range of Bebey's voice is incredible. From cut to cut, Bebey treats us to high breathy tones, perfectly controlled straight tones, and growling/bleating split-tones. His percussion prowess (especially sanza) is also keen. The music never sags yet is not vigorously percussive — it neither runs nor crawls, but instead maintains a casual, self-assured gait. The overall sound is delicately intricate, yet full and propulsive. There's not much else like it. — J. Stacey Bishop

**THE BEEF PEOPLE** (C; POB 5971, Greenville, SC 29606, USA) Organ, bass, guitar, drum, two vocalists. Has the upbeat; keeps sizzling along. Psychedelic. Energetic. Some titles: "On His Way," "Water Into Wine," "Interstate USA," "Lush," "Election Day," "Peter Rabbit." Dance ballads. Driving styles. — Robin James

**JACQUES BEKAERT: Summer Music** (LP; Lovely Music, 325 Spring St., NYC, NY 10013, USA) This recording is a collection of some of Bekaert's verbal scores — short instructional pieces (given in prose). Most of these eleven works were composed during July and August 1970 while Bekaert was house-sitting for John Cage, and each is dedicated to a friend (or friends) he encountered during that summer. Among the dedicatees are Alvin and Mary Lucier, Gordon Mumma, David Tudor, and Jasper Johns. The scores are printed on the album jacket; the shortest goes as follows: "7 for Sari Dienes — Play or sing one sound as long as you can. If there is more than one performer, it is not necessary to start together. Try to play or sing a beautiful sound. You may repeat the sound, changing one aspect of it." The texture of these works is spare — rarely are more than a few instruments heard simultaneously. The instrumentation (unspecified in the scores) includes flute, clarinet, trombone, voice, violin, viola, cello, bass, piano, accordion, and more; and among the dozen performers are a number of new music luminaries including George Lewis, David Rosenboom, "Blue" Gene Tyranny, Maggie Payne, Phil Harmonic, and Frankie Mann. — J. Stacey Bishop

**DAVID BENOIT: This Side Up** (LP; Spindletop Records, 1500 Summit St., Austin, TX 78741, USA) Pianist-composer David Benoit's music on this date emphasizes pop rhythms and melody. Spontaneity is rare (except for a few solos by the sound-a-like saxophonists) on this tightly-arranged session. Some would term this schlock, others would call it classy instrumental funk; I lean to the former description. On the brighter side are Benoit's solid musicianship, the sentiments behind "Hymn for Aquino" and Benoit's willingness to throw jazz listeners a crumb, e.g., a decent version of Bill Evans' "Waltz for Debby." — Scott Yanow

**BIG GUITARS FROM TEXAS: Trash, Twang and Thunder** (LP; Jungle Records, POB 3034, Austin, TX 78764, USA) Two ex-Fabulous Thunderbirds, Mike Buck, drums, and Keith Ferguson, bass, team up with four Texas guitarists who have all graduated from the Link Wray school of guitar playing. This is a no-holds-barred "Rumbleation"; 14 instrumentals with the occasional chainsaw or yelling of the title at the beginning of the song. They do a bang-up version of "The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly", a real crowd pleaser. I just wish someone could have done a little singing. — Dale Knuth

**BIG TOWN PLAYBOYS: Playboy Boogie** (Makingwaves, 6 Alie St., London E1 8DE, UK) Second-hand imitations of R&B classics. For instance, Amos Milburn's "Chicken Shack Boogie" is covered here note-for-note and is greatly inferior to the original. So why not just listen to the original version? — Rex Doane

**BITING TONGUES: Trouble Hand** (5-song EP; Factory UK / Of Factory New York) They sound like a brass band with a small army of percussionists. On the A-side, relentless, thumping noise — lots of drums, a driving horn section, flying bass and sparse vocals, all at a relentless pace. The B-side starts slowly, then launches into a vortex of percussion that finally slows to recognizable form. Strong horn playing and diverse percussion make this side

interesting, and fun. Not a guitar solo in sight! High marks for an original sound and gutsy playing. — D. Maryon

**BLACK FLAG: The Process of Weeding Out** (4 song 12"; \$6.98; SST) An all instrumental from Black Flag's guitarist, Greg Ginn, bassist Kira, and drummer Bill Stevenson (the latter two musicians have since left the band, making the LP title perversely prophetic.) Although their hardcore roots are apparent, there are other sympathies as well, such as James Blood Ulmer/Ornette Coleman style improvisational noodling and psychedelic garage jamming. It is revealing to hear the instruments speak for themselves without the usual Black Flag vocal rant. Favorite title and cut: "Screw the Law." — Ed Blomquist

**BLACKLIGHT BRILLE: Greet The Fool** (LP; Vetco Records, 5825 Vine St., Cincinnati, OH 45216, USA) Dr. Seuss meets Tom Lehrer meets the Residents on this collection of whimsical poems with self-described "fringe rock" accompaniment. The poems, delivered in a ludicrous speech-song manner, are based loosely on the theme of Christmas, and carols occasionally appear. Although the poems are evidently this LP's *raison d'être*, one often wishes the music could be heard divorced from the distraction of the sometimes juvenile lyrics. The varied musical settings, employing a large number of musicians and enough instruments to fill a warehouse, are intermittently interesting, especially the sections emphasizing percussion instruments. Although this recording is not without rewards, the overall effect is of a private joke. — Dennis Rea

**BLUE TRAPEZE: Sanctuary** (6 song 12"; Fullspeak Records, POB 6863, Fullerton, CA 92631, USA) Essentially a guitar-pop band with melodic, well-crafted songs. The guitars jangle nicely and the songs are eerie and hypnotic. Lisa Kline-Koenig blends beautiful harmonies on the originals and sings lead on the closing song, The Velvet Underground's "Femme Fatale" which is faithful to the original. — Brad Bradberry

**THE BOMBADIERS: Fight Back** (14-song C; Green Monkey Records, POB 31983, Seattle, WA 98103, USA) These guys rock out with the ferocity of the early Ramones; supertight playing, awkwardly sincere vocals, and riffs that could split a steel wall. But like The Fleshtones, they've got soul, and will probably possess yours. — Jordan Oakes

**BOW GAMELAN ENSEMBLE: When I Grow Rich b/w When Will That Be** (7"; RRRRecords, 151 Paige St., Lowell, MA 01852, USA) Metal percussion closer to the industrialists than to the Indonesians. An ominous hum lurks in the background and simple improvised rhythms on various pieces of metal fill the foreground punctuated by car horns. Tribalistic and primitive. Clumsy but endearing. Side two could be any street corner in Rome at rush hour or anywhere car drivers sound their horns a lot. — Andrew Orford

**BOX O' LAFFS: Dogbook** (C; \$3; Warpt West, POB 8045, Santa Cruz, CA 95061-8045, USA) In their hometown, Box O' Laffs have been underappreciated as an avant art rock band, and too often regarded as an off-beat dance band. Your backbone could really slip out with Chris Hart's phased and chopped dissonant guitar chords supplying itchy agit-funk rhythms and the mad, primal poundings of one of a succession of drummers. But then you might bask in the numbing mesmerisation of one of their power-dirges, with singer Eric Curkendall spewing acid-rich imagery like a voodoo Garcia Lorca. Their live shows (from which most of this tape was culled) illuminate a transformation of shaman/wildman Curkendall

from Bugs Bunny into The Deadly Mantis stading poised to eat his microphone and maybe the audience. But not all is manic ferocity here. Though the lyrics often deal with man at odds with a techno-capitalistic age, these poetic parables are threaded with a sense of humor, and Curkendall's off-handed donning of personas can be hilarious. The wonderfully interwoven arrangements bring to mind progressive rock here and there. And for all his hoarse caterwauling, Curkendall is an emotive singer with a skilful and natural sense of phrasing. Though in need of editing, this cassette is an indispensable memento of the early days of the group before two of their members fled for higher profiles with Camper Van Beethoven. Illustrated lyric book included. — Gage Kenady

**EVAN BRADFORD: A Flash Of Color** (LP; Left Lane Records, 3916 Pinewood Dr., Jackson, MS 39211, USA) Pleasant rock that reminds me of the late '60s and early '70s singer/songwriter era. Nasal vocals, good, tight well-rehearsed playing. Better than average, less than earth-shaking writing. — C. Newman

**BRAVE TEARS: Silver in the Darkness** (5 song EP; Workshop Records, 10852 Markey, Anaheim, CA 92804, USA) Well-crafted pop sounds play off the themes of love unfulfilled. The tension works in "The Wait" but only occasionally in the other songs. The production, done as a project by a local class, is clear and uncluttered. — Lang Thompson

**CLARENCE GATEMOUTH BROWN: Pressure Cooker** (LP; Alligator) The musician who is equally comfortable with Roy Clark or Jay McShann is a rare talent. Brown is one of the greats and we hear him on the jazzy side of the blues on this album of music Brown cut in the early seventies with the likes of McShann, organist Milt Buckner and one of the top Texas tenor players, Arnett Cobb. Included are three songs popularized by Louis Jordan. "There



Ain't Nobody Here But Us Chickens" finds Gate doing some high class scratchin' on the guitar. Instrumentals like "Pressure Cooker" and "Cold Strings" evoke Gate's main influence, T-Bone Walker. This isn't the gutbustin' blues of Chicago's Southside, but rather the mellow Jazz/Blues of Texas that moved West and is represented by such luminaries as Lowell Fulson and the late Pee Wee Crayton. It's a real treat for me to hear Jay McShann on "Deep Deep Water," a slow blues with Gate and Jay trading some great licks, and the highlight of the album. — Dale Knuth

**CLYDE BREWER'S ORIGINAL RIVER ROAD BOYS: I Do My Crying At Night/Houston Bounce** (7"; Longhorn Records, POB 1995, Studio City, CA 91604, USA) They sound one heck of a lot like Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys...and that's no slam. The group performs with a rare verve and dash, enthusiastically

cally and energetically conveying the maudlin emotionalism of "I Do My Crying At Night" as backup to the vocal renderings of Jim Johnson. "Houston Bounce" is the prize of the two; a lively upbeat swing instrumental in the Bob Wills tradition and a toe-tapper. — Norman Lederer

**TOM BRIGHT: Hands Of Time** (4 song 12"; Blackberry Way, 606 13th Ave., S.E. Minneapolis, MN 55414, USA) Competent musicians running around middle-of-the-road rock. — Mark G.E.

**BRILLIANT ORGANGE: Happy Man** (4 song 12"; Zulu Records, 1869 W. 4th Ave., Vancouver, B.C. Canada V6J 1M4) Appropriately named Brilliant as in bright and poppy. The title song is fabulously inspiring and uplifting and never hints at being sappy. Great sound without being slick. — Ross Mohn

**ROBERT W. BROWN: Waterfall** (LP; Nova Records, 1842 Kelton Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025, USA) This 45-minutes of piano solos is beautifully packaged, impeccably produced, and played with great dexterity and aplomb. Unfortunately, it runs short on originality and invention. Most of the pieces sound like improvisations and though Brown gets into nice jazz grooves in the last half of side two, the remainder is pleasant but uninvolved — the sort of thing heard wafting through holistic bookstores. — Sally Idassway

**CONNIE BUNYER: From The Archives II** (C90; 1405 E. Thurston, Olympia, WA 98506, USA) Bunyer is one of the most interesting new musical artists coming into the scene. She combines vocal experimentation with percussive electric guitars, conga drumming, and glass 'armonica work. A very sweet combination, she keeps changing, pattering with tapes and manipulated sounds, composing for ensembles, teaching and conducting a choir singing Cuban and Haitian songs. This tape has some of each of these, with some of her work with friends doing accompanied theater/performed poetry work too. My favorite pieces are with old and young people's voices that she has taped, sometimes without telling them. Some titles: "Ghost Tones," "Jo(e) Smith Confronts the Powers That Be," "We Lived Together For A Time," "Visions of Loba." — Robin James

**BURDEN OF FRIENDSHIP: I Am Zuzu's Petals b/w Dolor De Cabeza** (C; c/o S. Marshall, POB 1696, Skokie, IL 60076, USA) Voice-loop festival, voices weaving in and out, synth accompaniment in organ-like tone colors. Get the feeling you've heard this before? Me too. Yawn. — Tom Furgas

**BURDEN OF FRIENDSHIP: The Head of Your Goat, the Son of Your Dog** (C; c/o S. Marshall, see address above) Inventive use of looped vocals, found sounds, found vocals, grunts, groans, sighs, and radio noise. The arrangements seem very well conceived and the production is extremely clean. Some tracks were recorded live on FM stations where B.O.F. members presumably worked; in fact utilizing the facilities as their instrument. Top-notch cut-up sound collages. — John E

**BURDEN OF FRIENDSHIP: Vol. 1, The Head of Your Goat, The Son of Your Dog** (C; Schwa Records, 806 N. Peoria, IL 60622, USA) Here's a tape by five guys from Skokie, IL who have a collective ear for all the noise that's fit to record. I hear found-sound, voices, tape-loops, even musical instruments. It swings at times, albeit in a cerebral groove. There is adept tape-recorder manipulation as well as predictable strategies. Most of the pieces are live tapes of radio broadcasts, and there is even one live club date. These guys get gigs?!?! Satisfying aural excitation. — W.R. Borneman



**BUTTERFIELD 8: Just Listen** (5-song 12"; Banana Records, POB 16621, Cleveland, OH 44116, USA) A good clean recording of tightly arranged commercial rock. Independently produced, but there's nothing independent about the aesthetic — conventionally anonymous love songs from Jim Butterfield and Rick Christyson, guitars and bass, Dave Pichler, bass, and Dave Zima, drums. — Chris Brown

**BUTTHOLE SURFERS: Creamed Corn From the Socket of Davis** (12" EP; Touch And Go, POB 433, Dearborn, MI 48121, USA) Imagine warm goo trickling down your leg. Four songs: one sort of whip-lash cake walk art song called "Moving To Florida" and three dance tunes to keep a room full of believers tripping all over themselves. It's great, it's frenzied, it's crazy. It's the new thang. The cover is sometimes blue; my copy is a beautiful color photo of a pretty little girl in a very nice dress. Geeze, that Florida song sure is weird: quivering pervert's voice ("I'm movin' to Florida, Gonna bowl me a perfect game, I'm gonna cut off my leg in Florida, and dance one legged off in the rain...") and abrupt explosions of slam-dancing melodies that end just when you get a-go-in". — Robin James

**BUTTHOLE SURFERS: Rembrant Pussyhorse** (LP; Touch And Go, see address above) The Butthole Surfers are one of rock's prolific and hard-working new bands and they keep getting better all the time. This third studio lp is not as energetic or fun as their first eponymous album or as hardrocking as ANOTHER MAN'S SAC, but this is the most eclectic, surprise-filled and just plain weird release to date and noisier than anything they have done except the recent CREAM CORN... EP. Listeners might be reminded of Beefheart, Pere Ubu or The Residents, but in truth these Buttholes sound like nobody but the Butthole Surfers. — Glen Thrasher

**MARCO CACCIAMANI: Step** (C46; Cassette Multimedia Prods., C.P. 182-16199 Genova Centro, Italy) One side is a documentation of live texture (big beefy dance synth and electric percussion gone berserk) recorded at "Marginalia," and the other side is five songs with lots of casio-sounding synth. Titles include "Rational Wind" (got dem ol' minimalist blues again, mama), "Unexpected Meeting" (I like that shuffling casio percussion), "My Ghosts" (serious promenade in the sunset with theremin style portamento effects up front), "Bands of Reception" (rather busy fingers in layers) and "Forget This Way" (more elegant sense of time and slower processional sound, like you'd expect to walk very slowly with.) Overall, the use of keyboards is interesting and disciplined. — Robin James

**SCOTT CALIFORNIA: A California Kind of Guy** (C; \$6, new address needed) Having nurtured this comedy/concept in front of dozens of club audiences, California surfaces in this recording with comic monologues, pop music, and a few surprises. Taking the genre of country-pop-rock (Eagles, Jackson Browne), California fashions a good-natured parody of "up-scale" personalities and their playthings i.e., answering machines, BMWs, condos, hackers, galleries, soap operas, and tofu. The material is competent and well executed. Tacky and wacky, but a winner. — Mark Dickinson

**CAMINO AL DESVAIR, ORTEGA Y CASSETTE** (2C; Dolores Garcia Lobet y Valllosera 37 bj, 08032 Barcelona, Espania) Two 30 minute cassettes. The title means something like "Roadway to the Unknown, the Uncontrollable." One is titled "una fuente inservible" and the other "violines y trompetas." Playing them both simultaneously

is quite interesting. Anyway, the mood through these surreal and strong collections of music is consistently mysterious and chaotic, a soundscape for dreams of searching. Echoing distorted electronics, voices and a prominent foreground featuring a collections of rhythms and tone patterns, sort of all at once. Also lots of processional pieces and moments. These two cassettes come in a handsome black plastic wallet with a graphic card accompanying each. — Robin James

**DONALD CAMPAU: Variety Show** (C-60; \$6 or trade; 5020 Page Mill Dr., San Jose, CA 95111, USA) Variety is the word here. Within the handsome collage sleeve nestles a tape with mixtures of heavy metal, Latin, kiddie show, folk, experimental, ambient, traces of just about anything mixed harmoniously or presented side by side. Jammin' cool, ethnic orchestra loops, Laotian string garde, Happy To Have It Fixed (if it needed it.) What fun. — Tom Furgas

**CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN: Camper Van Beethoven II & III** (LP; Pitch A Tent Records, 1025 Broadway, Santa Cruz, CA 95062, USA; Dist. by Rough Trade) Twenty songs from the Little Rascals of post-punk. Divided into side 2 and side B, this record covers even more musical bases than their previous, debut LP. Side two has lots of violin, four instrumentals, a full blown country waltz, a Sonic Youth cover tune, and the jovial, irreverent "(don't ya go to) Goleta." Side B also has four instrumentals including "ZZ-Top goes to Egypt" that sound like the old "Theme From Peter Gunn." This album is much more subtle (dada-esque lyric sheet provided, thank God!) than the last. Eclectic and heartfelt. Though still a casual band, Camper Van Beethoven are getting damn good on their instruments. — Brad Bradberry

**EVAN AND GUY CARAWAN: Appalachian and Irish Tunes on Hammered Dulcimer** (LP; Flying Fish) The hammered dulcimer, for anyone not familiar with it, is a frame with wires strung over two bridges; it is played by hitting the wires with light hammers. Its tone is ringing and bell-like, unlike the guitar sound of the fretted or moutain, dulcimer. This album is a pleasant introduction to folk hammered dulcimer; a father and son team play traditional Irish and American tunes on hammered dulcimer, guitar, banjo, on this, their first album, with a large cast of supporting musicians joining in. — Christopher Pettus

**MATT CATINGUB: Hi-Tech Big Band** (LP; SeaBreeze Record Company, POB 690, Bryn Mawr, CA 92318, USA) Catingub first came to my attention with his 1983 big band album MY MOMMY AND ME on which his swinging orchestra performed an amazingly close imitation of Count Basie's band doing "Stompin' At The Savoy", HI-TECH BIG BAND partly features the same hot group along with Matt's vocalist-mother Mavis Rivers, but it's the other selections that are more unique. Utilizing the Yamaha DX7 synthesizer, Catingub creates a big band completely by himself. He plays all of the reeds but reproduces trumpets, trombones, guitars, strings and vibes on the keyboard and only a slightly electric sound and a little stiffness in some of the phrasing gives hints to what's taking place. Technology is gradually catching up with reality but Catingub's sense of humor (such as featuring songs titled "More Blues and the Abscessed Tooth" and "The Umpire Strikes Back" along with crazy personnel listings) keeps one from being too worried about the future. — Scott Yanow

**CELLOPHANE CEILING** (4-song C; 131 N. 33rd St., #2, Omaha, NE 68131, USA) Eclectic experimentation with professional packag-

ing and graphics. "Mommy's in Moscow" is rockabilly influenced with a goofy call and response about a super-patriot whose mother is a secret agent for the USSR. "I Suspect" is a white funk/rap about a wealthy, greedy right-winger who takes drugs, embezzles, etc. "Ms. Emily" has a lot of orgasmic moans and screams from vocalist Jeanette Morgan. "Painting a Picture" is close to straight '77-style punk. — K. Crothers

**A CERTAIN RATIO: The Old and the New** (LP; Factory UK c/o Of Factory) Nine song compilation from ACR's varied career. The older cuts show edgy rhythms an cold vocals, percussion and almost-white noise. The new songs have a steady beat, smoother vocals and electronics. The old balance between chaos and coherence has changed to more direct energy and funk, but the precarious feel hasn't changed. There's something unexpected in every song. — D. Maryon

**EUGENE CHADBOURNE: Live On Sunset Strip** (C; \$6; 2306 Sherwood St., Greensboro, NC 27403, USA) Lots of people in the audience have never heard of E.C. and you can hear them trying to figure out what is happening. Chadbourne makes jokes about how quickly he can clear the place out, and slowly he seems to win the hearts of the audience. He sings Phil Ochs songs, a few Hendrix numbers, "Mr. Soul" (!!!), a rake episode, all solo. Besides the live stuff, is a radio interview. This is a post-Shockabilly recording. — Robin James

**EUGENE CHADBOURNE: My First LSDC&W Trip** (C; \$6; see address above.) Comes in the folded envelope variety packaging. Live 1980 tapes cut to pieces. When Eugen sings he likes the mike reverb up all the way and tends to overdrive the sound. But you can understand what he's saying for the most part. Who cares? You're tripping like crazy anyway. Yes, he is reaching for his powerfully amplified non-guitar hardware (pre-rake I guess). Yes there is some problem with accountability. Included are "The Dentist", "In a Sentimental Mood" (psycho-blues style), "Stand By Your Man", "Set Up Two Glasses, Joe", and "Honey Don't". Lots of periods of rambling instrumental invention. With the guitar wildman is David Lick on drums, Kramer on organ, M.E. Miller on drums and Robbie Link (I can't read it — the patterns are too strong now.) — Robin James

**EUGENE CHADBOURNE: Psych@delic** (C; \$6; see address above.) Once upon a time, there was a guitar wildman. This guitar wildman had some pals that played drums, bass and cheap organ. They went on to form a legendary band called Shockabilly. This tape is from the pre-Shockabilly days when the band was called something like The Amazing Chadbournes. This tape has lots of the DAWN OF SHOCKABILLY and EARTH VS. SHOCKABILLY tunes, like "R U Exp" (short-hand for a Hendrix tune), "Psychotic R", "Sugar Shakk", "Hard Days", "Heartfull", "Wine Me Up." And they lived happily ever after. — Robin James

**JEAN CHAINE AND HIS ULTERIOR LUX: Distant Suns** (LP; \$6.50 Keta Music, POB 42, Newfane, VT 05345-0042, USA) After overcoming my aversion to the sloppy, acid-casualty cover art and Chaîne's weighty description of his music as "avant classical compositions for bass guitar and accompaniment" (progressive rock is more like it), I found the music an impressive display of instrumental ability. Chaîne is clearly an expert bass guitarist with imagination to spare, though his talent might gain higher regard if served in a more focussed setting. There's and excess of overdubbing, muddling the recording, and some of the pieces are more like improvisatory

sketches than "classical compositions." Most of the selections center around a quirky bass ostinato, with layers of guitar, percussion, and more bass. "Old and New" features the drumming of indie artist Dimthings, and suggests that Chaine would benefit from more of this sort of interaction. — Dennis Rea

**THE CHANT: Three Sheets To The Wind** (LP; Safety Net, POB 4546, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33338, USA) Florida's The Chant leaps into the Southern folk/rock/pop/garage circle with a sound that may be the most distinctive yet; only the merest nods towards Athens given, thank you. Some of the tunes are far more sixty-ish than those of their peers; the simple four-note modal guitar solo and agitated punk-garage vocal of "Small House" being a prime example. Or the neo-"Gloria" chord progression of "Drive Away" and its raveup verse in the middle. Elsewhere they rely on midtempo balladry with gentle melodies and careful attention to dynamics to bring their songwriting home. This is a fine, catchy debut. — Fred Mills

**CHASMS' ACCORD: Rhythm and Noise** (LP; Ralph Records, 109 Minna St., San Francisco, CA 94105, USA) Most of these soundscapes are short, some less than a minute, on this album of successful, mostly instrumental (a few incidental spoken parts) tracks. Found sounds and tape manipulations are added to the keyboard and primitive drum arrangements that reminded me of Eno and Byrne's album MY LIFE IN THE BUSH OF GHOSTS. When Chasm's Accord lightens up the drums they reminded me of Jean-Michel Jarre. — Bruce Christensen

**PAUL CHASTAIN: Halo** (6-song 12"; Pet Sounds, 64 Riverwoods Rd., Deerfield, IL 60015, USA) Chastain plays pretty pop that sounds like some of The Left Banke's better moments but with a smattering of modern guitar rock artfully laced into this sixties' quilt. "Halo" has a particularly sweeping melody that along with its Byrds-gone-mod twelve-stringing, pulls you in like a black hole. Chastain's voice is bit too high; the kind that makes you embarrassed for liking pop. The production is exceptionally crisp and gives the guitars lots of room to float. Chastain seems to have in mind a sort of Tommy James meets Television concept. — Jordan Oakes

**CLIFTON CHENIER: Live at the San Francisco Blues Festival** (LP; Arhoolie Records, 10341 San Pablo Ave., El Cerrito, CA 94530, USA) Recorded in 1982, the artist and his Red Hot Louisiana Band are in fine form showcasing both the R&B and more Cajun styled zydeco. This disc is perfect for dance parties. Not as essential as Chenier's earlier LOUISIANNA BLUES AND ZYDECO or BOGOLOUSA BOOGIE discs, also on Arhoolie. — Scott Siegal

**CHILDREN IN ADULT JAILS: Man Overcome** By Waffle Iron (12" EP; Buy Our Records, POB 363, Vauxhall, NJ 07088, USA) Slow, loose and grungy garage rock approaching hardcore. Songs about reptiles, justice, fishing for compliments and living in a "house o' weenies." Rough sounding with a Buttholes Surfer's influence. Your mom will never understand this band. Lyric sheet comes with a funny crossword puzzle. — Bryan Sale

**CHRISTIAN DEATH: The Decomposition of Violets** (C; ROIR, Rm. 725, 611 Broadway, NYC, NY 10012, USA) One of the premier death-rock bands puts out a live tape. None of the songs stand out. Most have a droning Bauhaus sound with U2 guitar styles. Sometimes they delve into some space-stuff. A moody and depressing atmosphere. The recording quality is not great, and the monotone vocals suffer. For fans and aficionados. — Lawrence Crane

**CHRIST ON PARADE: Sounds of Nature** (LP; Pusmort Records, POB 702, San Francisco, CA 94101; or Christ on Parade, POB 793, S.F., CA 94101, USA) Basic, fast hardcore punk. It's almost impossible to understand the lyrics without the lyric sheet but topics include the government, war and vivisection. On the album cover is written: "You can't change anything by waiting for the 'revolution' you have to start living it today, creating a real community amongst the sterility of our modern world." — Pam Kirk

**THE CIVILIANS: Be All You Should Be** (C; 1036 S. Kenilworth, Oak Park, IL 60304, USA) Swirling uneasy moody music; vocals reminiscent of Pere Ubu, jangly guitars and train-like percussion. Clearly produced and danceable. Psychedelic, New Order like guitar. Hypnotic and not boring. "Timeless" is my fave, an upbeat, '60s crossing with calypso. — Mark G.E.

**COMPUTER SEX: Body Electric** (LP; Eclectic Records, POB 4331, Austin, TX, USA) So THIS is what's happening in Austin, Texas! This is heavily rhythmic, with lots of pounding electronic percussive effects, interesting polyrhythms laced with sitar (backwards?) and Chapman stick. "Urban Human" is ominous with its incessant repeated diminished fifth (tritone). "Always" and "Moondance" are chantlike and tribal, but pulsing electronics retain the contemporary flavor. Sizzling instrumental solos are heard throughout this LP. Unfortunately, vocals are thin and fail to match the power and weight of the instrumental accompaniment. The lyrics also approach banality in spots, e.g. "Trash in the rivers and trash in the street/Wherever you go, you get there by feet"). The quasi-cynical/protest anthem "More Room To Play" sounds dated in the mid-80s although the sentiments are as valid as ever. There is an undulating current of eroticism about all of this. — Sally Idassway

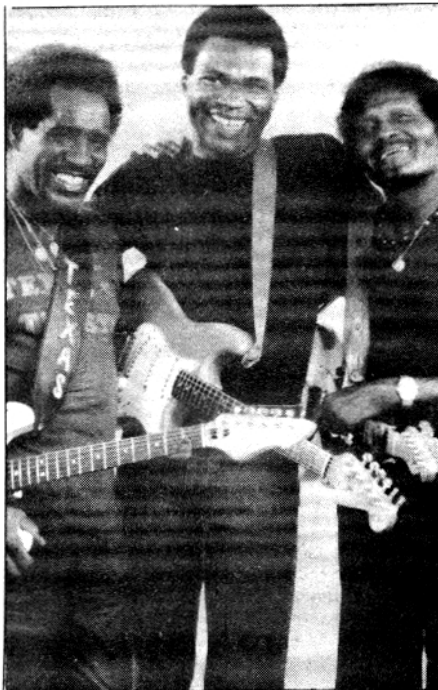
**CLYNG-ONZ: Hey Twerp** (C-46; \$6ppd; 205 E. 4th Ave. #253, Anchorage, AK 99501, USA) Garage punk from Alaska. Moderately paced, sloppily played, tunelessly sung, trashily appealing. The pubescent humor throughout is best displayed in "What's For Dessert?" ["How 'bout chowin' down on some crotch cobbler!"] Side two is 20 minutes entitled "Twerp Epic" featuring some funny synthesizer explorations and foretells of a twerp revolution. They also throw in a few lame cover versions. — C. Carstens

**CLASSIC RUINS: Lassie Eats Chickens** (LP; Throbbing Lobster, POB 205, Brookline, MA 02146, USA) Unpretentious beer-bar rock. — C. Newman

**ARNETT COBB: Keep On Pushin'** (Bee Hive, 1130 Colfax St., Evanston, IL 60201, USA) Count Basie would have loved this album. It's straight-ahead bluesy jazz in a swing-era (i.e., pre-bebop) vein. Texas tenor sax man Cobb is known for his shouting, testifying approach, but perhaps has mellowed because now he sounds closer to Ben Webster than Illinois Jacquet (at least to me). Great work by the sidemen: Junior Mance (piano), Panama Francis (drums), and the late George Duvivier on bass. Former Basie-ites Joe Newman (trumpet) and Al Grey (trombone) swell the ranks to a sextet on two cuts and make memorable contributions. The final cut is a killer — Cobb and Duvivier duet on the old spiritual "Deep River" a brief but strongly emotional moment. Overall, the LP exudes a slowed-down-and-done-right feeling; there's breathing room in the music, and lots of good old-fashioned feeling by some men who know how to make it happen. Good recording and excellent pressing, too. — Bart Grooms

**ALBERT COLLINS, ROBERT**

**CRAY AND JONNY COPELAND: Showdown** (LP; Alligator) Having caught all three of these blues guitarists in my little home town in the past year, I admit an immediate affinity for this record. Collins and Copeland are both powerhouse electric guitarists of the Texas school,



and Cray is a younger player from here in the Northwest who is gaining a reputation as the next great guitar. This record smokes from start to finish, with everyone getting liberal solo time. Collins gets some time on harp, too. Allen Batts provides funky organ backup. One hot electric blues record. — John Baxter

**CJSS: World Gone Mad** (LP; Leviathan Records/Independent Label Alliance, POB 594, Bay Shore, NY 11706, USA) Decent heavy metal of modern, though not thrashing dimensions. This falls somewhere between recent Motorhead and Iron Maiden without the silly mythology overtones. Where metal is original anymore Lord only knows, but this is fun and musically-adept and that's what the little boys want, right? — Jamie Rake

**OTIS CLAY: Soul Man** (2LP; Rooster Blues) Seeming no worse for the wear of his recent near-fatal auto accident, Clay serves up warmth, passion and exuberance treating his Japanese fans to his cookin Southern soul cum gospel. His rhythm section is from the old Hi Rhythm section that was the backbone of he Al Green's old sound. With Green now singing exclusively for Jesus, Clay seems to have inherited the band's more worldly groove (even doing a couple Green standards). Clay's own gospel roots are in the forefront with "His Precious Love," but a churchy feeling fills the album, underpinning his vocal intensity with a touch of elation and transcendence. But Clay vamps the end of just about every tune: the rhythm section simplifies the chorus or verse and Clay jams them with hard soul vocals. — Ron Sakolsky

**NICOLAS COLLINS: Devil's Music** (LP; Trace Elements, 172 E. 4th St., Suite 11-D, NYC, NY 10009, USA) "Radio music turned back on itself, digitally stuttered, and fired back and forth" is how Collins describes this. He takes tasty snippets of sound at random from radio broadcasts and manipulates them



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into rhythmic and melodic patterns and very nearly creates "something from nothing." Bits of speech, drumbeats, fragments of string passages, shards of pop hits, are electronically ground into bits and changed into a fascinating wall-hanging of sound. This technique is evidently something the artist is doing live with actual local broadcasts as his source. The title "Devil's Music" is likely a comment about the source material and the motives behind it's creators. There is a high content of originality and creativity available here for adventurous listeners. — Sally Idassway

**COMMON BOND: Heaven Is Calling** (LP: Broken Records, 1089 Danielle Dr., Costa Mesa, CA 92626, USA) Christians sounding like Rush-gone-new wave. That doesn't necessarily make it original but by Christian standards, this sounds relatively progressive. Pleasant, though unchallenging. There's potential. — Jamie Rake

**CONVENTUM: 77-79/Reedition** (2 LPs: C.P. 263 Station E, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H2T 3A7; available from Wayside) Instrumentation on the mostly instrumental pieces suggest modern Canadian folk music, i.e., several guitars, violin, mandolin, dulcimer and flute. The composition, however, is far more precise, and the arrangements are more polished than what is generally called folk. This is truly a band effort, not songs as framework to support solo string performance. This is warmer and more sincere than what I've heard from the American "new acoustic" groups. Lussier's electric guitar, often up front, sounds acoustic in that it mingles effortlessly with the other strings. Much of this has a modern European chamber texture reminiscent of the last Julverne album. Although this is well-mannered music, bits of the weird humor and schizophrenia creep through. And the occasional use of dark, chilling empty spaces provides nice contrast. — Bill Storage

**MITCH COOPER: Liquid Syllable Decagon** (C-60; Third Lock, 5616 Mallard Dr., Charlotte, NC 28212, USA) The psychedelia on this tape is comparable to dosages of inspiration that crystallized Syd Barrett's early work as in "Interstellar Overdrive" from Pink Floyd's first album. A bit of folk sounding acoustic guitar here, a touch of '60s rock there, and a few "songs" now and then. But most pieces are very exploratory using guitars, drums, windchimes and other tinkling percussives, plus imaginative mixing bent on examining the possibilities of sound in the most minute detail. Sections go on a bit too long for my state of mind (15 minute drum solo), but there are enough good ideas to make this tape interesting to the sonically minded. — Bryan Sale

**COPERNICUS: Victim Of The Sky** (LP: Ski Music/Nevermore, Inc.; POB 150, Brooklyn, NY 11217, USA) A 15-piece orchestra of musicians and vocalists backs poet/performance artist Copernicus on this, his second album of poems, songs, rants, and improvisations. Most of the music is improvised, as are many of the lyrics — startling considering the cohesion of these tunes. Improvising with a group of musicians is one thing; a poet putting himself on the spot to spout spontaneous lyrics is something else. Copernicus is one confident, ballsy bard! He's got a good voice and varies it masterfully: from tortured wailing to soulful crooning. There should be something on this record for everybody. The title tune starts off in a disco groove ("Let's sweat together!") and concludes in a stream-of-consciousness raving soliloquy. "The Lament of Joe Apples" is a dramatic monologue by a bitter drunken working-class house-painter, delivered with pathos and understanding — Copernicus knows whereof he speaks, and the portrayal is so accurate

you're sure you've met Joe Apples too. The language and cadence of the delivery is pure American street lingo and coming from Copernicus it becomes poetry, sure-as-shit. I give this album a resounding "Fuckin' A!" — W.R. Borneman

**JEAN-LOUIS COSTES: Costes Cassette #16-Bidon 5** (C; 13 Rue de la Pierre Levee 75011, Paris, France) This tapes finds Costes in the deserts of Africa where he has chosen as his instruments, various vocal utterances, mother wind, and the sound of several bodily functions, all occasionally altered and further enhanced by various synthetic means. These sonic registries are compiled together ala musique-concrete, forming two chains of aural occurrences. These occurrences don't seem to represent music, at least in the normal sense. What they do instead, is provide concurrences, sometimes random, sometimes quite rhythmic, additionally, at times through screams or what have you demanding our attention, or otherwise becoming ignorable synthetic drones. For experimentation in this vein, Costes is more successful than most, and this tape, being the 16th in an extensive line, finds him as the exhausted traveller whose abandonment has left him to himself as a means of the creation of a sound. — Nathan Griffith

**JEAN-LOUIS COSTES: Specimen** (C-30; see address above) A sampler [all five works on this cassette are excerpted from larger works] of outrageous and oddly haunting music. Side one contains "Secret Java" and Hebbenhebben." The former presents a chanting/singing/muttering resembling the self-entertainment vocalizing of a child at play combined and alternated with simple electronic sounds — sometimes pulsing, sometimes bouncing in for but a moment — tooling away with an unpredictable and natural grace. Side two contains "Chanson No. 7" which calls up the sounds of a cabaret filtered by considerable distance and, perhaps, a thick night air (a voice repeatedly calls the title, a moody piano figure fades in and out, electronics burst forth). The five cuts on this tape date from '84-85. A catalog of Costes' works dating from the past nine years is available from the above address. — J. Stacey Bishop

**COSTES/SHELFIELD: Younki (English Version)** (C-30;\$3; Jean-Louis Costes, see address above.) I give Costes and Shelfield big fat points for merely attempting to weave any-

thing like a play within the difficult fabric of a noisy sound collage. Every now and then it's good to give the head something to gnaw on while the ears are being rudely messed with. But, as it turns out Younki is hardly an organized and orienting listening experience. Since this is a theatre piece for puppets, tapes, and synth (it's been staged in Paris), the visual element may lend Younki the coherence it lacks on tape because the ideas here aren't sufficiently developed to stand without it. The play assumes an absurdist sense of humor with a keenly political edge. It goes on about capitalism, the bobbies, feminism, and the USA (among other things), but the point is not clear among the confused action at hand. All the same, I do very much like the work's compressed and subterranean feel. It beats me how puppeteers can keep up with such disjointed and manic pacing: this stuff seems a bit too damn fast for hands. I bet Younki, intact, would be the weirdest puppet show I've ever seen. — Oleh Hodowanec

**COUCH FLAMBEAU: The Day the Music Died** (LP: 5419 Olympia Dr., Greendale, WI 53129) Things in Wisconsin never seem to get as intense as they do in other places. Cultural events are never really avant garde. Angry bands like Die Kreuzen are more the exception than the rule. If I wanted to pick a band that seemed most like most of the guys I knew when I grew up in Madison, I'd pick Couch Flambeau. I can picture these guys snapping gum and loosening up on Huber as they play, more wiseass, more wry, than pissed off. And why is that? Because these guys have heart. They're not burned out on living in the big city. Hardcore in spirit, but it's certainly not straight thrash. It shifts gears a lot, slowing sometimes with the guitars skating over the top; sometimes even pretty. If you like local records that capture the local zeitgeist, Couch Flambeau is a fun view of life in the Dairy State. — W. Mueller

**COUNTRY BOB AND THE BLOODFARMERS: Goin' To Hell In A Hatbasket** (LP: Manster Records, POB 1394, Royal Oak, MI 48237, USA) Here it is, finally: Slim Whitman meets The Stooges. Actually, this is mainly good, organic country with a desolate edge and a few punk moves. Country Bob is a little bit spooky but I think you'll appreciate the chances he takes without ever leaving the barnyard. 7 — Jordan Oakes

CHARLES CHARLES GETS LUCKY IN:

## THE HOT SEAT



**HANK CRAWFORD; Roadhouse Symphony** (LP; Milestone/Fantasy) A very good album of R&B saxophone stylings from one of the masters of the genre. It strikes a nice balance between danceable R&B jazz and bluesy ballads. Crawford's basic backup group is a quintet that includes Melvin Sparks on guitar and Dr. John on piano and organ and a backup horn section includes Howard Johnson on baritone, Houston Person on tenor and David "Fathead"



Newman on alto and tenor. Dr. John is a big reason for the success of this date. In addition to composing a couple tunes for the album, his rolling New Orleans piano spices up a majority of the tracks. He drenches Irving Berlin's "Say It Isn't So" with a bluesy accompaniment and he turns "Jubilee" into a Mardi Gras festival. Interestingly, he doesn't solo on either of these tracks, but stands out nonetheless. This is all the more surprising to me since I've never been a Dr. John fan. Crawford's alto sax graces every track with soulful and intelligent solos. — R. Iannapolo

**JOHN COVERT** (5-song C; \$3 or trade; Realities Tapes, 2745 Monterey Highway #76, S.J., CA 95111, USA) The tape begins with "Ain't No Work," a moving populist folk/country ballad on the plight of an unemployed man in the heartless '80s. Yet while the next song, "You've Got A Working Man," is supposed to show us the same sort of guy bearing it, fighting it and maybe even pulling himself up, it comes across weak and unconvincing. The problem is the mellowness: This song and the two that follow it remind me of Jimmy Buffet and a number of other laid-back "country" invertebrates who thrived in the sleepy '70s. But things pick up considerably in the last song, "Outlaw," a straight country toe-tapper that covers the familiar theme of "rain and dust, back roads and juke joints" but turns out to be a very interesting tribute to one tough lady, "a child gone wild" ("I've got the scars to prove it," Covert assures us). This tape tells

some absorbing and pertinent stories about tough, resilient people. If only the instrumentation didn't spend so much time reclining on the patio... — Richard Singer

**LAWRENCE CRANE: Sad Poetry of Departure** (C-90; Pink Noise Tapes, c/o Lawrence Crane, POB 162, Rough & Ready, CA 95975, USA) An amalgam of intriguing tape splices, loops, conversations, telephone experiments, echoes of past, present, and future voices familiar and obscure, interspersed with melancholy electronic melodies and snippets of ironic humor make up the latest yearly output from Crane and friends. The approach is personal and self-referential, a diary of impressions and soundscapes that lure the listener in like the sound of neighbors fighting next-door; muffled, meaningful, and enigmatic. Suddenly it's over and you're left understanding how much we depend on imagination to fulfill our perception of living; especially the inspired imagination of artists like Lawrence Crane. — John E

**CRITTON HOLLOW STRING BAND: By and By** (LP; Critton Hollow, Route 1, Paw Paw, W. VA., dist. by Flying Fish) Here's a really fine mix of traditional, standard and original material. Critton Hollow features Joe Hermann on fiddle, mandolin and vocals; his sister Sam on hammer dulcimer, mandolin and vocals, Pete Gordon on guitar and vocals and Joe Fallon on bass and vocals. They have all been players since they were kids and the experience shows. What a pleasure to sit back and listen to a really tight string band for a change. Their choice of material sets them apart from your usual "Orange Blossom Specials" with traditional instrumentals from Irish and Russian folk music and lesser known American traditionals like "Possum Up A Gum Stump." The vocals are equally refreshing, using all four voices to the fullest, rather than relying on a strong lead singer and backups for effect. This is the band's third outing on record (the first two are available on Yodel-A-Hee Records). It's a strong album which will stand up to many listings. — William Ponsot

**CRUINERS: A Sample of Cruiners** (C60; 66 Edna Ave., Levittown, NY 11756) Tape loops galore are mixed in unpredictable, revealing ways that are far beyond much of the work done in this manner. At times humorous, at others more somber, Cruiners have created a fascinating musical kaleidoscope. — Lang Thompson

**JON CROSSE: Lullabies Go Jazz** (LP; Jazz Cat Prods., POB 4278, Sunland, CA 91040, USA) It's a novel idea, playing dreamy jazz versions of lullabies. The odd part is that Crosse puts many of these quiet tunes in minor keys which, although far from nightmarish, imply that a child's life is not all laughter and joy. Tunes like "Brahms' Lullaby," "When ou Wish Upon A Star," "Rockabye Baby" and "Twinkle Twinkle, Little Star" are given melancholy relaxed renditions with only the closer ("All Night, All Day") generating much heat. Crosse, who alternates between tenor, alto and soprano, mostly sticks to the former, playing in a style influenced by Wayne Shorter and Coltrane. The rhythm section (with Clare Fischer and Putter Smith) is tasteful and subtle. Overall, a fine session but lacking the happiness I expected. — Scott Yanow

**A CRUEL HOAX** (3-song C; 1592 Quebec Ct., Apt. 6, Sunnyvale, CA 94087, USA) Post new-wave band with tight and tricky arrangements, an ear for good hooks, and a well-rehearsed but not overworked sound. If they expand and develop these elements they'll be great. As they are, they're above average in a genre plagued by mediocrity. — Tom Furgas  
**BRIAN S. CURLEY, JAMIE BIGELOW & DAVID FRENKEL** (C; Live Wire, POB 1222,

Santa Fe, NM 87504) "The Wally George Punk Rock Rap" is really a sort of pointless exercise; giving Wally George any reaction, dignifies his cartoon reactionary antics far more than they deserve...but the rest of the stuff here is real interesting, brooding little instrumentals that sound improvised but well constructed. These four pieces sound like a good time at 3 a.m. in the desert. I imagine this recorded in a trailer with the doors open in the middle of nowhere with weird moonlight shadows moving outside. (no name)

**THE DICKIES: We Aren't The World** (C; Reach Out International Records, Suite 725, 611 Broadway, NY NY 10012) All the big hits are here: "You Drive Me Ape (You Big Gorilla)," "Gigantor," "Banana Splits Theme" (Top Five in England), and of course, "Nights in White Satin." Other great covers, "Paranoid," "Sounds of Silence," "Eve of Destruction," and the Monkees' classic "She." Good recording quality for live performances, with just enough crowd noise to let you know someone was listening. ROIR has sharp, professional packaging of cassettes, and this release is no exception; there are more liner notes than are usually included on an LP, as well as a detailed list of recording locations, various band members, etc. "Absolutely none of the band's proceeds from the sale of this cassette will go to Ethiopia" the notes state. — K. Crothers

**ANNA DOMINO: Take That** (12" EP; Les Disques Du Crepuscule c/o Of Factory) An undistinguished offering for the disco crowd. Domino's voice is fashionably lifeless, and she can't decide if she wants to be Pat Benatar ("Take That") or Lauri Anderson ("Koo Koo.") Electronic instrumental accompaniment is spare, and sometimes almost elegant, but Domino's mannered vocals bring it down. Lyrics are literate, but trivial and contrived; there is style but no substance. Like fast food, this one fills the void, but it doesn't satisfy. — Bill Tilland

**DREAMHOUSE: The Telescope on Your Head** (C60; Chapel Perilous, 62 W. 106th St., NY NY 10025) A handsomely surrealist excursion in modern primitivism. Primal rhythmic and melodic patterns, cycling with subliminal variance, underlie a consistent eclecticism throughout each piece. Cosmic enough for you? All cerebrality aside, this is fantastic background music for the adventurous daydreamer. There's a touch of humor in "The Organized Home," which has recited lyrics describing the mundane chaos of juggling the details of a secure existence. ("Didja check the mail? Where'd I put my keys? I don't know!") "Tseghi" is an example of this group's sense of ethnic. The otherworldly folk style reminds me of The Incredible String Band. Most of the material, played on guitar, drone synth and electro-percussives, is a logical extension of '60s garage psychedelia; a maturity of the form into a free flowing, consistent near-jazz. The attractive packaging artwork completes this commendable effort. — Michael P. Goodspeed

**DREDD FOOLE AND THE DIN: Eat My Dust, Cleanse My Soul** (LP; Homestead, POB 570, Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0570) Modern post-punk angst-blues from Dredd Foole who seems like a guy who got kicked in the balls too many times when he was a kid. Birthday Party and Velvet Underground as reference points, lots of power and dynamics, great wild vocals and a million other things make this a really good album. "So Tough" is one of the best songs I've heard in ages. This kicks! — Lawrence Crane

**DURUTTI COLUMN: Without Mercy** (LP; Factory/Of Factory) Vini Reilly has written a long piece that features horns, strings, his dis-



tinctive guitar and piano, and electronic percussion. This piece is not traditionally composed. It's a collection of musical themes that are strung together with a few themes repeated. Some transitions are smooth, others are gratuitous; the overall effect is that of a Durutti Column album with all the pieces connected. Still, the melodies are beautiful, and the variety of instruments is a welcome addition to the guitar/piano sound that is Reilly's trademark. — D. Maryon

**DURUTTI COLUMN: Say What You Mean, Mean What You Say** (6 song EP; Factory/Of Factory) One tune lifted from Without Mercy, one short throwaway, and four calm pieces in the usual Durutti mold. I don't mean to put down this style, but after a while it's hard to say new things about Durutti Column records. Horns and synthesizer sounds, plus a fairly happy sound, make this EP interesting. I like the melodies, the singing is good (not as monotone as other pieces have been), the interplay of synth sounds and percussion is nice. — D. Maryon

**DAEMON** (LP; \$5; Daemon Records, POB 901892, Dallas, TX 75390-1892, USA) A one man band (Terry Blankenship) release that is the finest indie cassette I've had the pleasure to review. Though Blankenship has studied with Robert Fripp, and certainly the influence shows, this is a remarkably well-performed and composed collection that showcases an original artist and his mastery of the technology. Electronic drums, guitars, and synthesizers create moods that range from the pastoral to the aggressive, all the while maintaining varieties of texture that tickle and stimulate the ear. The guitar pieces utilize the new "standard tuning" that Fripp has developed, and Fripp could well use this tape as a first class demonstration of the possibilities of his system. The guitar sounds themselves range from screaming heavy metal fuzz to gentle chorused and overdubbed acoustic tones. I can only repeat myself — an A+ effort. — Kevin Crothers

**SKEETER DAVIS & NRBQ: She Sings, They Play** (LP; Rounder Records, 3092 Red Rooster 108, One Camp St., Cambridge, MA 02140) Davis has had her share of ups and downs, even flirted with the country top 10 a few times, though she's not likely to with this outing. The material is well executed, and a better rhythm section can't be found anywhere, especially when NRBQ is joined by the likes of Larry Packer, vocals, Buddy Emmons (pedal steel) and Don Adams (trombone); but I can't help feeling that the band is cheated on these tracks — they can be one heckuva powerhouse band, and they're in bridge straps all the way. There are some high spots though: their cover of the Hank Williams' standard "May You Never Be Alone" closes both the album and the book on this subject, because it clearly demonstrates the depths of emotion Davis is capable of imparting into her work; but somehow fails to do till the very end. — William Ponsot

**THE DEAD MILKMAN: Big Lizard in my Back Yard** (LP; Fever Records, 621 S. Fourth St., Philadelphia, PA 19147, USA) The fun side of punk exposed in all its hilarious, toe-tapping glory. These fragments of satirical disrespect and good times are, for the most part, genuine tunes complete with hooks and everything. And when was the last time you heard songs about laundromats, junkies, filet of sole, Charles Nelson Reilly and nuclear holocaust? Recommended, you bet! — Lang Thompson

**DECEPTION BAY** (C; 24 Fisk Place, Cambridge, MA 02139, USA) Beautiful black and white cover picture of the American flag, the sticker on the cassette is an image of an eagle flying. Haunting. Drums, vocals, electric and

acoustic guitars, bass, nice, even speed, good for dancing and shuffling, quiet and thoughtful themes: "Marry a Gypsy", "Hook This Chain", "Days of Issue", "Raven." Seven songs on this demo tape. — Robin James

**ALAN DECOTES AND THE PHANTOMS: Don't Worry, Rock n Roll** (C; True Luv Records-n-Tapes, POB 1871, Ventura, CA 93001, USA) This is the soundtrack to a video LP (which I did not get to review) that features strong guitar playing (Tracey Longo), a sturdy rhythm section (Joey Evans, bass, and Dave Stewart, drums) and the idiosyncratic yet soulful vocals of Alan Decotes (AD in the 80's). All of the original compositions have something to recommend, but the standout cut is a cover of Yoko Ono's "Don't Worry, Kyoko" that first appeared on the Plastic Ono Band's "Live Peace in Toronto." The only superfluous track is a cover of "Louie, Louie" that adds nothing to the original version except gratuitous guitar noodling. In fact, there are a lot of extended guitar jams on this tape featuring interesting sounds, good technical ability, and diverse styles. The second side of this tape declines with several songs featuring pseudo-Caribbean and/or third world styles. Nevertheless, the rest of the tape more than makes up for these flaws. — Scott Jackson

**DIED PRETTY: Next to Nothing** (4-song EP; What Goes On, dist. by Dutch East) A real Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde show. On side one the band melds influences ranging from Rain Parade to Patti Smith with great effect. Both "Ambergris" and "Plaining Days" reach towards a mid-sixties acid haze while cutting loose with an edge that's sharp. Did they find their acid in a lab or lying on a garage floor? Extra touches, like Joe Borkowski's cello work, enhance the ambience. But flip the disc to the second side and everything goes haywire. The worst of it are the vocals by Ronald Peno. You almost wonder if this is the same guy who sang the preceding two songs. Think of this as a two song 12" and leave it at that. — Scott Jackson

**DIGITAL SEX: Essence** (LP; Post Ambient Motion, 5402 Camden Ave., Omaha, NE 68104-1717) This is as fine a debut LP as I could ask for. Although I could hear echoes of the Byrds, the Tornadoes, Split Enz, and the Psychedelic Furs, the way those influences are collated and recombined is fresh and interesting. "Oceans of Space" is a beautiful flowing blanket of harmony in the grandest space music tradition (but why only three minutes?) A lot of this LP has a guitar and drum dominated sound which gives a sort of 80s feel to the tunes, but the highly skilled use of ambient electronic sounds are right in step with the better known works of that genre. — Sally Idasswey

**RODNEY DILLARD: At Silver Dollar City** (LP; Flying Fish) The album's title is somewhat misleading. More appropriately it should read: The Rodney Dillard Revue or Rodney Dillard Presents... since he is only featured on four of the 10 songs offered. The rest are the fruits of his efforts as a concert producer at Silver Dollar City (an amusement park/entertainment facility located in his native Ozarks) where he headlines a show for six months of the year. The music is hardcore country with a touch of bluegrass; featuring some high spirited covers of "Will the Circle Be Unbroken," "Run River Run" (the Loggins and Messina standard) and Lester Flatts "Head Over Heels." A plus for many listeners is the changeover from one lead performer to another; backed by the same players there is a distinct continuity, without getting trapped stylistically. They include Rodney's wife Beverly Cotten, D.A. Callaway, Fred Carpenter, Steve Cooley, Rick McEwan,

Ric Williams, Dean Webb, Annette Calton and Rodney himself (dobro, acoustic guitar & vocals.) In short, this is great compilation of talent and choice of material. — William Ponsot

**DINO DIMURO: House of DiMuro** (C-46; Phantom Soil Productions, 578 N. Gower St., Los Angeles, CA 90004, USA) The cover is a brilliant sunburst of color next to the family cat on the lawn, a photo, color xeroxed. Excellent use of materials, guitar, vocals, drums, synth, all that stuff — cello too. Lots of nice processing toys. Some titles: "The Official DiMuro House Band", "To Loosen the Tongue" (instrumental), "I am Orly" (a gem), mostly instrumentals besides these. Very funny solo choral arrangements and shimmering instrumentals. Even the family dog gets into the act. This guy has a lot of vision in his use of sound. — Robin James

**DINO DIMURO: Snoutburger** (C-46; see address above.) Although weakened by some incidental music on side one, DiMuro's latest offering still shows him to be one of the most entertaining home tapers. Quickly slapped together as a conceptual piece, Snoutburger would have been better as a songs only tape with no concept. The songs are all top notch, including "Clive" an explosive and heartfelt number about a late friend. "Viewmaster" captures the essence of that little plastic toy and its related "Ken Clinger reality." If you haven't heard Dino's music, you're missing some of the best. — Donald Campau

**DINOSAUR** (LP; Homestead/Dutch East) A very difficult band to pin down and perhaps that's what will be their salvation. Most immediate reference will be Meat Puppets thanks to the quirky, pained nature of the sometimes in tune vocals. There's some geeat punkadellia darting in and out as well, a coupla thrashy tunes, coupla jazzy riffs, lotsa bases touched without ever exactly coming home to roost. "Forget The Swan" is a natural indie single with a hummable melody driven by a poppy rhythm and layered with acoustics and phasing. Forgive 'em the depthless production and start digging, 'cos this Amherst, MA trio have surprises in store for you. — Fred Mills

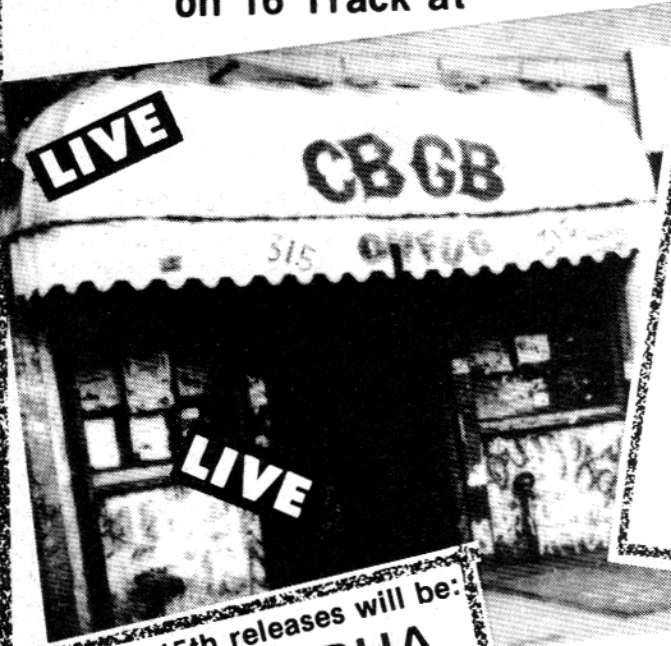
**THE DITS: The Wonderful World of the Dits b/w Oh Shit! It's the Dits** (C-60; Home Recordings, POB 4071, Bloomington, IL 61702-4071, USA) In the printed material that accompanies this tape, the Dits explain how they feel "...independent to do whatever we damn well please. We don't make these cassettes to make money. We make them for fun. We make them because we are tired of having to accept or be expected to play "normal" classifiable music. We make them to prove that anyone can make them if they are so inclined." The results, as evidenced on this tape, are long involved jams on conventional as well as mundane ("Tupperdrums") instruments. The pieces evoke interest as well as tedium often depending on the length of the jam. Sometimes a song will stop and a casual conversation will begin, so it's hard to tell if even the Dits take this music seriously, but the stated aesthetic is "fun" after all, and in this spirit the tape succeeds. — John E

**NAT DIXON QUARTER: Rose Coloured** (LP; Sax Rack Records, POB 20538, NY, NY 10025) This is sax player Nat Dixon's second LP on this label, and it's a quarter session of solid mainstream jazz, with only occasional pop influences. Dixon has credentials with Machito, several Sam Rivers groups, and Frank Foster's big band. He plays both alto and tenor, and composed four of the six tracks on this record. The rest of the band is Dixon's regular working group, which includes pianist Kalid Moss, who is given some extensive solo

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space and rightfully so. This record breaks no new ground, but it is consistently intelligent and tasteful. Fans of mainstream jazz should find it rewarding. — John Baxter

**ALIX DOBKIN WITH CAROL MACDONALD 7 WITCH: Never Been Better** (12" EP; Women's Wax Works; dist. by Ladyslipper Music, POB 3130, Durham, NC 27705) Alix Dobkin is showcased on this 12" in a retrospective spanning 12 years of recording. "Boy-Girl Rap" (1985) co-written by Carol MacDonald, attempts to illustrate the restrictive social roles women face in a man's world along with the radicalness of women loving women. For my money, rap is most effective when it merges brutal poetry with agitated angry rhythm. As social protest it needs that fury. Dobkin does not achieve fury. Her voice is more persuasive in ballad, as on the other two tracks. "The Woman In Your Life" (1973) is a country ballad from Dobkin's *LAVANDER JANE LOVES WOMEN* album. "Some Boys" (1983) is a haunting lament and the star performance on this EP. A brilliant integration of medium and message, of craft and content. — Mark Dickson

**DOT 3: In the Desert** (C; Dot 3 cassettes, 661 University Ave., Los Altos, CA 94022) Five boys who rock funky. Would have done well on a double date with the Bush Tetras in 1980. — Calvin Johnson

**DANNY DOYLE: The Danny Doyle Collection Vol. 1** (LP; Stoney Pockets Records, POB 447, McLean, VA 22101) This 15 track LP is an excellent introduction to an artist not well known outside the British Isles. Doyle had some folk pop hits ("Step It Out, Mary", "Whiskey on a Sunday") in Ireland in the 1960s. The accompaniment to Doyle's rich Irish tenor voice is predominantly guitar oriented, although piano, harpsichord, drums, bass and fiddle appear in various cuts. Some of the tracks are produced with multi-tracked voices, sound effects, etc., which are nicely paced with the more traditional material. If you're a fan of the Irish Rovers/Clancy Brothers school of Irish music, then don't pass this one by. — Sally Idassway

**THE DRUNDRELLS** (C; 823 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6J 1G1) Two car garage rock (to use the band's description) from the suburbs of Toronto. The recording, though not of the highest fidelity, conveys a high level of energy and enthusiasm, though some fairly-obvious overdubs detract from the live feel. The highlights of the tape conclude side two: Not Coming Over is a good acoustic guitar driven pop rocker, while "Burn'in Both Ends" (sic) features screaming feedback and Bo Diddley tribal drums that combine for that authentic jungle rumble. The tongue in cheek liner notes describe the history and motivations of this Canadian four piece. The tape is packaged with a wonderful bright green insert that is certainly eye-catching and correctly represents the mostly bright tunes contained inside. — Kevin Crothers

**THE D.T. MARTYRS: Narcotics in the Carport** (Jeterboy Records and Tapes, 226 N.E. 5th Ave., Dania, FL 33004, USA) Poorly-recorded below average garage band that attempts to be macho by singing about drug abuse and other legal violations. Sample song titles: "Born to Drink", "Live to Drive", "Search My Car", "Famous Veins", "Last Ride." Also mutilated: the Band's "The Shape I'm In" and the Beatles' "Come Together." Juvenile. — Kevin Crothers

**JOHNNY DYANI QUARTET: Angolian Cry** (LP; SteepleChase Productions, 3943 W. Lawrence Ave., Chicago, IL 60625, USA) South African bassist Johnny Dyani leads an international quartet in this sparkling set re-

corded 7/85 in Copenhagen. The six Dyani originals are stylistically diverse, ranging from the high life flavored "U.D.F." to the free bop title track to the collective improvisation of "Does Your Father Know." Dyani and his cohorts Harry Beckett on trumpet, John Tchicai on tenor sax and bass clarinet and Billy Hart on drums sound at home and totally involved, whatever the style. All hands get a turn in the solo spotlight. Beckett's pinched tone and darting lines are featured on the 11 minute "Year of the Child." Billy Hart takes two very melodic solos on the title tune and on the swaggering "Blues for Mayake." The leader is strong throughout, especially on the stately "For Leo Dirch Petersen." Only Tchicai, with his angular style, was less than convincing. Good honest music, a rare enough commodity these days, with the usual SteepleChase quality recording. — Stuart Kremsky

**D.Z. LECTRIC: Russo-American Songs** (C; Sound of Pig Music c/o Al Margolis, 28 Bellingham Lane, Great Neck, NY 11023, USA) A person of French descent on a low budget solo kinda thing. This is this sort of thing a lot of cassette folks seem to be fond of putting out: fuzzy to spikey, twerpo electronic noodles, untuned guitar squonks. D.Z. covers the Ramones' "Loudmouth" and the old standard "Fever." "Le Chemin De Crois" feels like a gregorian chant overheard on an out of focus night...eerie and atmospherically effective. The best track here is "Le Moine" which sounds like it should be the sound track to a 60's Italian vampire movie (preferably starring Barbara Steele). — Geo Parsons

**JOHN E: Snakebrain** (C90; Mumbles, POB 7243, Wichita, KS 67213) This collection of prose poetry and music starts out promising: the first three poems, recorded live, deal with a decapitation, self-cannibalism, and a relationship based on an internal organ swap. Here is a personal vision of living hell which stylistically gives nods to W.S. Burroughs, Michael Gira, and Hubert Selby Jr. The assumption is that human interrelationships are essentially fucked and should to be avoided. There is some good, hard imagery in the poetry but some pieces suffer from heavy self-conscious "look at my madness" trip. The spoken word pieces alternate with seemingly sincere hippie solo acoustic numbers disengaged from the poetry. The acoustic numbers, which are ok at best, are damped by the surrounding full-force poetry. The few musical experiments on the tape are more successful. The tape manipulation cover of "That's Alright, Mama" reveals a playfulness not found elsewhere on the tape. The disjointed nature of this tape convinces me that John E should spend his time refining his poetry (hey, come on, work in some more humor and irony, John.) (Editor's note: John E is also the driving force behind The Mumbles — see review this issue — and is a prolific cartoonist whose work has appeared frequently in this magazine. See S.C. #4 pages 5 and 6 for instance.) — Bob Forward

**CHARLES EAKIN: Frames** (LP; Owl Recording, POB 4536, Boulder, CO 80306, USA) Serial piano compositions performed by pianist Paul Parmelee. The composer describes "Frames" as a collection of character pieces — each of 21 Frames is characterized an approach to structure, execution, or mood. Taken as a whole, FRAMES is a catalog of modern piano techniques, from such traditional devices as canon to physical preparation of the instrument. Within each Frame no improvisation is allowed, but determining the sequence of the Frames is left to the performer. Eakin succeeds in imbuing an emotionally dry idiom with an unusual breadth of expression, and Parmelee's sympathetic reading brings

these qualities to the fore. — Dennis Rea  
**EIGHTH ROUTE ARMY: Nihilist Olympics** (LP; One Dimensional Records, POB 461, Easthampton, MA 01027, USA) The "Then" side features rote performances in a pop/punk setting. The songs are pastiches of Pistols/Ramones tunes with some New Wave hooks thrown in. Lyrics feature socially conscious sloganeering. The "Now" side is more Gothic; more interesting and almost danceable, but the band works these riffs to death. There's also "Gypsy", a corny instrumental featuring, what else, ersatz gypsy violin. — Scott Siegal

**ROBERTA EKLUND: Piano Improvisations** (C25; \$2.50; POB 30066, Indianapolis, IN 46230, USA) Some "heads" and some romantic minimalism, but these improvs are not jazzy or new age. They could be soundtracks: lush keyboard figures, repeated patterns, soft and beautiful or dramatic. See the woman on te cliffs, wind in hair, the pounding surf below? Hear that piano? — CDinA2

**ROBERTA EKLUND: Poems From Dead Mummies** (C20 plus booklet; \$3.50; see address above.) This is the other end of the spectrum. A limited edition of treated poetry with echoing distortion, wild words, and pictures of tombstones, bondage and artwork. — CDinA2

**ROBERTA EKLUND: Go Tell It On The Mountain** (C20; \$2.50; see address above.) A hit! Eklund combines her piano cycles on "Manifesto" with word images of our sexual rituals by Deborah Jaffe. Some days up and some days down, the voices trapped in Eklund's brain speak out, for the rest of the tape is voice overlays. "Mate" has a speeding wife rambling household trivialities and a distorted voice analyzing. "Consumer" follows a bored, depressed, lonely and frustrated female as she examines what she can buy to make herself feel better. "Maybe I'm buying the wrong things." You won't go wrong with this one. — CDinA2

**DUKE ELLINGTON: Happy Reunion** (LP; Doctor Jazz Records, 1414 Avenue of the Americas, NYC, NY 10019, USA) It is laughable to hear the word "genius" used so frequently these days. Duke Ellington was a brilliant pianist, led an orchestra that in any year from 1927 to 1974 was among the five best in music, wrote in the neighborhood of 5,000 songs (dozens which became standards), did most of the highly original arranging and re-arranging for his band, recorded far too many classic records and still found time to participate in countless romantic liaisons. That is genius! As on any of his 200 or so albums there are magical moments on HAPPY REUNION. The two sessions include a 1957 septet date featuring Clark Terry, Johnny Hodges and Jimmy Hamilton while a 1958 quartet session has some magnificent Paul Gonsalves tenor, including a 31-chorus blues solo on "Diminuendo and Crescendo In Blue". Need I say more? — Scott Yanow

**MERCER ELLINGTON: Hot and Bothered** (Doctor Jazz Records, see address above.) After Duke Ellington's death in 1974 his son Mercer took over his orchestra and the band drifted aimlessly into obscurity until it became a part-time venture. In 1984 the orchestra started to appear on records again and HOT AND BOTHERED is the band's strongest effort to date. On this session, Mercer concentrates on Ellingtonia of the late '20s/early '30s, sometimes reviving the original arrangements — including a dazzling "Day-break Express" — and usually at least hinting at past versions. Trumpeter Barrie Lee Hall is the solo star, pianist Lloyd Mayers is perfect for Duke's spot, and guitarist Kenny Burrell has fun playing banjo on a few songs (but elec-



tric guitar on "East St. Louis Toodle-oo") Still I'd first recommend the original recordings, which are readily available. — Scott Yanow

**EMG: Power, Sex, Magic** (C90; 122 N. Stratton St., Mt. Prospect, IL 60056, USA) Interesting noises ranging from distorted vocal overdubs to loud screeching noises. Plus a gonzo folk song, "The Ghost of My Aunt's Dog, Pretzel"; a thrash rock parody; and hardcore music with intelligent lyrics. — Hudson Luce

**EMPTY RITUALS: Everywhere Around Me I See Empty Rituals** (C; Mental Assault Records, 31 Watts St., Chelsea, MA) This six song package opens with punch, energy and brutality. Songs like "Boys, Boys" typify this band's socio-political emphasis questioning the roles men have to play. Sarcastic, hard-biting, dark, scary and never mellow sounds influenced by late '70s to early 80s English punk. David Singers vocals are a cross between a bitchy English gay guy, Fred Schneider (B-52s) and Jello Biafra. Either way, I like the vocals. Overall, a band with guts and meaning sounding like an integration of Dead Kennedys and other bands of that hard, yet sarcastic mood. — Mark G.E.

**ENIGMAS: Strangely Wild** (LP; Zulu Records, c/o 1869 W. 4th Ave., Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6J 1M4) Monsters, monsters everywhere, but ne'er a one to scare. With **STRANGELY WILD** the Enigmas have concocted an enchanting brew of garage rock n' roll. "Rush Hour In Russia" (a howl to the great bass playing here) begins as a light Russian fairy tale, a sunny morning behind the iron curtain, but soon turns into a horror story of entrapment. In "Strangely Wild" spunky guitar picking offsets the vocalist's semi-monotone; this is gargyle music — ogress images underline every lyric and note. The EP even ends with a monster romp in "Monsters in the Basement." This latter song is evocative of the inspired lunacy of the Soft Boys and as with Hitchcock's boys, the music is always fun. This is music for a fall down drunk party. — Kim Knowles

**ROKY ERICKSON AND EVIL HOOK WILD-LIFE E.T.: The Beast b/w Heroin** (12" single; Live Wire, POB 1222, Santa Fe, NM 87504, USA) The former is prime Roky — blues-based nouveau-psyche. "The Beast is comin' to your world/town/house." Tight playing and good fidelity on this studio track. "Heroin" is a 1983 live, sloppy, screamed, poor-fidelity version of Lou Reed's chestnut. For Roky completists only. And why, for God sakes, waste 12" of vinyl for 11 minutes of music? (Editor's note: 12" singles usually sell better and receive more radio airplay than 7" records. They're simply more visible and receive more attention.?) — Jack Jordan

**ESPLENDOR GEOMETRICO: Esplendor Geometrico** (LP; Arpatado 14, 325, 28080, Madrid, Spain) The term "industrial" seems horribly worn, a cliché representing all of the stereotypic images of a genre associated with noise, the macabre, and uncontrolled hysteria; a distorted and silly term indeed, but in its origins quite representative of a certain musical sound. Esplendor Geometrico has been creating industrial music in the truest sense of the term, since 1980, structuring their pieces around relentless, interacting mechanical rhythms. The new LP presents a finely honed, razor sharp set of tracks, reinforcing and refining their style. Pieces unfold gradually, with electronic rhythms increasing in distortion and intensity. Esplendor's work is industrial minimalism; pulsating repetition dominates their work, and on the new LP several exciting variations are fully developed. This is a simple, unpretentious disc, executed with thought and striking precision. — Paul Lemos

**EXECUTIVE SLACKS: Nausea** (LP; Fundamental Music, Box 2309, Covington, GA 30209, USA) Aptly titled; this disc spews out track after track of monotonous mechanized dirge funk. Lacking the energy and force that made their mentors Killing Joke danceable, the Slacks bury themselves in this stuff. The listenable track on this LP is "Sisyphus," a light and pretty (albeit simplistic) guitar instrumental. It signifies a drastic departure for these guys; and I hope it's a new direction. — Richard Singer

**EYES OF GOD: The Dance Singles** (3 song 12"; Conceptual Records, POB 20, San Francisco, CA 94101-0020, USA) I loved this record! This music leans toward dance club beats with powerful drums, loud gritty thick guitar, which reminds me of a garbage truck going by: slow and guttural, yet sharp and chimy. Keyboards, bass and sax fill your ears and move your feet. Female vocals are spooky, sexy, and dark, but not pretentious. Some great grooves with a sensuous feel. — Mark G.E.



**FADED GLORY: Death Zone** (C-60; POB 6057, Winston-Salem, NC 27109, USA) These youngsters are obviously bored with hardcore. In the search for something else, they flirt with many experimental forms with varying degrees of success. The music seems born of the jam session, whether they are playing live or in the studio. The most satisfying cuts are either out and out excursions into weirdness, such as "Blood Ice Cream" in which a variety of diverse sounds including guitar and vocals are mixed at random producing very interesting results; or hilarious reworkings of such rock and roll standards as "Wild Thing" ("Wild Thing, I think I hate you..."). — John E

**FADED GLORY: Who Killed Elvis b/w Destroy** (7" single; Ripoff, see address above.) The band is four rude, surly, obnoxious, violent and destructive kids: Dirt, Fetus, Steve and Jason, none of whom can play a note. Eamed up with a rock 'n' roll producer and conceptual manager Ric Roberts they hit with one of the best punk rock 'n' roll songs in oh so many years. With their controversial image and vilent gigs they probably will self-destruct

within a few months, as may be their intention: live fast, die young, no future. "Who Killed Elvis", a rerelease, is the best rock 'n' roll anthem ever. — Rich Beef

**JAD FAIR: Best Wishes** (LP; Irridescence Records, POB 3556, Culver City, CA 90230; or Jad Fair, POB 143, Westminster, MD 21157, USA) Remember how alien the Residents sounded hearing them for the first time and how they grew more musical with repeated listenings? Classics. Well, this is Half Japanese's Jad doing his own version of the **COMMERCIAL ALBUM**. Twenty-one short instrumentals per side, alternately titled "OK" and "AOK" make up this album recorded between 1982 and '85. We get bits of twisted rock, beat/beatless dances, processional, spazz jazz, electroncis, everthing from surf to nuts, all instruments played by Jad. Forty-two great little compositions (and decompositions) and another wonderful color cover. Classic.. — CDinA2

**FAITH NO MORE: We Care A Lot** (LP; Mordam Records, POB 988, San Francisco, CA 94101, USA) A San Francisco underground band with a professional sound. On this, their first LP, they play tight dance music with funky hip-hop rhythms, understated guitar, atmospheric keyboards, and a big beat. Points of reference are Killing Joke, Shriekback, and Bunnydrums, but the music here is very much FNM's own thing. Don't be fooled by their tongue-in-cheek concern expressed in the lyrics; listen closely: "We care a lot about disease, Baby, Rock Hudson, Rock yea!...We care a lot about you people cause we're out to save the world." — Glen Thrasher

**THE FALL: This Nation's Saving Grace** (LP; Beggars Banquet/Jem) After their last LP, a disappointingly narrow (though good) postpunk grind rock album, it's good to know that The Fall have returned to their old brilliant selves. What kind of music do they play? "Paint Work" provides a good example with its irresistibly catchy but quiet folk riffs, which occasionally segue into roaring fuzz guitars, sometimes broken up by a tinny tape that sounds like someone humming in a boiler room. This forms one cohesive song that I actually want to hear and dance to again and again. "I am Damo Suki" is typical Fall with its wild, powerful drums and Mark Smith's hilarious choppy chant, which leads into hilarious high-pitched, frenzied screaming in imitation Japanese accent. "My Nw House" has a harsh but addictive rock 'n' roll beat and Smith's genreally steady but occasionally squawking, rasping or laughing description: "My new house, you shold see my new house...It's got window sills..." Bob Dylan meets the Sexpistols and together they find rhythm? Captain Beefheart jams with Iggy Pop? The Fall use their unique and eccentric personality to warp whatever influence they've absorbed. And in so doing they've delighted and thrilled me for the better part of nine years. — Richard Singer

**FALSE PROPHETS** (LP; Alternative Tentacles Records, POB 11458, San Francisco, CA 94101) These guys are really hot. Some tunes like "Somebody React" are fast, high energy thrash and the band rips through with conviction. But False Prophets are anything but generic. Keyboards make more than one appearance and there's a reggae cut thrown in. Usually I'm not thrilled by thrash bands slowing down the tempo, as most of the time they lose energy and conviction. However, False Prophets pull it off because their lyrics are about subjects which effect and should concern us all i.e., nuclear arm/arms, hate religions, mass brainwashing, blind faith, etc. The subjects are put forth intelligently without the slogan lyrics used by a lot of political hardcore. This album

includes a 24 page booklet. Each band member has a page to share their thoughts and drawings; a nice touch that made me feel as if I'd met the individuals. If you think hardcore is too one dimensional you really need to hear this. — Bryan Sale

**FATES WARNING: The Spectre** (LP; Metal Blade/Enigma) The label hype sticker proclaims this to be "progressive metal". From this example, it appears that when heavy metal becomes too progressive, it becomes a damn bore. This mystical, self-pitying, instrumentally masturbatory twaddle went out with Iron Butterfly, or so I thought. — Jamie Rake

**FELT: Ignite the Seven Cannons** (LP; Cherry Red, 53 Kensington Gardens Square, London W2 4B A) "The sound of ringing bells awake/ Me as the dawn was drawing near and/ You were standing there casting spells like/ They grow on trees." So sings Lawrence, head muse of Felt, in vocal style reminiscent of David Byrne's tone and Lou Reed's phrasing and with a lyrical tack falling somewhere in the broad "English windswept romantic" category. Magic, rain, sea, sky, moon, fire, ladies and whispers are just a few of the images that flit about in the soft-focus Felt world. The album is produced by Cocteau Twin Rob Guthrie and comparisons are favorable. This an album for contemplation, for leaning back and letting the gently echoed jangling guitars move vertically in your head as midtempo rhythms and stately keyboards (primarily organ) breathe and pulse happily. Liz Fraser from the Cocteaus guests on two cuts including the single, "Primitive Painters." — Fred Mills

**BOULOU FERRE QUARTET: Relax and Enjoy** (SteepleChase, 3943 W. Lawrence Ave., Chicago, IL 60625, USA) Aside from a brief drum solo, this LP is nonstop, hard driving jazz on acoustic guitars, played by Ferre and his brother Elios, the latest in a long line of European guitarists inspired by Django Reinhardt. Boulou is the main soloist, using melodic themes throughout, almost always tonally, and often with bop phrasing. Elios' tonality wanders more and ideas seem to come to him more erratically, making a contrast between the two. Classic jazz tunes are included (Rollin's "Pent-Up House", Dizzy's "Con Alma", Monk's "Round Midnight") as well as originals based on familiar chord sequences. The accompaniment by bassist Jesper Lundgaard and drummer Ed Thigpen is sympathetic, but the instrument mix sounds very good over headphones and less defined over speakers. — Bart Grooms

**FETCHIN BONES: Cabin Flounder** (LP; Landslide Records, 450 14th St., N.W., Suite 201, Atlanta, GA 30318, USA) These guys and girls cast energy worthy of X or The Violent Femmes. Beneath the hyper-bop of these unruly compositions are sharp hooks indicating five people having fun with their instruments, and in case you're wondering: no, they've never heard of song-form. I love 'em for it. — Jordan Oakes

**F/I: On Off** (C; Uddersounds, POB 27421, Milwaukee, WI, 53227, USA) Guitar, bass, drums, and electronics; loud and noisy like a jam session by a blues rock power trio that has gone through an industrial revelation. Each piece is based on a basic, usually simple, riff or theme, which is either developed or repeated. I like the full, noisy, raw sound but get bored because all the material here is so similar. — Scott Pollard

**DEBBIE FIER: Firelight** (LP; Ladyslipper Records, POB 3124, Durham, NC 27705, USA) On this instrumental LP; Fier offers eight tracks of her optimistic up-key jazz. A student of late jazz piano great Mary Lou Williams, Fier integrates piano, synthesized strings, oboe,

soprano sax, flute, and various percussion instruments in these pieces. Her band includes Mary Watkins, Nydia Mta, Marilyn Wilson, and Jean Fineberg (excellent sax and flute work by the latter). The titles suggest meditative and natural themes with side one being gentle and introspective and side two more accelerated. The texture remains lush throughout. A jazz LP performed and produced entirely by women. — Mark Dickson

**STEVE FISK: Kiss This Day Goodbye** (C; ARPH Cassettes, 1540 18th St., Oakland, CA 94607, USA) An engaging quilt of white rap, tape-loops, radio oracles, and other sounds. Fisk seems able to have serious fun without



overstating it into dogma. Fisk' offers a guided tour of radio inferno: love songs and isolate voices trying to make contact, commercials, talk shows where nobody listens. Intriguing statement worth supporting. — David Meltzer

**STEVE FISK: 'til the Night Closes In** (C-60; Arph/K co-release. Arph Cassettes, 1640 18th St., Oakland, CA 94607, USA; K Cassettes, Box 7154, Olympia, WA 98507, USA) Fisk meticulously puts together a sound collage of pop music, found sounds and television dialogue looped and edited into a musical almost tonal structure. Iconic edits of Monkees and Creedence Clearwater material, for example, are combined with exotic ethnic sounds altering the original significance of the elements. The inflated self-importance of the television dialog and the other spoken parts is exposed and used musically creating intriguing conflict. Overall, an ingenious example of tape music. — DK

**Second Opinion:** It's got Miss America or Miss Univers or someone; it's got a well twisted C.C.R.; it's got Dynasty horrifyingly revealed, shoots bolts of terror, I'm all messed up; it's got the Optagon (an early floppy disc organ device that Steve knows how to make strange industrial noises with); it's got evangelical fire with massive funk overdub, gettin' way down. This tape won't settle your nerves or fix your grades but it's done by a master of sound, it flows and will humorously depress you into a deep technological cosmic grok. Heaven. — Robin James

**FOREIGN OBJECTS: Into the Squared Circle** (LP; Breakthrough, 25 2nd St., Chelmsford, MA 01824) Boring, stupid songs about things like wrestling and cars. The songs are standard rock n roll with predictable guitar solos and smart-ass vocals. A bit of snideness towards women and fat people crept in and bugged me but then again this record isn't really worth anybody's time. — Lawrence Crane

**4\*4\*1: Mourning Into Dancing** (LP; Blue Collar Records; dist. by Lexicon Dist., POB 2222, Newbury Park, CA 91320, USA) After a swell powerpop/rockabilly-flavored debut 12" ep last year, these Jesus rockers get a bigger

sound and more thoughtful lyrics, which are both bad and good. The fuller sound complements numbers such as the title cut and "Jordan" but the approach brings them dangerously close to being Simple Minds clones, especially with John McNamara sounding (unconsciously, methinks) like Jim Kerr. Lyrically, the same ebullient and cautious evangelism pervades most of the time but "In the Night" portrays only the woman as being the guilty party in a seduction. Shades of blaming Eve! Anyway, this may bring them further into the spotlight but they should lay off the sexism and gloss. — Jamie Rake

**413 LBS.: No Dubbing** (c-60; \$4; D.D.A.M.P., c/o Andreaa, 511 Carroll St., Brooklyn, NY 11215, USA) Electric guitar/synth/drums trio play repetitious melody fragments with vocals groaned and wailed, and seldom in a key that bears much relationship to the instruments'. Also lots of "free" noise playing. As one of the group says in a letter that came with the tape: "All the pieces are composed or decomposed spontaneously. Musical and vocal phrases are taken out of context and rearranged according to mood swings; the context being a set of phrases which may have been prearranged or discovered in an earlier session." I found it hard to listen to, let alone enjoy, but there seem to be a number of people who appreciate this sort of thing, judging from the other reviews in this publication. — Bart Grooms

**FOUR TRACK MIND: The Waking Hours of Fish** (C; SEI, 475 21st St., San Francisco, CA 94121, USA) A band of above-average pop eccentrics. Synths, drum machine, guitars, voices. Different moods from song to song, but more variety is needed within each song, as many just churn away on a single uninteresting riff. They have ideas but need to refine and elaborate them. — Tom Furgas

**FOUR TRACK MIND: Prelude to the Afternoon of a Trout** (C60; Subelectrick Institute (SEI); see address above.) Synth (including percussion) and lots of vocals. Song titles: "Lip", "We All Blow Up" (poppish); "Dogs Have Always Been My Friends" (A man who sounds like LBJ talks about his dogs, accompanied by synthesizers), "No Change, Caldecot" (some space shuttle communications with synthbeat), Caldecot, The Piano Has Been Ordering Eggs and Sausage" (corny, funny sleepy boogie-woogie acoustic piano, a little newsbroadcast vocal material, horrible vocals — say what? — room noises. I guess they're eating breakfast), the title song (back in synthland with galloping instrumentals. — Robin James)

**FOURWAYCROSS: Fill the Sky** (LP, Motiv, POB 875422, Los Angeles, CA 90087-0522) Existing somewhere outside of a film soundtrack after listening to Bauhaus, Savage Republic and Joy Division, Fourwaycross claw their way out of this post-punk Brit-damaged depression and sound unique. The record incorporates elements of the above groups and adds stuff like flutes and spacy industrial drones along with the hypnotic transitions between songs to make a very atmospheric work that is a pleasure to listen to. — Lawrence Crane

**FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION: For Lack of a Better Word** (6 song EP; 4821 Foley, Nashville, TN 37211, or, 111 Campbell, Madison, TN 37115, USA) When I first heard revival bands like the Specials, Bodysnatchers and Bad Manners, my first thought was that white folks were interpreting black folks' music. However, it was not all that bad. The same can be said for Freedom Of Expression. With all that nice guitar work I wager that FOE is great at college dances. Their ska-like tunes (eg. "I Heard It Through the Grapevine" and "Forward

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We Stumble") are successful, moreso than their straight reggae (eg. "Stranded in Babylon", or, "On the Dole"). However, unlike much reggae and Rasta music, FOE lacks the lethargic but persistent resistance to dominant culture. Nice cover art — Larda Bix

**THE FRINGE** (5 song C; c/o Rick Daprato, Esoteric Records, 1716 Broadway, Sacramento, CA 95818, USA) They started out as a trio with a drum machine, synthesier and vocalist but are now an eight piece ensemble and have added a female vocalist and some new songs comprised of elements of jazz (subtle art), funk, and basic rock and roll. — Larda Bix

**FULL TIME MEN: Fast Is My Name** (3 song 12"; Coyote Records, POB 112, Hoboken, NJ 07030, USA) Produced by REM's Peter Buck who contributes guitars and banjo on this primarily two-man project with Keith Streng of the garage-rockin' Fleshtones. Streng has a good, rough rock voice that propels the ordinary material. Unpretentious rock and roll. — Brad Bradberry

**GARGOYLE MECHANIQUE: This Tape** (C; 69 First Ave, Suite B, NY, NY 10003 USA) My heroes' big return, not as intense as House of Dogs, the lurid melodrama, but all the great guitar sounds, synth/keyboard work and effects. It has bits and pieces from the fires there, and a new passion play (only one song from it though) called "Revelation." "The Zombies Come Home", "Sleep of Reason", "Let's Call the Birthday Off", "Whitewashed", "Alternative Memory". Accompanying Steve Jones is Jeanne Liotta, Marko, Ed Beer, Stephane Taddeo, Savid Sanford, Russell Cole, Carmen Waldorf, Peter Krakow, Raymond Bally, and Christian Lunch. This operation is one of the finest new theater/sound arts operations I have heard. I wish this tape had the polish that House of Dogs has, you should check that out. — Robin James

**LENNY GEE: Love We're No Strangers/From Dusk to Dawn** (7"; Vokes Records, Box 12, New Kensington, PA 15069, USA) Employing the sobriquet of "Lenny Gee", Leonard G. Underwood intones his songs in a simple, straightforward manner, with little ornamentation. This is really "barebones" country music, going back to the commercial renderings of Vernon Dalhart and the original Carter Family. Lenny Gee's plaintive voice is honest as he eschews gimmick and novelty in favor of total frontal nudity of musical expression — Norman Lederer

**GLAMOUR GIRLS: featuring M.C. Craig "G": Oh! Veronica** (12" single; Pop Art Records, POB 15591, Philadelphia, PA 19131, USA) There has always been sex in rap but now things are getting vicious. In this ditty with a half decent beat and about two words from Craig, Veronica is promiscuous and dies of AIDS. O.K. as these things go but there is only so long one can hear teenagers talking about unsafe fucking. — Jamie Rake

**GLORIOUS DIN: Leading Stolen Horses** (LP; Insight, POB 5599, San Francisco, CA 94101-5599 USA) Maybe it is too much to ask for any creativity or originality in 1986. Devotees of Joy Division, Savage Republic, early Cure, etc., will probably love this LP. This sterile rock music is probably supposed to express man's isolation in the 20th Century. The unemotional vacuum makes sense when they sing: "The feelings are gone", over and over with no feeling. Good soundtrack music for an Antonioni landscape but no innovations of consequence. — Glen Thrasher

**THE GO-BETWEENS: Metal and Shells** (LP, PVC/Passport/Jem) This slightly progressive pop is nothing radical, but it takes chances and displays wit without gimmicks. It doesn't always succeed, though. "By Chance" is full of

artsy, overstylized vocals and "Cattle and Cain" contains enough pretentious pseudonobility for one of those band-in-the-fields videos. On the other hand, "Part Company" is a fun ex-lover's send-off in the spirit and style of the dearly missed Only Ones, and "That Way" is one of the richest, most invigorating pop numbers I've heard in years. And I do like this band's thoughtfully disillusioned air, even though they sometimes take themselves too seriously. — Richard Singer

**THE GOLDEN PALOMINOS: Visions of Excess** (Celluloid Records, 155 W. 29th St., NYC, NY 10001) The Golden Palominos are the invention of drummer/sidekick Anton Fier, who produced and arranged this album. The band's lineup includes such unlikely studio-mates as John Lydon (Sex Pistols, Public Image), Jack Bruce (Cream, Graham Bond Organisation) and Michael Stipe (REM). The cuts that Stipe sings on remind me of recent Genesis or REM, except for "Omaha" a fantastic cover of an old Moby Grape tune. Syd Straw's country-flavored vocals remind me of Sylvia Tyson or Rachel Sweet. John Lydon steals the show on his own cut, sounding like Public Image all the while. All this is tied together by Fier's precise acoustic and electronic drum lines. — Paul Goldschmidt

**GONE: Let's Get Real, Real Gone for a Change** (LP; SST) Another pick-up band to keep Greg busy while Henry galavants around the country reading poetry? Side one of this instrumental LP had me thinking "for devout Flagwavers only". Especially this close to the release of Black Flag's all-instrumental "The Process of Weeding Out". That LP seemed to flesh-out the experiments begun on the "Family Man" LP from 1984, wherein the instrumental side seemed to consist of half-realized songs most evident on the last cut when Henry steps up to the mic to ad-lib and it falls back together as Black Flag gestalt. By side two of the Gone record however, it's obvious something's changed. The rhythm section — Andrew Weiss on bass (ex-Scorn Flakes) and Simeon Cain (ex-Regressive Aid) on drums — begins to lock into molten grooves with Ginn's guitar. The compositions rock-out in an angular way reminiscent of the Minutemen at their best, or STARLESS AND BIBLE BLACK era King Crimson. In fact, if side two of this record is any indication of what's to follow, Gone could become a great band for Greg Ginn to devote himself to full time if Henry ever jumps Flagship for good to take over Johnny Carson's spot on the Tonight Show. — John E

**JERRY GOODMAN: On the Future of Aviation** (LP; Private Music, Inc., 220 E. 23rd St., NYC, NY 10010 USA) For many listeners, the initial impact of the Mahavishnu Orchestra was downright devastating. Ten years after, the early albums can still be considered state-of-the-art fusion. Jerry Goodman, the Mahavishnu violinist, attempts here to evoke the Mahavishnu spirit, but he can't duplicate the earlier work, let alone improve upon it. His music is riff-oriented, like Mahavishnu's, and textures are sometimes interesting, but for this album to work, Goodman would really have to dominate, and he doesn't. The other musicians don't pick up the slack, and while they are generally competent, the drumming on several cuts is positively dreadful, turning one promising waltz into music for a third-rate bump and grind review. The best pieces are mellow and dreamy, almost new age. Goodman had better take command, hire some new crew members, and perhaps consider a new destination. — Bill Tilland

**JUDY GORMAN-JACOBS: If Dreams Were Thunder** (LP; Icebergg, 207 E. Buffalo St., Ste 501, Milwaukee, WI 53202, USA) This

latter day folksinger recorded the present album, her third, with German musicians (acoustic/electric guitars, bass, drums, and synthesizers). They did a fine job of accompanying her on four originals and six covers of songs by John Prine, Claudia Schmidt, Dolly Parton, and Pete Seeger, and the result is a bit more rocking than some prairie folkie fans may care for. Gorman-Jacobs sings with the energy a veteran Broadway performer, and she enunciates like one too. Her original "Iridescent Days" is a fine song, with lines like "I'm so far away from my own heart, I even wish that I were here." I find the uptempo rockers like Schmidt's "Give Me Some" to be more successful than the ballads, like Prine's "Angel from Montgomery" which gets a little ponderous. The tunes are well chosen, though, and quickly began to grow on me. — Bart Grooms

**LIZ GORRILL: True Fun** (LP; Jazz Records, POB 23071, Hollis, NY 11423, USA) Lennie Tristano, a highly original pianist from the late '40s who developed his own approach to jazz improvisation, pretty much retired from the scene during his last 20 years to devote time to teaching. A cult-like figure to many of his students, Tristano tended to spawn musicians who idolized his music to the extent of failing to develop their own identities. But now, seven years after his death, a couple of Lennie's greatest admirers, Liz Gorrill and Lenny Popkin, are starting to break away. Pianist Gorrill's touch is heavier than Tristano's and she utilizes thunderous chords much more extensively. Liz is at her best in this trio setting where she forcefully backs Popkin and plays off of his voice. Popkin's tenor recalls Warne Marsh's but the advanced settings force him to be creative outside the chord changes although he always sounds melodic. This is Gorrill's and Popkin's best showings on disc. Tristano would have been pleased to hear it. — Scott Yanow

**ANITA GRAVINE: I Always Knew** (LP; Stash Records, POB 390, Brooklyn, NY 11215) Fravine has a very appealing voice that gives proper feeling to every word she sings. In pianist-arranger Mike Abene, she has the perfect collaborator, who places her voice in a variety of favorable settings, from string quartet to a duet. The selections include high-quality obscurities such as the title cut (a Jobim composition) and some standards with unexpected trumpet solos. Overall this is one of the most satisfying jazz vocal albums of the year, a total delight. — Scott Yanow

**LIL GREEN: Chicago 1940-47** (LP; Rosetta Records, 115 W. 16th St., New York, NY 10011, USA) Green, a talented blues singer whose voice showed much individuality in the 1940s is mostly forgotten today due to her early death (at age 34 in 1954). She had two big hits "Romance In The Dark" and "Why Don't You Do Right" (preceding the Peggy Lee/Benny Goodman version). She was at her best when backed by guitarist Big Bill Broonzy and the excellent pianist Simeon Henry, and helped to lay the transition between the classic blues singers of the '20s and the R&B shouters of the '50s. This LP contains 16 of her best recordings (nearly a third of Green's total output) and showcases Lil with her Chicago Blues group and a slightly later big band. The liner notes by producer Rosetta Reitz are definitive and this superior collection is obviously a labor of love. — Scott Yanow

**JEFF GREINKE: Cities In Fog** (LP; 612 1/2 N. 43rd, Seattle, WA 98103, USA) Greinke's first LP is a mature set of dark soundscapes that are sparse, distant and beautiful. Greinke's haunting, exotic music quietly

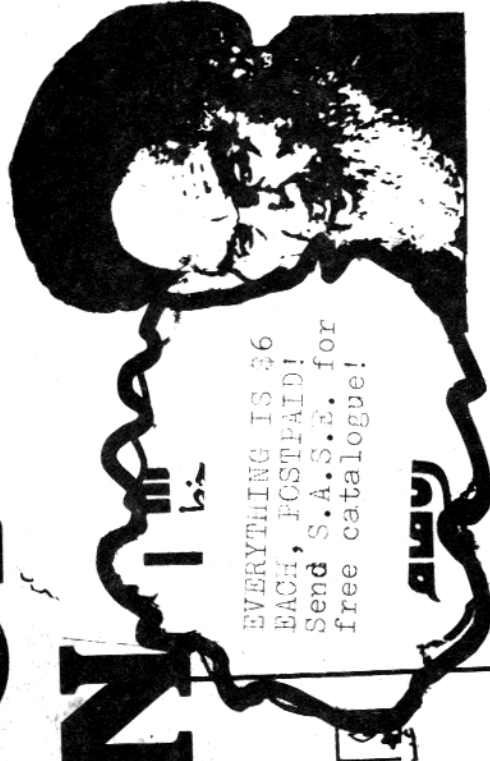
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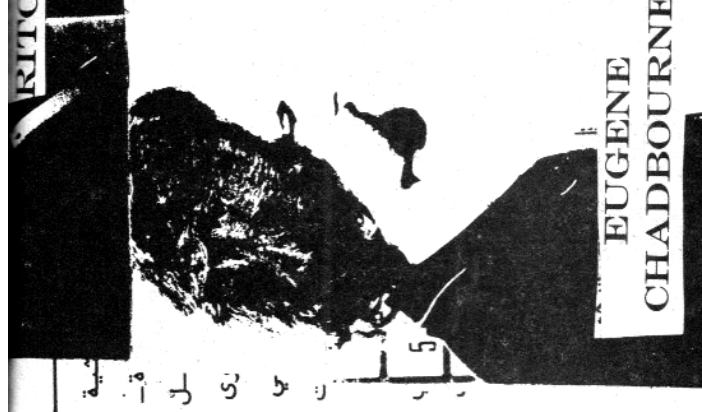
Eugene's cassettes are available by mail-order only (and at his concerts!) Lots of titles are available, so please list alternates in case Eugene's Collie Melody accidentally chews up a master tape. (This actually improves sound quality!) All cassettes are guaranteed-- if something is wrong or you don't like it, you can trade it for another one, no problem. Everything is copied in real time.

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Country singer Johnny Paycheck has filed a \$6 million lawsuit in Hillsboro, Ohio, against the bar where Paycheck allegedly shot another man.

Paycheck's lawsuit, filed by his lawyer Thursday, accuses the North High Lounge and owner Ernest Turner of failing to protect Paycheck from intoxicated patrons on Dec. 19, when Paycheck allegedly shot another man during a dispute.

Paycheck, 47, a native of nearby Greenfield, goes on trial Monday on felony charges for the shooting. Larry Wise, 37, of Greenfield, was shot in the scalp.

Turner said Friday he didn't want to comment until he had seen a copy of the suit.

Paycheck is best known for his 1978 hit, "Take This Job and Shove It."

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evolves through delicate layering of reverberating tones. This is a sombre, moving record, and as its title suggests, points to a scene where objects are nebulous and sounds dampened. — Paul Lemos

**JEFF GREINKE: Over Ruins** (C60; see address above) It's not uncommon for ambient music to conjure images of landscapes. Greinke's music does that, but instead of pastoral waterfalls and peaceful meadows, he creates images of bleak wastelands and pools of industrial runoff. The music is cold and grating, the stuff that soundtracks to bad dreams are made of. Other people have attempted to evoke this mood, but few are as successful as Greinke. Titles like "Regions Rendered Barren," "Through Conduit" and "Lead and Steam" sum up the sound and attitude of this cassette. — Allen Green

**GUERRILLA WELFARE** (LP; \$8.50; POB 11152, Edmonton Alberta, Canada, T5R4Z3, USA) Curtis Ruptash and Brian Schultz use a variety of prepared instruments, drum machine, synthesizer and pre-recorded tapes to create electro-ethnic dance music. This brings to mind the Brian Eno/David Byrne recordings. Although the form is remarkably similar, Guerilla Welfare doesn't get near the apocalyptic sound of those masters of rhythm. Nice cover though. — Glen Thrasher

**TOM GULCH: Somnility** (C; 1493 Greenwood Ave., Camden, NJ 08103, USA) Here are two moody, 18-minute electronic pieces with well-paced movements that make you wish they were longer. Each opens with a peaceful melody that is eventually overshadowed by a dark, foreboding, mechanical sound that marches to the foreground. Next, a bubbling and spiraling energy challenges the plodding machine. A period of ambivalence suspends everything. Finally a majestic theme gloriously rings the triumph of romantic melody over industrial rhythms. This is rich with melody and harmony and avoids the industrial collages, runaway sequencer exhibitions, and glorified elevator music of many electronic ensembles. — G. Ottinger

**THE GUN CLUB: Love Supreme** (LP; Offense, FGL 80 Ave. du Maine, 75014, Paris, France) Q: When is a bootleg not a bootleg? A: When one of the band members "licenses" it. In this case, Ward and Terry receive cover credit for said licensing of some live material. Packaged in a deluxe color cover and supposedly from '82 in Los Angeles and Imola, Italy this is a pitiful release. Heck, even my tape of the Imola show (actually Nov. 28, 1983) sounds better! Still, collectors will want "Death Party" and the amazing version of "A Love Supreme". Who's getting the royalties? Jeffrey Lee and I both ponder this... — Fred Mills

**PAUL HAIG: The Warp of Pure Fun** (LP; Les Disques Du Crepuscule, c/o Of Factory) Brilliant techno-pop, with the Englishman Haig, on vocals, keyboards, guitar, and drum machine programs, sounding like a cross between Lou Reed and a reincarnated (English) Jim Morrison, with a touch of David Byrne for good measure. Production is also first-class. The heavily rhythmic instrumental support is manipulated to create an electro-hypnotic wall of sound — sort of a Phil Spector treatment for the '80s. Typically, the lyrics (by Haig) are most effective when they are most inscrutable and/or bleak. Several love lyrics are least impressive (like Morrison's), with the romantic clichés defusing the menace/promise of Haig's powerful vocals and the intensity of the music. When the lyrics support the voice and music it is mesmerizing. Haig is something special. — Bill Tilland

**PAUL HAIG: Heaven Help You Now** (4-song 12"; Les Disques du Crepuscule c/o Of Factory) Flashy, upbeat, solid dance tune. Haig has

been turning out dancefloor gems like this for several years with limited U.S. recognition. This song has a positive feel with minimal electronic tricks and commanding vocals. — D. Maryon

**THE HAINTS: My Life As A Haint** (C60; \$6; Minoy, 923 W. 232 St., Torrance, CA 90502, USA) Two long industrial-like textural pieces with predominate use of bass, tapes, keyboards, and treated vocals. During "Mysteries Unsolved" stretches of hermetic stasis give way to environmental sounds (created in the studio?). Challenging and musically untypical music of a well-trod genre. Very colorful and great looking cover. — Bob Forward **Editors' note:** I object to the "well-trod genre" remark. Although the "industrial" and "audio art" labels are inexact and broad, few people have heard ANY of this kind of stuff, and even fewer have recorded it. It hard to think of a genre that is less "trodden" or holds more possibilities for development. — D.C.

**TERRY HAMILTON: Miss Liberty b/w King of the Country Song** (7"; Liberty Tour Records, 66 Indianola Dr., Painesville, OH 44077, USA) "Miss Liberty" is a light, mellow patriotic pop song about the Statue of Liberty. It is geared to make us feel proud about being in the U.S.A. On the back of the record jacket are copies of letters from Gerald Ford, Edward Kennedy and Richard Nixon each expressing their positive reaction to "Miss Liberty". Unlike the others, President Reagan's congratulatory letter does not mention the record specifically — probably a form letter. — John L. Basalla

**BILLY HANCOCK: Wanted: True Rock 'N' Roll** (8-song EP; Ripsaw Records, 4545 Conn. Ave., Washington DC 20008, USA) A very eclectic collection of rockers from a D.C. rockabilly ace backed by a tight band. Real crisp and powerful on most cuts. Hancock's willingness to adapt unexpected material to a rockabilly format works beautifully, especially when he rocks-up and exposes the blues base of Benny Goodman's anthem "All The Cats Join In" and reworks Eddie Fisher's "I Need You Now." This rockin' cat can really breathe life into old songs. — John Grooms

**HAP HAZARD: Otto Walk** (C-60; J.A.K. Prods., 2352 S. Osage, Wichita, KS 67213, USA) A very nicely packaged cassette including a large black and white art booklet and extensive fold-out liner notes. One side of the tape is a "Travelogue" conceptual piece ("Otto Walk") that follows the booklet through a casino-drenched landscape filled with natural sounds, birdsongs and barking dogs. The world wakes up and comes alive with traffic noises and the chatterbox interior of a fast-food restaurant, among other found sounds. The effect is calming and familiar and utterly sublime. Side two is a collage of tape experiments and early musical outings. — John E

**HAPPY MONDAYS: Delightful/ This Feeling/ Oasis** (12"; Factory UK c/o Of Factory) Steady drumbeat, bass and guitar that follow along. Lyrics sung forcefully with a slight echo. The melody is minimal (four or five notes total). The songs are not particularly musical. A generic Factory release: no personality in the music. Fine under Folk-Rock After-Wave. — D. Maryon

**GENE HARRIS: Nature's Way** (LP; Jam/Jem) Jazz listeners will be awfully disappointed. Apart from a couple of good solos by guitarist Ron Eschette and a good solo on "St. Thomas" by pianist Harris, there's little excitement and no depth. The funk tracks are tepid and surely won't appeal to the beat box crowd. — R. Iannapolo

**HATES: Panacea** (C; \$3; 4200 W. 34th, Box 132, Houston, TX 77092, USA) Rough, raw

punk (fast rock) from three guys in Houston who've been around for at least six years. Fast guitar grinding with few solos lots of unintelligible/muttered vocals and very uncatchy songs. A disturbing anti-Iranian comic strip they made in 1980 and some anti-black and anti-lesbian sentiments made me cringe. At least they aren't trendy. — Lawrence Crane

**SAMMY HAYES: Extinction or Evacuation?** (LP; \$4; Anointed, POB 27271, Memphis, TN 38127, USA) Tennessee evangelist preaching "a provocative message dealing with humanity's explosive end-time." Minimalist in approach, the only sound effects are his ongoing sibilance problem and his occasional extra syllable tacked onto the end of his phrases. It's an effective technique when used properly by speakers but unfortunately Hayes tends to stumble over his words at crucial points and the impact is lessened. Nice pulpit tone, though. Topics covered: Signs of destruction, the rapture, nuclear warfare, a world-wide famine, apocalyptic judgments, etc. — Fred Mills

**JIMMY HEATH: New Picture** (LP; Landmark/Fantasy) A diverse program. The basic group is a quintet with the fabulous Tommy Flanagan on piano, Tony Purrone on guitar, Rufus Reid on bass and Al Foster on drums. Three tracks are augmented by a brass quartet of two french horns, a trombone and a tuba. I've never thought of Heath as an arranger but this album changes that opinion. He literally reconstructs a standard like "Lush Life" initially scored for just tenor sax and guitar. Heath's version builds up as if it's a big band. The unsung hero of this date (and several Heath Brothers albums) is Purrone. He's an excellent in-the-tradition guitarist. A great album. — R. Iannapolo

**JESSIE MAE HEMPHILL: Merry Christmas, Pretty Baby b/w Shame On You** (7"; High Water Recording, c/o Dr. David Evans, Music Dept. Memphis State Univ., Memphis, TN 38152, USA) Hemphill plays an electric delta-style blues guitar, and sings on both sides. She also plays percussion. It's great traditional blues (guitar playing close to Sleepy John Estes) and as Christmas music, it's way out front. — John Baxter

**HICKOIDS: We're in it for the Corn** (LP; Matakio Mazuri Records, POB 4084, Austin, TX 78765, USA) Here is something you might call "joke punk" but their songs don't strike me as particularly funny. Despite the disclaimer, "we ain't no slick band from Nashville," the sound recalls a more gonzo Jason and the Scorchers with a metal edge. Hickoids cover Elvis' "Buring Love," but add nothing to that fat old slob's original. Hickoids are one of the many supposedly "fun" bands that are associated with hardcore/punk music that are just plain silly. Hickoids perform in their underwear. Hickoids suck. — Glen Thrasher

**ANNE HILLS: Don't Explain** (LP; Hogeve Records, 1920 Central St., Evanston, IL 60201, USA) Reminds me of Judy Collins' WILDFLOWERS. Hills sings sad songs and has a versatile voice capable of folk, country and jazz. She does a very angry interpretation of Tom Paxton's "Johnson." — Billie Aul

**JUSTIN HINDS AND THE DOMINOES: Travel With Love** (LP; Nighthawk, POB 15856, St. Louis, MO 63114, USA) Hinds has been a significant voice in Jamaican music since the birthing of reggae. His sweet voice and civility cast a gentle spell. The eight tracks in this impeccable collection deal with multiple dimensions of love ranging from the personal romantic to the racially ideological. Ex-Wailer bassist Family Man and lead guitarist Chinna polish every tune into a perfectly rendered jewel. But

Hinds (even the two man Dominoes are kept unobtrusively low in the mix) steals the show with a strong but tender voice that makes Gregory Isaacs sound crude by comparison. This recorded masterpiece is an unusually consistent showcase of vocal wonders. The title cut seems a summary of Hinds' musical goal, one he achieves fully. — Norman Weinstein

**BROOK HINTON/SIMON TEMPLAR: Isn't That What You Wanted?** (C; Subelektrick Institute, 475 21st Ave., San Francisco, CA 94121, USA) Begins with a scratchy message: "This recording will become obsolete." Some parts are tonal, some have a beat, but the music — drones, tones, and keyboard cycles — doesn't stand up to the taped material. Cool, slow, and spacey. "Covent, 1" comes close, with mournful wailing guitar, but "What You Wanted 1 & 2" and "E" are the hits with cut up and collaged music, electronics, voices from radio and TV and lots more. I wanted more! — CDinA2

**POINDEXTER HOLLOWAY: L.A. Kingpin** (C45; Phantom Soil, 578 N. Gower, L.A. 90004, USA) Painful nasal vocals treated to sound just like a Poinexter should. The kind of thing Ralph Records receives and rejects miles of every year. Twerp-o-delic and intentionally irritating, but one track, "Jack of All Trades" is a touching recollection of a school friend, a loving tribute from one misfit to another. — Geo Parsons

**DAVID HOLT: Reel and Rock** (LP; Flying Fish) Holt's sincerity is superceded only by his delightful banjo picking which rings with dexterity and accomplishment, esconced in a fine, even production on this country folk album. Holt does not have a particularly original voice but it is clear and strong and the female backup vocals prove valuable. — Kim Knowles

**HOPPER/DEAN/TIPPET/GALLIVAN:**

**Mercy Dash** (LP; Culture Press Records, avail. from Wayside, POB 6517, Wheaton, MD 20906, USA) This is worth the eight year wait. It was recorded in 1977 and scheduled for release by the now defunct OGUN label. It moves smoothly from rock to free jazz. At times the sax and piano arpeggios blend to a sound reminiscent of Terry Riley, an acquaintance of theirs during the days of the early Soft Machine. One piece sounds like Philip Glass with much more soul. But mostly these pioneers of jazz-rock produce their inimitable Canterbury sound. It's music that subtly drifts from spontaneous improvisation to highly arranged compositions and back again. It's a mix of piano, sax, drums and bass with some bubbly punctuations from drummer Joe Gallivan on synth. — George Ottinger

**HOUSEHEARTS: Counting Fifty Problems** (7-song 12"; \$6; Bob Robinson, 16 S. Wright St., Naperville, IL 60540, USA; or Paul Nini, 1386 Fairview Ave., Columbus, OH 43212, USA) Essentially a duo with revolving drummers; Paul Nini (bass, vocals) and Bob Robinson (guitar, vocals) create a thick, mysterious sound that, upon first listen, is suspiciously British cold wave in nature [cited influences include Joy Division, Wire, Josef K, Television, Mission Of Burma] but ultimately unfolds to reveal a warm center and a distinctive approach to the axework. — Fred Mills

**ICEPLANTS: Happy at the Wow Club** (LP; Small Tools Tradition, POB 8005, Suite 239, Boulder, CO 80306, USA) The instrumentation is two bass guitars and a piano. Dirty and slow but subtle intricate patterns bring the songs to life. Demoniac and mean, the rhythms create a spooky dungeon of sound. Vocals sound like Boris Karloff. — Mark G.E.

**IF: If** (5 song C; Silverlake Sound, 3371 East Silverlake, Tucson, AZ 85713, USA; ph. 602-624-6245) This Tucson quartet write mostly

mid-tempo AOR songs with catchy melodies. Their lyrics are straight-forward and conversational. The production is crystal clear. The truly brilliant effects — echoed lead guitar, urgent shouts, keyboard flourishes — do not achieve their full impact and drama and emotion is weakened by the long instrumental passages and mood shifts. — G. Specia

**IKS: Farewell** (C; Apt. X Tapes, c/o Stew Art, 1329 Revell Ave., Apt. X, Rockford, IL 61107, USA) Marginally-recorded live offering from a now-defunct Illinois band. A couple of the cover versions are interesting in conception if not in execution — "The Age of Aquarius", "Bedrock" (Theme from the Flintstones), and "Psychotic Reaction," which includes interjections of the themes from Gilligan's Island and The Brady Bunch. There are some interesting instrumental moments in the ten originals, but IKS has five vocalists, none of whom compliment the music. — K. Crothers

**ILL BILL AND THE SPINAL COLLS** (LP; \$8; Dancing Clam Records, 1200 Holly Dr., Sioux Falls, SD 57105, USA) Side One consists of energetic garage/power pop in the same vein as early Producers or Rockpile. Side Two is more introspective with haunting vocals and a strong sixties influence that ends up sounding sort of like the Zombies. The chorus on "Cemetery Yard" alone is worth the price of the album. Creative use of effects throughout, but overall production could be better. This is a strong first effort from a band even a mollusk could dance to. — Eric Iverson

**JACK VAN IMPE: Shocking Signs And The End Of The Age** (LP; ARCO, Washington Sq. Plaza, Royal Oak, MI 48067, USA) Dr. Van Impe is billed as the only evangelist to memorize The New Testament. Here, he draws on his talent for quoting verses by weaving a thoroughly depressing look at the future. "The Tribulation Hour" is a phrase that recurs and begins to scare the pants off me. Still, one takes solace, of sorts, in his fervent depiction of the Second Coming, and the solemn "amens" from the live audience are oddly reassuring. As a bonus you get liner notes by Rev. Jerry Falwell. — Fred Mills

**INFINITE DIVISIBILITY** (C; Matthew Tall, ID Recordings, 213 S. Alpine Circle, Alpine, UT 84003, USA) Overdubbed synthesizer tracks varying between new age ostinato beds and somewhat more adventurous textural sketches. Each of the tracks is based around a single sequencing pattern without much development, like sound cues for a theater piece. — Chris Brown

**INTRINSIC ACTION: Intrinsic Action** (C; \$6.99; 1109 Hinman, Evanston, IL 60202, USA) These works are constructions of found sounds, tape manipulation, sonic treatment and a little synthesized sound or altered instrumentation. In each are distant and haunting ambience with occasional vocal interjections, be it a simple conversation or an evangelical preacher's callings, they are manipulated to imbue rhythm and enhance the chordal tone. The most vocally oriented tunes, "The Gift of the Holy Ghost" and "The Lily and Her Enemies", are also the most powerful. I.A.'s ability to construct found vocals approaches that of Negativland, while their achieved sense of ambience is reminiscent of Jeff Grienke. The only problem is weak production that will likely resolve itself as the band becomes more in touch with their process. — Nathan Griffith

**THE INVISIBLE PARTY: Live** (C; Jargon Records and Tapes, POB 90594, Rochester, NY 14609, USA) Yet another '60s clone, influenced by any number of guitar-driven bands; as a result, the music has an Animal House sound: rowdy, impatient, and trashy; the guitars roll

and boil and the bass thunders beneath. Vocalist Stan Merrill calls to mind a young Mick Jagger; he gets your blood pumping even if you can't understand most the words he's singing. (You're not supposed to, right?) The best tunes on the album are the covers: Alex Chilton's "Kizza Me", the Seeds' "Can't Seem To Make You Mine", and a nervy rendition of "Ghost Riders in the Sky". The band's original songs, on the other hand, sound unfocused and derivative. The party-hearty highjinx that conclude each side are cute, but do not satisfy in the same way that a couple of well-performed shit-kickers would have. — G. Specia

**IQ6: Just Gods** (C60; \$4; Smiley Turtle, 228 Clough St., Bowling Green, OH 43402, USA) Interesting tape by a group that plays some of the most incredibly loud and distorted, ultrafast thrash on the planet. But they throw in authentic dabbling with sound and structure that is almost unheard of in this genre and include some real silly non-H.C. stuff like "Chicken Hawk," "IQ6 Theme Song," and "Anti-Social Club Mix." — Glen Thrasher

**THE IRISH TRADITION: The Time's We've Had** (Green Linnet) Together for over a decade, the Irish Tradition is an American trio of neo-traditionalists who perform impeccable readings of Irish folk music. The combination of Bill McComiskey, accordion, Brendan Mulvihill, fiddle, and Andy O'Brien, guitar and vocals, create a bright blend of instrumentals and songs played with devotion and spirit. Jig, reels, hornpipes, and songs give everyone a chance to display their abilities. The music is performed with integrity, filled with Irish music's ability to evoke joy and sorrow simultaneously. — David Meltzer

**THE IRONICS: Soup to Nuts** (4-song C; Camaraderie Cassettes, POB 403, Kenmore Station, Boston, MA 02215, USA) More smug than ironic; but if you live in Washington, D.C.; McClean, VA; Battle Creek, MI; Burlington, VT; Memphis, TN; Baton Rouge, LA; Louisville, KY; Chickasaw, AL; Poughkeepsie, NY; Worcester, MA; Providence, RI; Little Rock, AR; Milwaukee, WI; Guilford, CT; Anchorage, AK; Harrison, NE; Cleveland, OH; Salt Lake City, UT; Wichita, KS; Lubbock, TX; Las Vegas, NV; Butte, MT; Fresno, CA; Eugene, OR; Honolulu, HI; Glen Falls, NY; or Albuquerque, NM, the closing tune, "Gound Zero" offers you the undeniable thrill of hearing your hometown announced as a potential nuclear bomb site. Of the other three tunes, my favorite is "Jack Webb". All in all, another well-intentioned but stiff-sounding cassette from Camaraderie (see also Bam Bam's DISARM) which features politically progressive lyrics but lacks the grittiness and raw emotion which could make you really believe in its messages. — Ron Sakolsky

**GUSS JANSSEN SEPTET** (LP; Stichting Claxon c/o Alexander Boersstraat 16, 1071 KX, Amsterdam, Netherlands) Pianist Gus Janssen and colleagues (three reeds, trombone/violin, bass and percussion) present improvisations which freely cross the supposed boundaries that separate jazz and "concert music." This performance is not far afield from the wild musical antics of William Breuker's ensembles. A sense of humor (sometimes perilously close to slapstick) lurks within the music. The energy level is high through both the frantic and more subdued moments. Unfortunately, there is little emotional substance tucked beneath the impressive surface. The music is usually angular and percussive, the ensemble sound usually clean and bright (nearly brittle). Exciting in the wealth of influences that the individuals bring to the group; pieces take unexpected turns — marches, waltzes, chorals, post-bop jazz ex-



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cursions, pointillistic barrages, thickly textured sound-masses and circus bounces mix freely. And amid this musical menagerie is an unusual degree of continuity. — J. Stacey Bishop

**JOHNNY Z AND THE OCCASSIONALS** (4 song C; John Zawacki, c/o Spotlight Recordings, POB 1931, Ann Arbor, MI 48106-1931, USA) A clean sounding 9-minute cassette. The music is bright and airy, ranging from a folk ballad "Cat in a Tree," to a good fast rockabilly tune "You Know What To Do," to a bluesy "Goodbye." Very pleasant sounding music. This is the kind of music that you might hear at a bar that caters to a crowd used to folk and blues music of the late '50s and early '60s. It is well done and enjoyable. — Hudson Luce

**JIMMY JOHNSON: Bar Room Preacher** (Alligator) Of all the deserving talent out there in the Blues world, Jimmy Johnson gets my vote as the person most overlooked. Johnson's output (four cuts on the Living Chicago Blues series and two fine albums on the Delmark label) stand up to anyone's in the past six years, and this album is no exception. From the opening song, "You Don't know What Love Is," to the closing instrumental, "Missing Link", this is some of the best Blues around. Johnson's voice is unique, he writes some great stuff, ("Heap See" is a classic) and he covers other people's tunes sounding like he owns the material. Jimmy deserves to be heard. — Dale Knuth

**BEN JOHNSTON: Sonnets of Desolation/Visions and Spels** (LP: CRI, 170 W. 74th St., NYC, NY 10023, USA) Johnston is a composer of vast resource and innovation. Stylistically eclectic, his music plays between a keen sense of wonder and thoroughly competent compositional skills. "Sonnets of Desolation" is set to four Gerard Manley Hopkins sonnets for the always impressive New Swingle Singers. Written in a non-tempered tuning (a long-term fascination and concern of Johnston's) based on the natural harmonic series, these settings dance along, touching alternately the sublime and the highly predicatable. Though not in company with Johnston's most impressive music, this is good clean vocal writing. "Visions and Spels", based on Native American texts, is a series of Johnston led improvisations by The New Verbal Workshop, a collection of six poets, musicians and actors who perform what they call "speechmusic". Words and phrases are shouted, whispered, chanted and sung; sometimes fragments are picked up by the ensemble, "en masse," and repeated. This is wonderful, exotic, silly, entrancing, abrasive, mannered, out-of-control. The work seems destined to be as uneven and shifting as the whimsy of the ensemble members. — J. Stacey Bishop

**DUKE JORDAN: Wait And See** (Steeplechase Productions, 3943 West Lawrence Ave., Chicago, IL 60625, USA) Jordan is one of the seminal bebop piano players. After years of neglect he moved to Europe where he's been better appreciated and supported. His trips back to the States are rare so we have had to rely on periodic installments from Steeplechase to hear his art. Jordan is one of the least flashy of bop players but his intelligence and swing made him a favorite of Charlie Parker. Steeplechase has dipped into the vaults for this session going back to November, 1978. I believe there have been other LPs from these live sessions. But this is hardly scraping the bottom of the barrel. With an ace rhythm team of Wilber Little on bass and ex-Mingus drummer Dannie Richmond, the album romps through mostly Jordan originals (his most famous composition "Jordu" is used as the signature closing piece) and two standards, "Out Of

Nowhere" and "Misty." One odd thing is that on "Misty" (and only that track) the piano sounds badly out of tune. This is too bad because it is an excellent performance of an overplayed piece. This album is a good place to hear a straight ahead, swinging piano trio. — R. Iannapolo

**DON JOSEPH: One of a Kind** (LP; Uptown Records, 276 Pearl Street, Kingston, NY 12401) Don Joseph, best known as a West Coast trumpeter from the '50s who once was in Gerry Mulligan's group, has not been heard from much since 1957. Disillusionment with the increasingly commercial music scene led to his semi-retirement, teaching and occasionally playing near his home in Staten Island. This recent recording happily finds Joseph in fine form, retaining his quiet middle register bop style and his inventiveness. Heard in a quintet with old friends Al Cohn (on tenor) and pianist Bill Triglia, Joseph explores some standards along with his "Ash Wednesday Blues." A highly enjoyable session of relaxed swinging cool jazz. — Scott Yanow

**KAMIKAZE GROUND CREW** (C; Busmeat Productions, 4144 Ellenita Ave., Tarzana, CA 91356, USA; ph. 213-463-4172) They describe their sound as "circus-Turkish-cartoon jazz and pan-cultural rock and roll." "Extremely eclectic" also characterizes this cabaret/klezmer/marching band. The infectious high-spirits of this group derives from their genesis as the "pit orchestra" of the Flying Karamazov Brothers (The Second Greatest Juggling Act on Earth). They are as versatile, spontaneous, and wacky as one might expect from the band that accompanies a touring juggling troupe, and these qualities are conveyed well on this debut recording. The seven members command a couple of dozen instruments - trumpets, horns, trombones, tuba, clarinet, saxes, piccolo, guitar, banjo, mandolin, drums, accordion, glockenspiel and "whackos." Ensemble members have worked with artists as varied as Don Cherry, Brian Eno, Joseph Jarman, Klezmerim, and the Grateful Dead. Every cut will surprise you: blues, circus music, marches, nursery tunes. The only work featuring vocals is an original composition, "Rearranging the Deckchairs on the Titanic" that combines musical parody, inventive orchestration, and political satire that isn't embarrassing. This is family fun! — Leland Sainty

**KATHARSIS** (C-90; 1411 Divisadero, #29, San Francisco, CA 94115, USA; ph. 415-563-5988) This is an extreme noise trio of seemingly serious intent. When I say extreme, I mean it — the levels must have been on overload during the recording of this. What a heavy treble slice of the blade! Musically, this is sort of like Kil Slug mating with Jad Fair at 16 rpm. Excepting the use of a bass, all other instruments are homemade. Packaging includes complete lyrics and that's where the "serious" part comes in. Heavy dissatisfaction with existence, which is nothing new, I guess. What puts this a notch or three above similar stuff by other ensembles is pretty decent lyrics. No answers here but who the hell had any? Kant? Spinoza? You gotta be kidding! — Bob Forward

**DICK KATZ: In High Profile** (Bee Hive Records, 1130 Colfax St., Evanston, IL 60201, USA) This is an ironic title since Katz is one of the lowest profile pianists I can think of. This is his first album in at least 15 years and it's a good one. Eight cuts, evenly divided between trio and quintet performances, Katz has surrounded himself with first-rate, compatible players including trombonist, Jimmy Knepper and sax/flute player Frank Wess. The tunes are mainly contemporary jazz standards. "Laverne Walk" is a bouncy track with graceful

solos from Knepper and Wess on flute (he plays flute on three out of the four tracks he appears on). "Cousin Mary" (a Coltrane tune) is the most exciting trio track. Katz shows that he worked out the influences of both Bud Powell and Thelonious Monk in getting to his own voice. Great playing. And a good swinging album. — R. Iannapolo

**GEORG KATZER: Aide Memoire; ZYGMUNT KRAUSE: Folk Music; JAROSLAV KRCEK: Sonaty Slavickove** (EP; Recommended Records, 387 Wandsworth Road, London SW8 England) This recording of works by contemporary composers from East Germany, Poland, and Czechoslovakia kicks off a new series of Eastern Europe releases by the exemplary Recommended label. Katzer's "Aide Memoire", or "Seven Nightmares From The Thousand-Year Night," re-examines the insanity of Nazi Germany through a carefully-wrought sound collage using Nazi-era recordings as source material. History indicts itself as hysterical political rallies, period music, gunfire, and even the ominous hissing of deadly gas are mixed in a gruesome compost heap of sound embodying the Nazi zeitgeist. Hitler, a master of media manipulation, is bested at his own game by Katzer, who electronically alters the dictator's speeches in a way that lays bare the chilling implications of his designs. The composer's intention is to jar us from forgetfulness, and he succeeds; it is difficult, however, to imagine anyone going back for seconds. Krause's "Folk Music" presents 21 traditional folk melodies played simultaneously by an orchestra divided into the same number of sections. Only occasionally does a melodic fragment emerge intact from what otherwise sounds like an orchestra tuning up without regard to key. On a purely musical level, Krcek's "Sonaty Slavickove (Little Nighingale Sonatas)" is the most satisfying selection here; he achieves a remarkable approximation of the songbird's vocabulary through a highly-refined process of filtering and splicing human voices. — Dennis Rea

**KEELER: Legerdemain** (C; 132 W. 24th St., NYC, NY 10011, USA) Fifteen songs, mostly instrumentals, two places where there are some vocals. All synth, little funky sounds dancing through the groovy robot beat. Created for the dance troupe of Shelley Shepherd H.; premiered at Cunningham Studio Theater in NYC on May 28-30, 1985. The instruments heard here besides synthesizers are piano, rhythm box, short-wave radio, xylophone, Kalimba, and vocoder, with treatments and percussion. Nice sound, well produced, good palate of synth colors, very consistent in mood and the way the songs sound. — Robin James  
**Second opinion:** A collection of incidental instrumentals created by Keith Keeler Walsh in collaboration with the Shelley Shepherd H. dance troupe. Much of it is pretty standard techno/new age fare, which lends itself to use with another medium. I would anticipate seeing Keeler involved with video projects in the future, where his music, combined with the visual element, would have stronger impact. — Michael P. Goodspeed

**JEFF KELLY: Baroquen Hearts** (C; Green Monkey Records, POB 31983, Seattle, WA 98103, USA) Kelly, vocalist/songwriter/guitarist for Seattle's psychedelic Green Pajamas, offers 14 of his tunes performed and recorded by himself and culled from his output between 1980 and the present. His work is intelligent and imaginative without being pretentious (the latter being something pop can never afford to be). Kelly has a knack for conveying moods, and on this tape they range from the innocent romanticism of "That's What Lisa Does to Me" to the banjo-driven angst of "The Win-

ter of '23" to the Spiderwoman's Kiss of "Two Greek Boys" — all done with the simplicity and charm of folk music and the hook appeal of a well-crafted pop song. — Ron Sakolsky

**KENNY AND TZIPORA: Wineskins, Tinkers, and Tears** (Kicking Mule Records, Box 158, Alderpoint, CA 95411, USA; Kenny and Tzipora Klein, POB 746, NYC, NY 10009, USA) These two musicians use British and gypsy music as models for their own traditional sounding compositions. They play a variety of instruments, most notably violin and whistle. If you enjoy traditional European folk music, you'll want to hear what they've done. — Billie Aul

**KILLDOZER: Snakeboy** (Touch and Go Records, POB 433, Dearborn, MI 48121; or Killdozer, 933 Williamson St., #2, Madison, WI 53703, USA) Killdozer are a guitar, bass and drums trio that brings to mind the Birthday Party, Butthole Surfers and Scratch Acid. Michael plays some catchy bass lines while straining to sing as gutturally as possible. Bill makes some great, gnarly, shiney, bluesy, demented guitar noise/riffs/feedback. Drummer Dan is good at playing syncopated offbeats. My fave song is "Going to the Beach" which combines happy lyrics with ominous music ("We're going to the lake/Mom made some chocolate cake"). Most of the other lyrics match the scary music. Some titles include: "Revelations" and "Gone to Heaven." The lyric sheet is illustrated by Michael with great drawings of strange little humans who all have huge noses. — Pam Kirk

**TROY KIMBER EXPERIENCE** (C; Troy Kimber, 1013 Fleck Ave., Orlando, FL 32804 or call, 1-800-299-4426) Oh boy...the kitchen sink approach; tossin' layer upon layer of your "far out" electric guitar noises, add rhythm machines and other percussion, make sure none of these blend. Irritating and amusing, my friends and I used to make tapes like this back in the '60s, but, ours were better. I just drank two cupsa coffee and listening to this is making me feel carsick. Hand drawn cover of a guy in bellbottoms with his head exploding (I think). — Geo Parsons

**JON KLAGES: In A Dream** (6-song 12"; Coyote, POB 112, Hoboken, NJ, USA) Formerly lead guitarist for Hoboken's greatly-missed pop combo The Individuals, Klages offers a solo debut that is bright and melodic, full of catchy hooks and twitchy rhythms. For fans of Twiley, Big Star, the dB's, etc....toss in a slight country feel in places too, such as on the Everlyish "Now You'll Never Know." Klages has an uncanny ear for harmony, putting this record in the old "File Under — Pop Vocal Group" category, yet he hasn't forsaken his axe, either, as his manic bursts of feedback on "Les Jeux Sont Fais" solidly demonstrate. — Fred Mills

**KOMMUNITY FK: Close One Sad Eye** (LP; Independent Project Records, POB 60357, Los Angeles, CA 90060, USA) Sure, this "post-punk/psychedelic" stuff has been done before, but these guys still make it interesting. They use the traditional guitar/bass/keyboard/drums to create dark and exciting music. Patrick Mata, lead vocalist/lyricist, is the nucleus of the group and does some very emotional singing. — Ross Mohn

**KONSTRUKTIVISTS: Psyko-Genetika II** (C-60 C; Harsh Reality Music, POB 241661, Memphis, TN 38124-1661 or N.K.V.D. 153 Sunnymead Ave., Gillingham, Kent ME7 2EB England) These musical selections are portraits of the implicit, as opposed to the overt and obvious, rhythm of industry. Motion emerges out of varying textures. One of the exceptions to this is "Black December" where a discernible rhythm is the foundation for layers

of movement occurring around and on top of it. A lot of swirling delays and perpetual ignition present in this music (see "Mansonik (version)"). Oddly, on several of these pieces there is a sense of tranquility beneath the maelstrom veneer. — Bob Forward

**KORNOG: Ar Seizh Avel (On Seven Winds)** (LP; Green Linnet) Breton Music? What's that? It's music of Brittany! Celtic music of France! It sounds like Irish music with a French accent. Kornog (What, pray tell is a Kornog? A corn dog?) is a quintet that plays various stringed and wind instruments, and also vocalizes. Some of the tunes are ballads which tell delightfully passionate and sometimes tragic tales. Some are dance tunes ("Varbisha Ratchenitza", a Bulgarian dance tune in odd meter is the standout track here). The LP is beautifully annotated, lyrics are included (which is especially helpful, since the singer does not enunciate clearly...This further obscures such words as "plooky", ugsome", and "pinn", words which lend an aura of mystery and beauty to the songs). For those who prefer to stay closer to home (assuming that "home" is the U.S.A.) there's "Trip To Flagstaff", a nostalgic instrumental tribute to that Arizona city. Kornog breaks no ground here, but delivers a good solid rendering of an infrequently heard type of music. — Sally Idasswey

**FELA ANIKULAPO KUTI: No Agreement (with Afrika 70) and Army Arrangement (with Egypt 80/original version)** (Celluloid) NO AGREEMENT finds Fela and his old band plus Lester Bowie in the trumpet section growling and smearing sound, pleasurably bobbing and weaving on the African sound waves but paying debts to Satch and the R&B bands he once toured with. The lyrics stem from Fela's negative response to a request by the Nigerian military government to cease criticizing them in return for their "protection." Since then the government has made Fela a political prisoner sentencing him to five years in prison for "currency smuggling." Shortly after his imprisonment Celluloid signed Fela to a contract and release his Army Arrangement tapes from 1983 in a remixed, overdubbed version. At Fela's request Celluloid has now released the original tape on record. We get a full side of instrumental music this time around, and in addition to the accusatory lyrics of both records, we get some raunchy throw-away lines that were deleted in the remix. This original version shows that the remix was an unnecessary gilding of the lily. Fela's music stands proudly on its own two feet. — Ron Sakolsky

**LABATE/GLEBOW/TRENT: J.I.Z.M.** (C45; \$8; POB 886, Soquel, CA 95073, USA). Free jazz that delivers from an all-woman trio of multi-instrumentalists, usually in an alto-bass/drums configuration. Expected influences surface in the music (notably Ornette and the AACM), though the musicians communicate their individuality. The improvisations rarely settle into a regular pulse, and alternate between passages of manic, but detailed explorations of tiny events. The occasional presence of unorthodox (for jazz) instruments such as viola and ukelele further enlivens the proceedings. These players have got the post-'60s vocabulary down; Labate evinces his command of extended techniques on alto, and Trent's skitterish arco figures on bass are catalytic. This is music that could only have been made by musicians who are as good at listening as at playing, and is recommended without reservation. — Dennis Rea

**DAVID LANZ/MICHAEL JONES: Winter Solstice** (Narada, 1845 N. Farwell Ave., Milwaukee, WI 53202, USA; 414-272-6700) Four tracks of solo piano Christmas music. Jones performs "Good King Wenceslas" and

"Carol of the Bells" on side one while Lanz interprets "What Child is This?" and an improvisation on Pachelbel's "Canon in D Major." Opting for mood and introspection rather than an academic recital, the two musicians choose languid, thoughtful cadences and embellish with plenty of shimmering arpeggios and contemporary (jazz) phrasings. — Mark Dickson

**ROLAND LAPIERRE: 1984-1985** (C; 63 Maple St., Florence, MA 01060, USA) Lapierre attempted to write some important lyrics for these nine songs, unfortunately every line is a television cliché. Beyond the lyrics, the instrumentation shows itself as pleasant if uneventful. The redeeming song is "So Many Things" where an uncredited female voice makes me forget the words. Slick Fostex X-15 overdubbing and a Dr. Rhythm machine round out the sound. — Ross Mohn

**LAPSES IN GRAMMAR(AFFORDED TO AVOID SEXISM): Welcome to Miami** (Dog Tapes, Box 9609, Seattle, WA 98109, USA) This Seattle art-damage quartet never made it to their first scheduled live appearance (2/85) and were kaput not long after the no show. Culled from practice tapes, is a compilation of most of their work during their short existence. Side one consists of eight short pieces which present the weapons in LIG's sonic/musical arsenal: heavily processed guitar and bass, off kilter percussion, cluster-plunk synth bursts, hapily tortured vocals. There are even two blues mutilations ("Back to Jo Ann", "Waiting Around"). The second side consists of the title track which, to these ears, appears divided into day and night sections which alternate frequently during the course of the piece. The "day" sections present a flurry of activity that threatens to consume all participants. The arrival of night: aggressive, almost anthem-like, motion. This is where life meets a more abrupt end than the steady soul-suck of day. Though essentially low-fi recordings, WTM is an interesting document of an unfortunately short lived ensemble. — Bob Forward

**LARD: Lard** (C; Manor Multimedia, POB 19152, Kansas City, MO 64141, USA) Heavy industry electronics ordered by compulsive drumming. Insistent assembly-line sonic nightmare, punctuated (and punctured) by duck cries and blats. String bass telegrams pumped in a out of meticulously orchestrated clutter and clatter. "Kiss Me" is a sound-poem of dollhouse menace using looped toy-talk; mini "Twilight Zone" operetta. "Our New Home" on side one qualifies as Lard's "lyric" side, a repeated flute-like figure joined in melancholy by drum and bass. Side two of the tape is devoted to "Church of Daisies," Lard's pious tone-poem for bass, drum unclassifiable electronics, and gnashing organ or accordion or askew harmonium. Obsessively dissonant chords relieved by pointillistic single notes. It would be nasty to play this magnum opus for your favorite house plants. At this stage, Lard tends to overstate their musical ideas with message over-kill, also echoes of other artists work. Old news is no news. Let's say Lard's genre, for now, is Trad Avante Garde, a nostalgia band. — David Meltzer

**LAUGHING ACADEMY: Of Rhyme & Reason** (C; Camaraderie Music Cassettes, POB 403, Kenmore Station, Boston, MA 02215; or Laughing Academy, 329 Lamartine St., Jamaica Plain, MA 02130, USA) Laughing Academy's press release says that the band creates a "hypnotic sound using elements of rock, folk, jazz, trance and musique concrete"; listening to this corroborates that claim. Snatches of voices and melody float in a sound stream of electronic percussion, ostinato bass lines, quavering guitars, and white noise. You figure it out. I like it. You can even dance to it.

There are five songs (a rather inadequate term here) on the tape, all but one of which (side two's "A Real Laryngitis Victim") make for fascinating listening. Robert Fisher and Jeff Platz handle the writing and most of the musical chores. Get this one if only to hear "Umbrella", a treatment of an Ernest Noyes Brookings poem that will hook you while it puzzles you. — G. Specia

**LAUGHING STOCK: Pipe Dreams** (LP; Live-stock Records, 3140 Emerson Ave. South #102, Minneapolis, MN 55408, Dist. by TCI - ph. 612-645-0227) This is a good, solid, rock and roll album, well recorded. The songs are structurally simple but tasteful. There are very few "hooks" to lure you in. Laughing Stock is based on the guitar, bass, drums sound with a little keyboards thrown in. The singing is harsh and I wish for less screaming and more melody at times. But the band has a great sense of dynamics keeping the interest high. — Doug Hagen

**LAWSUIT: Bad Boys of Rock** (4-song 12"; Box 71, Postal Station C, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3M 3S3, Canada) No way around it; this is bad corporate-style rock. And judging by the lousy production, these guys have sold-out on a shoestring budget. — Jordan Oakes

**THE LEAD: Return Fire** (C; POB 822, Coconut Grove, FL 33123, USA) About half of the songs on this 19 song tape are good, hard, punk rock. The other half are too slow and get lost in long, boring guitar solos. Lyrically, however, these guys aim for the teen-age Billy Graham fans. Yup, Christian punks. Sorry, I just can't take seriously a band that tells me (in "Kill Satan") that Satan "is the instigator of teenage suicides." — Madeline Finch

**GABRIEL LEE: Impressions** (LP; Narada Productions, 1845 N. Farwell Ave., Milwaukee, WI 53202, USA; ph. 414-272-6200) Lee is a classical guitarist/composer. These short pieces of classical guitar and synthesizer (with



synthesist Don Slepian) consist mainly of atmospheric, reflective guitar improvisations, underscored by Slepian's beautiful flowing synth lines. As an antidote to the hustle and bustle of this world, "Impressions" may be your cup of (herbal) tea. If you crave originality, inventiveness, structure, adventurousness, look elsewhere. — Sally Idassway

**LEGENDARY STATUS: Bad For You (Baby)/Getting Under Skin** (7"; Veebitronics, 10860 Venice Blvd., #12A, Culver City, CA 90232, USA) Side B has crazed vocal rants and dirty guitars, amidst sly racial commentary. A sides' vocals could use coaching — but whoever said Costello was a great singer, and this'll recall "Alison". Some slippery axe phrasing going on too, a pretty decent slow-tempo slice of pop that keeps the tongue firmly planted. — Fred Mills

**LIFE: Better/Optimism** (12" single; Factory Benelux/Of Factory New York) Two songs for the end of the party. "Better" has jazzy guitars, a hesitant but danceable rhythm, nice vocals. Hard to classify (more pop than jazz) but stylish. "Optimism" is a tired song with campy lyrics. — D. Maryon

**CHRISTOPHER LIGHT: One Man Band** (LP; Kicking Mule Records, Inc., POB 158, Alderpoint, CA 95411, USA) Traditional

American, Irish, and Scottish folk music played on an Apple II computer. Light has excellently rendered these pieces in an appropriate spirit. The sonorities are similar to the fiddles, pipes, pianos, dulcimers and other instruments that are normally associated with this type of music. However, although the performance here is upbeat, rhythmic, varied, and without fault stylistically, I prefer my folk music played by folks. Credit is due Light, though, for reasons besides the music. The record comes with an extensive essay inside entitled "How Computers Make Music" which is the most clearly presented non-technical introduction to musical acoustics and digital audio that I've read. The project is unpretentious, and produced. People interested in making music on an Apple II ought to investigate this. Light certainly knows how to use his tools. — Leland Sainty

**SIRI LINI: Heat b/w Under Moonlight** (12" single; Pool Productions, POB 901242, Dallas, TX 75390) This sounds like a Pat Benatar/Giorgio Moroder collaboration to me. "Heat", the better of the two songs, is contemporary, trendy electro-pop. "Under Moonlight" sounded like a cheesy rip-off of "Stop in the Name of Love" to me, except for Lini's fine voice which cuts through the song's insipid, pointlessness. This is decent dance single with an above-average vocalist, with nothing to say. — Sally Idassway

**LIVE SKULL** (EP; American Independent Distribution, POB 594M, Bay Shore, NY 11706, USA) The music is basically post-Joy Division, but the emphasis is on guitar rather than voice. Voice here, which is seldom comprehensible, merely sets the angst-ridden tone which the guitar, rather than the lyrics, develop. This group and other New York groups like it (Sonic Youth, Swans) seem to be working from the guitar sound that Glen Branca began working on a few years ago, and putting that sound in more conventional song structures. There are so many people using guitars in interesting and innovative ways, including those who use noise, dissonance, and sonic overkill (i.e., Flipper, Frightwig, even Husker Du). Live Skull is merely exploiting a highly identifiable sound. They aren't very original, but easily categorizable, easily identifiable with new guitar "movement". — Scott Pollard

**LIVING LINKS: Gathering the Forces** (LP; Skratz Records, POB 80691, Baton Rouge, LA 70898, USA) Simple, funky pop from a bigendered duo. The stranger the lyrics are (as in "For the Parmecium" and "Two Girls"), the better these folks are. There seems to be some halfway-defined anti-military concept behind this but like I said, half way. Some of this is downright embarrassing ("I'm Not Streetwise" and "Do you Dream in Black and White?"), being most rancid but for a second go-round, this shows promise. — Jamie Reke

**MARGIE L'LANE: Careless Hands** (LP; Driftwood Records, POB 22988, Nashville, TN 37202, USA) Backed-up by her husband Sundown Pete on acoustic guitar, Jerry D'Anna on acoustic bass, and the violin of Gary Oleyar, L'Lane sings a dozen songs from the C&W repertoire of the '40s and '50s like "Signed, Sealed, and Delivered," "A Little Bitty Tear," "Yesterday's Roses," and "Driftwood on the River." The uncluttered acoustic arrangements and L'Lane's familiar delivery echo an earlier moment in county music. The album is pleasant in the same way as Riders in the Sky platens are, though without the Riders' apparent sense of humor. If you like re-runs (or re-treads) in a mellow tone — and if you don't mind how L'Lane's voice sometimes sounds like Carole Channing — this mid-range disc is a must-have. [I'm a sucker for "Ghost Riders"

which L'Lane and her trail-hands do in a big way — echo-chamber Wagner effects, et al.] For serious devotees of borderline Disneyland humanoidism. — David Meltzer

**LMNOP: LMNOP 1** (C; \$6; POB 90803, Atlanta, GA 30364-0803, USA) Playful powerpop with a vaguely experimental twist. LMNOP have a way of crafting Monkees-type rock while laying their feelings on the board in a rather tongue-in-cheek fashion, lyrically. These guys are strictly doing their own thing and they'd love for you to listen. — Jordan Oakes

**LMNOP: LMNOP 3** (C46; \$6; see address above.) Snap and crackle and zing...wow, a really bright band with smart lyrics, sharp packaging, fun attitude, no bullshit. This is the kind of tape I love to listen to after work to take the kinks out. Refreshing, and the sum of the parts is more than the whole, or something, heck, I'll just put it on again and groove. — Tom Furgas

**LOOKOUTS: Lookout it's the Lookouts** (C46; \$4 or trade; POB 1000, Laytonville, CA 95454, USA) A strident, sincere rant accompanied by basic garage punk from this West Coast Group. The lyrics are as self-assured as MDC, and the repetition never gets tiresome. The Lookouts have a relentless cutting edge that should please all sorts of rock n' roll fans. Maybe art but not artrock, the Lookouts are fever pitched frenzy that approaches the Velvets at their most punk, circa 1966. This is a welcomed addition to this genre. — Glen Thrasher

**EVAN LURIE: Happy? Here? Now?** (Himalaya, 4 rue de la Fourche, 1000 Bruxelles) Six tracks of solo piano that display the starkness of Bartok, the whimsy of Satie or Debussy, and the melodic jazz phrasing of Keith Jarrett. Through choppy, often staccato motifs, dissonance, and a sensitive harmonic and dynamic intuition, Lurie achieves young and ambitious music that, although often incohesive, is alive with invention. Straddles the fence between the classical and jazz traditions. — Mark Dickson

**LONNIE MACK: Strike Like Lightning** (LP; Alligator) For the past few years, when listening to bands at various clubs, the guitarist would break into a searing instrumental. No matter what band or where it was played it never failed to get the crowd dancing. A friend finally clued me in that the song was "Wham", by Lonnie Mack. The good folks at Alligator have released an album by Lonnie Mack, his first since 1977, and I can see why so many guitarists play his music. Lonnie is one of the Dads of rock guitar. Lonnie assembled a group of his old Cincinnati pals plus the latest blues/rock superstar, Stevie Ray Vaughan, to create a roadhouse rock masterpiece. Lonnie and Stevie Ray will burn your stereo down with an updated version of "Wham" appropriately titled "Double Whammy". — Dale Knuth

**THE MADDOX BROTHERS & ROSE: On The Air Vol. 2** (Arhoolie Records, 10341 San Pablo Ave., El Cerrito, CA 94530, USA) Another valuable addition to Arhoolie Records' documentation of the impact made by the Maddox clan (brothers Fred, Cal, Don, Henry, and sister Rose) on the vital California country-music scene of the '40s and '50s. Like the other albums in this project — "Maddox Brothers And Rose, 1946-1951" in two volumes and the first volume of "On The Air" — this disc is a collection of acetate transcriptions of radio shows, demos, unissued recordings, and the group's only appearance on the Grand Ole Opry in 1949. "The Most Colorful Hillbilly Band in America" was a hard-working aggressive ensemble crackling with raw energy. The center of their sound was the voice of Rose Maddox, instantly recognizable





## C O P E R N I C U S

- 1 Bangles
- 2 Rude Buddha
- 3 C van Beethoven
- 4 Pere Ubu
- 5 Copernicus
- 6 Blackhouse
- 7 Fine Young Cannibals
- 8 Naked Raygun
- 9 Violent Femmes
- 10 Black Flag
- 11 PIL

- 18 Church
- 19 Artless
- 20 Talk Talk

- 1 PIL
- 2 Violent Femmes
- 3 Costello Show
- 4 Jesus and Mary Chain
- 5 Pretty in Pink
- 6 Church
- 7 Husker Du
- 8 Tommy Keene
- 9 Stan Ridgway
- 10 Let's Active
- 11 Pandoras
- 12 Rain Parade
- 13 Cramps
- 14 Lloyd Cole
- 15 Pere Ubu
- 16 Bangles
- 17 Talk Talk
- 18 Red Lorry Yellow Lorry
- 19 Fine Young Cannibals
- 20 Swimming Pool Qs

- 1 Violent Femmes
- 2 Jesus and Mary Chain
- 3 PIL
- 4 Soul Asylum
- 5 Costello Show
- 6 Fine Young Cannibals
- 7 Tommy Keene
- 8 Pretty in Pink
- 9 Husker Du
- 10 Stan Ridgway
- 11 Church
- 12 Rain Parade
- 13 Pandoras
- 14 Pere Ubu
- 15 Lloyd Cole
- 16 Flesh for Lulu
- 17 Minutemen
- 18 Bangles
- 19 Ministry
- 20 Call

- 1 Violent Femmes
- 2 Costello Show
- 3 PIL
- 4 Husker Du
- 5 Pere Ubu
- 6 Green on Red
- 7 Soul Asylum
- 8 Naked Prey
- 9 Bangles
- 10 Naked Raygun
- 11 Eugene Chadbourne
- 12 Stan Ridgway
- 13 Pandoras
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CMJ NEW MUSIC REPORT

**COPERNICUS Victim Of The Sky (P.O. Box 150, Brooklyn, NY 11217)** . . . Copernicus is a genuine poet/performer whose soul screams for eternal release, and whose words are heightened by the emphatic way he delivers them. Remember the impact of Jim Morrison's words "You cannot petition the Lord with prayer"? Copernicus can, and does, often spontaneously, capture that feeling ("Bacteria," "In Terms Of Money"). **Victim Of The Sky** is a richly varied work, ranging from the light electro-rhythms of "Victim Of The Night" (great sax work by Matty Fillou and echoed vocal effects) to the ballad "The Wanderer," as well as the reggae treatment given to "Desperate" and the epic "The Lament Of Joe Apples." The latter, a nine minute ranting monologue by a man at wit's end ragging on his kid in a guttural voice, rivals a Pacino or Cagney performance for sheer power. The song's sparse musical burble, and a backing voice that softly sings "Hey old man won't you read my book/It took me years to write it won't you take a look," are prime examples of the creative nuances that permeate Copernicus' work. Don't miss this one.

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Both Albums personally autographed by Copernicus Available for \$8.00 each from:

**COPERNICUS - BOX 150, BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11217**

by its power and clarity, one of the most distinguished country voices of that epoch. The Maddox's had a vast, wide-ranging repertoire, a veritable encyclopedia of country-music genres and modes — everything from gospel, ballads, novelty, boogies, reels, rags — encompassing the music's past as well as adapting to the transition in the '40s from acoustic string-band music to the more sophisticated electrified Western Swing sounds. This album is well-detailed with informative liner-notes. — David Meltzer

**MAGTHEA: Saxapulations** (C60; 3RIO Cassettes; Juliaandilensstraat 22 B, 2018 Antwerpen, Belgium, 03, 2371309) Magthea uses tapes solicited from various musicians and subjects them to a variety of manipulations. Side one uses tapes from saxophonist Barry Edgar Pilcher, and so explores his mellow melodic style with loops and overlays, etc. On side two ("Sound Painting") Magthea mixes music by four different musicians (with some added synth, drum machine, etc.) and manages to hold chaos in check while creating a rich collage of melody, rhythm and sound that requires many listens to uncover all the details. Great. — Tom Furgas

**MAJESTICS: At Royal Star** (C; Royal Star Studios, 250 Pixley Rd., Rochester, NY 14624, USA) The Majestics are a white reggae band that have played with Lee Perry and toured with Burning Spear. Their music holds closer to mainstream rock. 45 minutes, including several dub versions. — Calvin Johnson

**ABNER MALATY: Ccool** (C; \$4; Creamer House, 711 Ellerdale Rd., Chesterfield, IN 46017) Good noises and little worlds from Indiana. Minimal synth and guitar, voices, rarely singing, and interesting sounds create a number of sad, spacey moods. They go by without much pretense, and you have to pay attention. Listening to the spaces and the sounds, though, there's a captivating cumulative atmosphere. A voice, in one song, says "Go ahead and sit in your chair — your body's not moving, but your mind's still aware." It's like, far out. — W. Mueller

**MANNHEIM STEAMROLLER: Saving The Wildlife** (LP; American Gramophone, 9130 Mormon Bridge Rd., Omaha, NE 68152, USA) Taken as a whole, this was wonderful: The winning LP cover design featuring beautiful photographs of endangered animal species, the concept behind this production, as well as the auditory confections themselves. Each cut is a musical portrait of the various animals...wolves, tigers, etc. Visualizing the wildlife scenes while listening to this can be quite moving. Some cuts stand on their own nicely without knowing their give-away titles or anything about the album's concept. The music was created for a PBS special, and as noble as the cause is, I can't help thinking the music would have been even better were it not composed within the narrow constraints of a TV production. It does sound like TV production music and as such, retains an inherent blandness, a non-intensity. One doesn't lapse into boredom, however, as there is enough variety here to engage even a TV addict's attention span. This is a first-class production and the pressing is audiophile quality. — Sally Lassaway

**MAP OF THE WORLD: Monkey Paw b/w Disconnection** (7") and **Hiroshima Girls b/w Great Days** (12" single; Stigmata Records, 1101 Pomona, Ann Arbor, MI 48103, USA) Quirky, danceable, post-new wave pop 'n' roll. "Monkey Paw" had me yearning as Sophia Hanifi sang poetry about dissatisfaction and jealousy. "Great Days" is reminiscent of the early Kinks. This is the kind of pop that ought to be popular. — Jamie Rake

**CHRISTIAN MARCLAY: Record Without A Cover** (Single-sided LP; Recycled Records, 304 E. 5th St., Suite 5B, New York, NY 10003, USA) Marclay plays records as his instrument — breaking them and gluing them back together, scratching them up, playing them on special turntables, and so forth. So it may not come to anyone's surprise that his first solo record would itself be a "musical instrument." Each record was personally scratched-up to add to the recorded music. Also, the middle hole was purposely made bigger so that slippage problems would alter things. And, as the record's title indicates, it comes without a cover, or any protective sleeve; in fact the notes on the back of the record instruct you not to put it in anything protective — a rule I'm not following. The music was taken from various records, and it's very good. Once would think that something like this would be very spontaneous sounding, but it has a very composed sound. It starts out with the sound of scratches, which gradually become thicker and more intense. Slowly, some altered music drifts in. The music gets louder and soon replaces the scratches. The music comes from many sources, and it's fun to try and recognize them. All and all, a very rewarding piece of vinyl, but obviously not one for all tastes. — Douglas Bregger

**DIANE MARSHALL: Aqua Blues** (LP; Jaguar Records, POB 485, New Smyrna Beach, FL 32069, USA) A sultry vocalist brings the mannerisms of rock and blues to a form of hybrid-reggae she calls "Trop-rock." The result is as entertaining and meaningful as any recent album by any of the big name female reggae vocalists. Marshall translates the traditional reggae song lyrics about Babylon and exile into the blues. The most reggae flavored cuts like "Baby Let's Run Away" and "I Can't Handle It" are about erotic yearning suffused with spirituality, a total reversal of what you'd expect from a Jamaican woman vocalist like Judy Mowatt. She includes a few hard rockers and performs them with winning brashness and bravado. Her backing band of young Miami musicians shine throughout. Marshall is exploring a significant musical territory by redefining (Americanizing?) Caribbean music through rock and blues. This is rousing and wholly satisfying. — Norman Weinstein

**RAY MASON: Love Walk** (C; \$4; Captivating Music, 58 Hawley St., Northampton, MA 01060, USA) The sound is poppy, fun and toe-tapping. Mason's influences are extremely varied including early '70s with a major dose of John Lennon. Ray's voice is breathy, thin, and melodic though sometimes strained. His music is honest, non-pretentious, and sentimental. Much more of a rock 'n' roll edge than Ray's previous work and I like it. When your girlfriend tells you indie music is disgusting, put this on. — Mark G.E.

**RAY MASON: Who Is Minding the Store?** (C45; see address above) Pop tunes. Great enthusiasm translates through the medium, the kind of musical dedication that stands out. — Robin James

**MASTER/SLAVE RELATIONSHIP: The Heaviest** (4 song C; \$2.50; Cause and Effect, POB 30383, Indianapolis, IN 46230, USA) Distortion is a key word here. Warped tape manipulations with keyboard patterns and drums. Treated vocals: "You just don't know the way I feel" and "What did you do?" repeated over sinister keyboards, driving drums, whippings and the hit title track. Truly heavy (thick, wild, abrasive). One can imagine legions of zombie rockers marching to Deborah Jaffe's horror show screams of "This is the heaviest, this is great. Help!" It's a noise classic. — CDinA2

**ALLAUDIN MATHIEU: Listening To Evening** (LP; Sona Gaia Productions, 1843 N. Farwell Ave., Milwaukee, WI 53202, USA) Tranquil piano music reflecting solitude and simplicity of lifestyle. The six pieces are invocative, hypnotic, and lilting. Music at peace. The pieces do not probe or pry at deep truths, rather, they reflect the placidness and contentment of simply being. — Mark Dickson

**ALEX McFEE: Wish Chant** (C; \$6.50; No Categories, POB 4243, San Luis Obispo, CA 93403, USA) This is psychological folk pop with the same kind of airy stillness evoked so aptly in Springsteen's *NEBRASKA*. "Mojave Morning" is a soaringly haunting song; McFee is accompanied by an unidentified female vocalist and comparisons to Richard and Linda Thompson seem appropriate, for both achieve a natural timelessness. The imagery on side one is mostly of nature: McFee as an experienced Thoreau. The lyrics are about finding an appreciable haven for life in love and music; McFee's stated purpose on the liner notes is to see with the clarity of love. This notion is muddled on side two by the intrusion of imagery which condemn city life and its alienation. However, this kind of confusion is evidence of the contradictions inherent in modern day living and therefore adds to the truth of the work. — Kim Knowles

**DAVE McKENNA: Dancing in the Dark and Other Music of Arthur Schwartz** (LP; Concord Jazz, POB 845, Concord, CA 94522, USA) Pianist McKenna's interpretations of Schwartz's music are straightforward, melodic and swinging. His rolling basslines set a perfect backing for his right hand's improvisations on this solo set. Such standards as "Alone Together", "I guess I'll Have To Change My Plans" and the title cut alternate with lesser-known but superior selections. Schwartz's chord sequences are original and his melodies often stick in one's mind. He surely would have enjoyed McKenna's tasteful renditions. — Scott Yanow

**MECHANICAL STERILITY: Band of a Thousand Lunches** (C; c/o M. Schafer, 75 Fairview Ave. #3B, NYC, NY 10040, USA) Get out the tinted glasses for this one. Some psychedelic classics from the likes of the Beatles and the Doors, along with unlikely company from Flipper, all get taken to their fuzz-phased tripping extreme here. And you thought the original of "I Am the Walrus" was as jam-packed with effects as it could get. It's a fun idea, and the guitar and synthesizer are often very good. Unfortunately for the most part the vocals aren't sung, and they're not spoken in any interesting or appropriate way. When, as in an acoustic and pretty straightforward version of "Jealous Guy," they are sung, they sound thin. Other than the generally tasteless and bad song "Santa Claus Is Coming (To Rape Your Wife)" this collection is recommended if for no other reason than for the crazed version of the Monkees' "I'm Not Your) Steppin' Stone". — W. Mueller

**MENTAL ANGUISH: Shot in the Dark** (C; Harsh Reality, POB 241661, Memphis, TN 38124-1661, USA) One person, Chris Phinney, recorded at home. Includes relentless digital drum machine percussion set against soothing Eno-ish drones while he screams the vocals. Everything is echoey and distorted. The contrasts and anger account for most of the interest here. — Lawrence Crane

**MENTAL PICTURE: Futurisms** (C60; \$9.98; 6967 N. Rockledge Ave., Glendale, WI 53209, USA) This tape is a patchwork of all the excesses of personal indulgences that two people could create with a studio crammed full of electronic gizmos. The extravagances include: a

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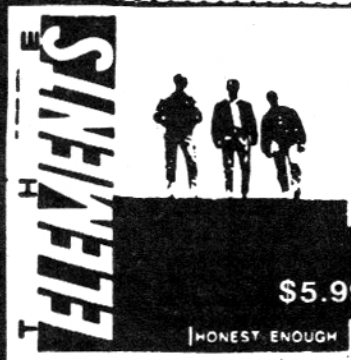
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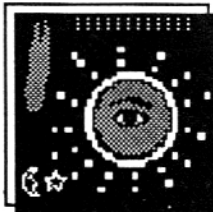
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five-minute drum solo that is phased and panned to death ala Carl Palmer circa '71; two minutes of God-awful chanting through a digital delay; patently synthetic thunderstorms that sound like your bathroom shower; sequencers that seem to have a mind of their own as they wander about. The guitar work is technically good while the drumming is excellent. These guys should sell most of their gadgets and hire a manager. — George Ottinger

**MERZBOW: Yantra Material Action** (C-46; dist. by RRRRecords, 151 Paige St., Lowell, MA 01852, USA) There's a lot of music like this floating around: apparently improvised conglomerations of guitar, feedback, found percussion, static and so forth. Merzbow is especially interesting because he appears to be discovering everything in the process instead of copying others, inducing a child-like wonder at simply being able to create. Will definitely fill your daily noise requirements. — Lang Thompson

**MEZZ MEZZROW: Paris 1955, Vol. One** (LP; DRG Swing, 157 West 57th St., New York, NY 10019, USA) Mezzrow was always a controversial figure. Praised to the skies by French writer Hugues Panassie and scorned by most other critics, Mezzrow had the audacity to record often with musicians far above his abilities (particularly the immortal Sidney Bechet) and to brag a bit about his talents. Although an erratic clarinetist, Mezz sounded fine on the blues and could jam with sincerity over simple chord changes. PARIS 1955 captures Mezzrow in one of his last recordings, and for the only time taking advantage of the longer time allowed on an LP. With the unusual instrumentation of two trumpets (Peanuts Holland and Guy Lognon, both in fine form), piano, drums and clarinet, Mezzrow jams on "Blues with a Bridge" and "Minor With A Bridge", both divided into two parts (slow and fast). This is Mezz at his prime and lovers of New Orleans jazz should look for this one, along with Mezzrow's classic autobiography "Really the Blues". — Scott Yanow

**LOU MIAMI: Rituals** (LP; Throbbing Lobster, POB 205, Brookline, MA 02146, USA) Booming guitars pounding out pedestrian simple chord progressions, banal musical connective tissue between verses, thumping drums, all recorded to studio perfection. "Rituals" is supposed to be weird, macabre and forbidden. However, while straining to be mysterious, this sounds cheerful and stupid, like a Quija board at a beer party. — Sally Idasswey

**MULGREW MILLER: Keys To The City** (LP; Landmark/Fantasy) Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers long line of pianists is impressive: Horace Silver, Cedar Walton, Bobby Timmons, Keith Jarrett, James Williams and now, Mulgrew Miller. This, his debut album, shows his impressive technique and strong sense of jazz piano history. The influences appear to be Wynton Kelly, Red Garland and McCoy Tyner. The program astutely mixes originals and lesser played jazz tunes. One off-the-wall find is the 1947 Miles Davis composed "Milestones" (completely different from the more famous 1958 piece by the same name.) This is a vintage circuitous pop line that Miller breezes through. "Song For Darnell" is a cooker in 3/4 time, that's pushed by Ira Coleman's bass and Marvin Smith's high powered drumming. Miller is a complete pianist and this is a superb document. — R. Iannapolo

**MINIMAL COMPACT: Raging Souls** (LP; Crammed Discs, 43 Rue General Patton, 1050 Brussels, Belgium) This Factory distributed LP has the signature "Factory" sound. It's recognizedly produced by the mighty Colin Newman, who would be spending his time more wisely working on his own material. Very remi-

niscient of Virgin Prunes; leans towards primitive rhythms with savory middle eastern influence. Unusual, but lacking intensity. The Delevois say: 7.

**MINOY: White With a Crust of Chill** (C; 923 W. 232 St., Torrance, CA 90502, USA) Thick layers of sounds added together make a detailed and overwhelming mix. Most of the tapes from Mino have a distinct sound, sort of like high-pitched machine noises with bits of different musics wafting in and out of focus. Excellent, must hear. — Robin James

**STANTON MIRANDA: Wheels Over Indian Trails** (12" single; c/o Of Factory, NY) An above-average disco single featuring the small, puckish vocals of Miranda, who also plays bass and guitar. Dreamy keyboards swirl around acoustic and programmed drums and echoing rhythm guitar. Side A is the undulating and overlapping instrumental warm-up. — Gage Kenady

**M.J.B.: How to Abandon Earth** (12" EP; \$4; POB 590564, San Francisco, CA 94159, USA) Mid-tempo post punk reminiscent of a less histrionic No Trend or Circle X. However, their moody, melodramatic sound doesn't do justice to the ideology expressed in their lyrics and liner notes. Songs like "Gasping," "Income" and "Pinto The Wonder Horse" express a passionate and radical concern for the state of our planet, yet the music is comparatively routine. This EP is recommended for the beautiful silk screened cover and excellent booklet that's included. It's a shame the sound isn't as advanced as the vision. — Glen Thrasher

**MNEMONISTS: Rackabones** (2LP; Dys, 910 W. Mulberry, Ft. Collins, CO 80521, USA) The scene on the album cover seems to be a future world in ruin, until you look closer. Among the ruins life emerges, reclaiming what technology has destroyed. You open the package and see primitive totems mingling with electronic circuitry. A small folio of six abstract images falls into your lap, along with similarly sized fold-out folio containing five reproductions of elaborate shamanistic paintings and a page of information. Lastly, an inside jacket drawing of a woman wrapped in a snake and little else stares out at you as her body dematerializes. Even the labels on both LPs sport gorgeous black/white artwork. The music is divided into four side-long pieces. Record one is "Vagabones", record two is "Rackabones." In keeping with the dichotomy of the album art, the lush, haunting, evocative compositions seem to be the product of the latest electronic gadgetry when in fact they are produced by a wide variety of wind, reed, and percussion instruments. Processed, no doubt, but the sources remain organic. Beautiful music exquisitely packaged. — John E

**DAVID MOLONEY: Listen To The Pipes** (Heartwood Records, 1255 22nd Ave., San Francisco, CA 94122, USA) This singer-songwriter-guitarist has a good voice but his guitar is usually buried so deep in the mix that it's anyone's guess how well he plays. Lyrics are ahead of run-of-the-mill but tend to be of the "my friend has a problem; I guess everyone has that problem" attempt at poetic universality. Unpretentious. — Christopher Pettus

**EVETTE MONEY: Evette's Revenge** (12" single; Slice Records, POB 635, Narberth, PA 19072, USA) Damn but this was quick! No sooner does L.L. Cool J have a hot album cut, "Dear Yvette" than someone is cutting an answer record. In J's cut, he accuses Yvette of screwing practically every guy in high school and then some. Evette tells us quite vulgarly (though a clean version is on the flipside) how her accuser is a homosexual (to put it kindly) behind a beat/groove powerful as the original. Spirited? Yes. And the kind of record

homophobic teenyboppers can chill out to. — Jamie Rake

**MOONDOG AND LITTLE GILBERT: 100% American — Do Not Bleach** (C; Paper Lantern Music, POB 55175, Little Rock, AR 72225, USA) Combining excellent homemade musicianship with a mature concern for the ethics of living (but keeping it fun at the same time) Gene and Tyra Mona Reid, a psychiatrist and pediatrician respectively, embrace a range of styles, primarily shifting between blues-based rock 'n' roll and a spacier '60s folk rock. The eclectic tastes and influences run the gamut from country to reggae to blues to jazz to folk to classical. The subjects vary widely, such as "American Dream" dealing with the U.S. preparations for war; the theft of New Age ideas by Yuppies in "New Age Condos"; marriage; rock and roll's power; even cancer in "Baby's Got the C"; and generally, the state of the country's soul. — John Grooms

**CHRISTY MOORE: Ordinary Man** (LP; Green Linnet) Moore is an Irish singer and songwriter with impressive credentials, best known in the USA for his work with Planxty, the group which helped trigger the folk revival in Ireland and Scotland. He also had a short stint with Moving Hearts, one of the most adventurous folk-rock units the revival has produced. This is a very intimate, personal work with spare accompaniment; essential to anyone interested in Irish or British Isles folk, or the singer-songwriter tradition. His songwriting is as lyrical and varied as ever, ranging from the impossibly beautiful through the whimsical to the topical with fewer inside jokes and incomplete tracks than on "Ride On" his previous album. [There are two versions of Ordinary Man; the earlier imported versions on WEA have one of Moores' best original topical ballads, "They Never Came Home," deleted from the Green Linnet and later WEA Ireland copies as a result of an Irish court order.] — Christopher Pettus

**MOOSE AND THE MUDBUGS: Milk Crate Takeover** (12" EP; Arf Arf Records, POB 945, East Dennis, MA 02641, USA) A '60s garage sound with Jerry Lewis-like vocals by Ed "Moose" Savage. Moose's vocals are neurotic squawking backed by psychedelic swirling gritty guitar and occasional farfissa-like implantations. This band sounds like a lot of fun to see. Moose's kazoo leads add to the wacky outrage of the tracks. All songs are wild and nutty and on their way to the mental unit. Motown meets sixties garage music. — Mark G.E.

**FRANK MORGAN: Easy Living** (LP; Contemporary/Fantasy) Alto saxophonist Morgan's life has been anything but easy; he hasn't recorded as a leader since 1957. But he's back, at the top of his form in this 1985 session with the Cedar Walton trio. Morgan's sensuous, blues-influenced tone works nicely against Walton's hard bop style. Billy Higgins' sensitive, propulsive drumming drives the whole band, as always. Tony Dumas rounds out the group with his solid bass. A generous 46-minute program, well-balanced with some blues, a bossa nova, and some standards. Fine digital recording. Great modern bop. — Stuart Kremsky

**JEREMY MORRIS: Alive** (LP; Jam Records, 3332 Wedgewood Dr., Kalamazoo, MI 49008, USA; ph. 616-343-6000) Pure, sanitized pop, with measures of bombast, skirting the edges of kitsch. An eclectic mix of tempos — one for every mood. The instrumentation is at times emotionally rich, but generally smothered in averageness by too, too simple lyrics and emotions. — Kim Knowles

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Corbett St., San Francisco, CA 94114) An interesting cross-pollination of jazz, funk, rap, industrial, fusion and (God forbid) new age music. This tape lends itself best to the low-metabolism set. However, the crossing of styles creates a good share of unique and delightful moments, but the thrust of these works tends toward the atmospheric. An edge of sensitive harmonic language and subtle voice play are offered, but the insistent bass figurations rarely provide the thrust to keep the music from becoming a tad flabby (self-consciously pleasant), and the synthesizer work often stoops to heavy-handed tour of naive, unbecoming glissandi and flutterings hell-bent on undermining the less cliché-ridden remainder of the band. The playing is at all times professional. — J. Stacey Bishop

**MR. CLEAN: Chain Gang** (C20; Purple Cactus Records, 1974 Collingswood Rd, Columbus, OH 43221) Orchestrated synthesizer parts, tapes, drums, electronic drums, voice, bass, and guitar. There is generally a soothing quality to the longer pieces. The more ominous moments are found on the four "noise" fragments sprinkled throughout the tape. The few vocals deal with collective obsessions centered around destruction and alienation. — Bob Forward

**MR. CLEAN: Psychiatric Ghetto** (C-60; Purple Cactus, see address above) A curious collection of semi-ambient electro-instrumentals, divided by sides into "pretty songs" and "ugly songs". By "ugly" Mr. Clean means "experimental" — more processes, such as found sounds and synth effects. The "pretty" songs are tame, major chord, slow, unobtrusive pieces that border on the inconsequential. — Michael P. Goodspeed

**THE MUFFINS: Open City** (LP; Cuneiform Records, POB 6517, Wheaton, MD 20906) This offering from the disbanded Muffins was recorded between 1977 and 1980. Two cuts are outtakes from Fred Frith's GRAVITY album they participated in. Five others are live recordings from radio broadcasts or concert, all previously unreleased. They play up to their reputation as one of the better progressive jazz-rock groups. Keyboards, woodwinds, bass, and drums. It's the Canterbury sound that emigrated to the States. Unlike most posthumously released albums that should be rejected as originally planned, this is a gem. It will please the Muffins fanatics and novices equally. — George Ottinger

**THE MUMBLES: Resurrected from the Shed** (C60; POB 7243, Wichita, KS 67218) This is standard blues-based hard rock of the sort popularized of late by bands like Husker Du, the Replacements and the Minutemen. The musicianship is undeniably strong, and the Mumbles express real emotions and original ideas, but I find this approach predictable and uninspiring. With the obvious talent they display, the Mumbles could do something truly original, but instead choose to work within an easy, well-established and commercially viable genre. — Glen Thrasher

**THE MUSKRATS: Rock Is Dead** (LP; Subterranean Records, 577 Valencia, San Francisco, CA 94110, USA) The Muskrats are Tom Freeman and Jay Rosen, a couple of folk revival revivalists. The '60s folk revival with a hard edge, maybe. Lots of familiar songs by Dylan, Phil Ochs, even Glen Yarbrough. The liner notes say that Freeman often sets fire to his washboard during live performances. Everybody sing! — John Baxter

**D.L. MYERS: Electronic Guitars** (C60; \$7; Presence Sound Prods., 228 Bleecker St., NYC, NY 10014, USA) Myers is the practitioner of the art of "Friggertronics", the techniques of guitar manipulation developed by

Robert Fripp. The guitar signal is fed through effects devices, primarily fuzztones and distortion boxes, then routed through several delay lines. Guitar patterns are looped and layered resulting in a thick wash of shifting, multi-dimensional textures. D.L. Myers recorded all of these pieces live to tape with no overdubs. With the exception of a dash of drum machine, all of the sounds were produced with processed guitar. The pieces are all of the ambient genre. Side "V" (Vapors) leans toward a melodic space-music sound, while side "M" (Minerals) is on the dark industrial side. While his modus operandi is not entirely original (it's hard to cop Fripp's approach and not sound like Fripp), Myers has produced a quality tape that's well worth a listen. — Allen Green

**MYSTERY HEARSAY: Mystery Tape** (C; POB 240131, Memphis, TN 38124) Has nifty graphics (with help from Bob "X") the sound is more wild-ear than rock, there are lots of little tricks with interesting acoustic sources, like dinging a glass or a whole room full of dinging glasses. And speed manipulation. This is the kind of stuff you save for special moments when you don't want to know what is going on. If you are a wild-ear yourself, well, then you know that clarinets and violins slowed down with reverb and a little synth drone enhancement can sound very alien and suspenseful. These are slow instrumentals and the sound-dimension is spectacular. The new tape has lots of incredible acoustic effects, a percussion performance in an echoey room. Natural acoustic industrial noise and strange jittery percussion mantras. — Robin James

**THE NAKED AND THE DEAD** (C; POB 158, Middle Village, NY 11379) This five song tape features some decent "post-punk" similar to Souxie and the Banshees or X Mal Deutschland. The musicianship is good and they've got the droning guitar and flanged bass sounds down well, but the songs are not very memorable or moody either. They've got the sound but where's the spirit? — Lawrence Crane

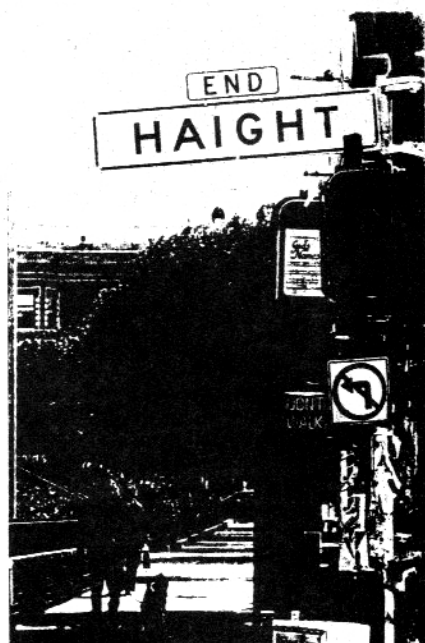
**NAKED PREY: Under the Blue Marlin** (LP; Frontier Records, POB 22, Sun Valley, CA 91353; ph. 818-506-6886) Competent rock and roll comparable to Green on Red and the Long Ryders. Too tame for me. — Madeline Finch

**JOHN KAISON NEPTUNE: Dance for the One in Six** (C; Fortuna Records, POB 1116, Novato, CA 94948) Neptune coaxes an impressive and attractive range of tones out of his flutes, from purer than pure to funky to brooding introspection. The seven pieces include up-tempo jazz, ballads, and Eastern modes complete with sitar and tabla. On several pieces Neptune's flute displays all the nuance and profundity of the Japanese shakuhachi. Neptune's virtuosity and enthusiasm brings out the best from his supporting musicians. — Bill Tilland

**AARON NEVILLE: Orchid in the Storm** (LP; Passport/Jem) This man tells it like it is. Here are classic '50s doo-wop and R&B remakes. Neville's steady plaintive voice refutes the argument that there is no reason to retread these songs. He breathes life into them and makes them burn. For Neville is one of those rare, gifted vocalists who can produce an emotional tumult with every utterance. Makes you want to find your partner and swing him around the dance floor a few slow, sultry times. — Kim Knowles

**NEW ART ORCHESTRA: Melodies** (C; c/o Paul Hoskin, POB 14359, Seattle, WA 98144) Five ensemble works from the N.A.O. (pronounced "now") by Greg Powers, Paul Hoskin, Jeffrey Morgan, Nate Bastuscheck and Wally Shoup. There are around 25 members of the orchestra and the sound ranges

from intense chaos to amazing subtlety and controlled building from silence. The ideas usually involve a sensitivity developed from lots of jamming together and agreed upon themes. Kinda rough for after-work relaxing, but very rewarding for wild-ear hunters. — Robin James



**NIGHTCRAWLERS: Spacewalk** (LP; \$8; Peter D. Gulch, 1493 Greenwood Ave., Camden, NJ 08103) With this, their second vinyl release, Nightcrawlers expand their boundaries ever further. A multi-member electronic ensemble in the tradition of Tangerine Dream and Kraftwerk, they establish their position as one of America's most influential electronic conglomerates. They show alignment with the German schools of Klaus Schultze and Ash Ra Tempel, and additionally the Berlin sound of Cluster and Harmonium. But more significantly these new U.S. composers and peers such as Lauri Paisly are bringing both more emotion and more humanity to the genre. In making comparisons to their first album [they released numerous cassettes before their vinyl ventures] the new one, though still guided largely by pulse rhythms, incorporates more atmosphere with unstructured harmonic tones and more melody. This is a must have album for any electronic music lover. — Nathan Griffith

**JOHN NILSEN: October in September** (LP; Eagle Records, POB 1027, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254) Why didn't he just come right out and call it "Autumn"? Everything about this album is a blatant stylistic rip-off of George Winston, coming about three millimeters short of plagiarism. The tree on the cover, the typography, the song titles (i.e. "Fall Psalm"), and most importantly, the piano playing all could pass for a George Winston work with ease. The music is pleasant, soothing and warm, and Nilsen seems very sincere about it all, but there isn't a shred of originality to be found. — Sally Idasswey

**STEPHAN NILSSON: Music for Music Lovers** (LP; Breakthru Records, 2 Lincoln Square, New York, NY 10023) Nilsson, a Swedish keyboard player and composer is accompanied here by a number of countrymen for an album of fine, jazz-based music. The solo acoustic piano pieces reveal a talent for funk, mainstream, and romantic impressionists. A Keith Jarrett influence is sometimes apparent



and the title piece, which more than lives up to its name, recalls Jarrett's best small group work in the '70s. Other selections explore fusion, big band, and even new age forms. This is a very likable album, full of small delights and solid musicianship. — Bill Tilland

**99 CENTS** (C; Gravelvoice Records, POB 2271, Bloomington, IN 47402) This starts out promisingly with a couple semi-thrash numbers with pointed lyrics, then plunges into the depths of painful art-noise in a lengthy dirge that could appeal to horror-movie aficionados on drugs. That sets the tone for the whole undertaking. Occasional bursts of more than competent hardcore provide the listener with glimmerings of hope that things are about to improve, but they're quickly buried under the inexorably plodding pretentiousness and dissonant guitar wanking. The overall effect, I'm sorry to say, is ugly. — Lawrence Livermore

**9353: We are Absolutely Sure Theres No God** (LP; Fountain of Youth Records, dist. by Dutch East) Any band silly enough to cover Steppenwolf tunes deserves a heap of abuse, no actually, these guys are great, even when they are "Born to be Wild." But this cover reveals their schizophrenic approach and sense of humor. Lyrically, Bruce Merkle resembles, Pete Shelley (Buzzcocks) in tone, and perhaps Frank Zappa in his delivery. The lyrics delve into an anxiety ridden world, and emerge, in mutant forms laughing at us all, and their creator too as they tell us, "I've been a bastard all my life, a chip off the mystery block." Musically, I find the Buzzcock's manner of chord progression and a Zappa-like approach to certain structural changes. But mostly their thick orchestrated sound leads me to think of Siouxsie's Banshees meets the Cramps. In the end, though, this band is hard to label but is marvelous for several reasons: all tunes are structurally clever, complex and well performed, the production is crystal clear and powerful, their lyrics are a mirror of a sick America, and finally the album cover is truly frightening. — Nathan Griffith

**NOISE EAST INDIES: Meat Powder and Click Clack** (C60; NAR Records, 515 Hermitage Dr., Huntsville, AL 35806) Dense, absorbing improvisations with a variety of instruments by this three-person group. Though a wall of sound approach is taken, attention is given to the textures which shift and blend throughout. Nice cover, too. — Lang Thompson

**NISUS ANAL FURGLER: Die Russen Kommen** (C60; Calypso Now, P.O.B. 12, Obergassli 4 CH-2500 Biel 3, Switzerland) Eleven tasty numbers, guitars weird with brass, in an electronic sauce. Mmmm good. Kurt Rivella and Anal Furgler serve themselves all kinds of media to spread in propaganda with their message "Do Homage to the Fair Sex." Don't try to understand, its only sound, they can't hurt you. An audio collage, with a primitive rhythm, some distorted media voices probably from short wave radio, and some American radio too. Sounds like real musical instruments too, deeply submerged. Such a wonderful mess. Each selection has apparently been recorded for other compilations that Nisus Anal Furgler has participated in collecting or contributed material for. All the liner notes are in German, except for a little insert in English. — Robin James

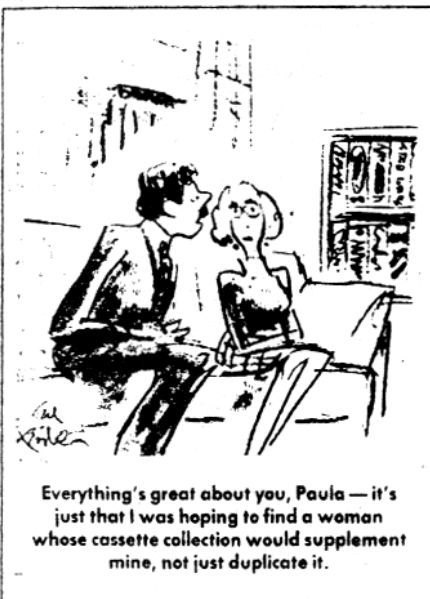
**THE NOMADS: She Pays the Rent** (3 song EP; Homestead/Dutch East) More growling neo-60s garage from these Swedish raunch 'n' rollers. The title song is a cover of a recently released Lyres tune. The Nomads have jazzed it up, adding some horns (!) and speeding up the tempo. I prefer the original. The lack of

garage grunge on "Pays the Rent" is more than made up for on the EP's other two cuts, both dominated by howling guitar. The distorted vocals on "Nitroglycerin Shreiks" add a trace of psychedelia to that tune's sound. All in all, a raucous release!! — Madeline Finch

**NO STRINGS ATTACHED: Traditional Music of the Future** (LP; Turquoise Records, HC-84, Box 1358, Whitesburg, KY 41858, USA) A five-piece string band from the Roanoke and Blacksburg, Virginia area, playing a hybrid gumbo of new acoustic muzak, old-timey music, Irish jigs and reels, jazz and whatever else strikes their fancy. Instrumentation includes three hammered dulcimers, bowed psalteries, mandolin, guitar, chromatic harmonic, assorted flutes and whistles, et al. — David Meltzer

**THE NOT: Kids Survive** (6 song EP; POB 288, Cambridge, MA 02238, USA) A trio on the hardcore end of the spectrum, yet not unlistenable extreme, even power pop at times. Kids Survive has an uplifting, positive anthemic intensity, good sound and tight playing. — Ed Blomquist

### THE PICK OF PUNCH



**THE NOW EXPLOSION: Bringin' It On Home To Daddy** (12" EP; Funtone Records, POB 54472, Atlanta, GA 30308) What the B-52s were to surf music, the Now Explosion are to disco and funk. They take all the slimey aspects of the '70s into their visual approach, make the music campy and danceable and add their dada surrealist kitsch to the stew. It works most of the time, especially on "Stuff", a duet/feud between the group's two female singers, and "Bad, Bad, Bad" which lays down a groove like nobody's business. "Nappy" with all its talk about underarm hair, could grow on me at little more and "Rhythm Within 'Em" sounds perfunctory. Still, this is a kickin' start for these oddball disco revivalist oddballs. — Jamie Rake

**NOXIOUS FUMES** (C-10; K Cassettes, POB 7154, Olympia, WA 98507) Four screech out five: "Commencement Bay", "Strength Inside", "Bulimia", "Turn It Around", "Black Wall." Jumping up and down, turned up real loud (YAAAAA). Shreddin' piles of dis-colored hair, leaves an oil slick in your ear. — Robin James

**NRBO: Christmas Wish** (8-song 12"; Rounder Records, One Camp St., Cambridge, MA 02140) Months after Christmas and I'm still listening to this. The band's "Jolly Old St. Nich-

olas" has been kicking around on a 7" for a few years, but here we get seven other songs, including "Jingle Bells" and a Salvation Army-esque version of "It Came Upon A Midnight Clear" by the Whole Wheat Horns (and is that THE Pat Patrick on alto?). This record is essential. — John Baxter

**Nudge Squidfish: Sellout** (C90; POB 644, Westerville, OH 43081) Some titles: "Livin with Misfortune," "Moncia," "Disconnect," "Love Hides in the Shadows," "Freedom Never Comes Easy," "She's on Fire," "I Wanta Die," "Is Mankind Incapable of Governing?" recorded using a TEAC 144, all instruments played by the artist, sounds like a regular pop combo: vocals, guitars, drum, keyboards, you get the idea. Other releases include a 45, two LPs, and several cassettes. — Robin James

**THE OH'S: Desire** (Blackberry Way Records, 606 13th Ave., S.E., Mpls., MN 55414) Top forty hungry pop with lyrics full of catch-all phrases like "kids on the run" and "Valentine please be mine." Danceable, but we've heard all this before. — Kim Knowles

**DANNY O'KANE WITH THE MODEL CITIZENS** (12" single; Blackberry Way, 606 13th Ave. S.E., Minneapolis, MN 55414; ph. 612-378-2466) Two mid-tempo songs with guitar, bass, synth and drum machine. I like some of the guitar parts. — Pam Kirk

**O POSITIVE: Only Breathing** (12" EP; Throbbing Lobster, POB 205, Brookline, MA 02146; ph. 617-739-1866) Five songs with a dense guitar sound. Most songs are uptempo but singer Dave's voice and the lyrics give them a melancholy feel. The guitarists do cool things; at times getting a chiming sound and a sound like seagulls or whales. I've listened to lots of similar bands but O Positive still sounds fresh. — Pam Kirk

**ORGANUM: In Extremis** (LP; Laylah, Rue J. Bassem 68, 1160 BXL, Belgium) Continues along the same sound introduced by the previous 12" EP "Tower of Silence". (See S.C. #4). The music is built upon discordant harmonic interaction by a combination of bowed instruments, scraped metal surfaces and electro-acoustic processing. The result is very cold, very hard, and void of recognizable arrangement or instrumentation, thus seemingly totally improvised. Although often highly abrasive, this possesses an underlying beauty in it's gradually shifting tone and color. — Paul Lemos

**THE OTHER KIDS: Living in the Mirror** (12" EP; Boat Records, POB 3362, Madison, WI 53704) Mature, guitar-oriented teenybop pop on the order of the Raspberries. Nifty love song lyrics in "Neverland" and "She's Got Me Where It Hurts", among others. It's easy to see where label founders Spooner would like these fellows. They have relatively the same sense of pop classicism. Maybe a wee forgettable but great fun while it lasts. — Jamie Rake

**OWN THE WHOLE WORLD** (C90; Bob Forward, 812 Stadelman Ave., Akron, OH 44320) Some rock recorded live, some interesting conversations sort of overheard, the approach roughly parallels that the Own The Whole World magazine (not meant to accompany it as far as I can see) which consists of bits and pieces of rock legends from around the world for Ohio consumption (bits about Eugene Chadbourne, Lou Reed, Jim Morrison, Baboon Dooley, TBS Publications, Pop-O-Pies.) Available for nine 22 cent stamps and a blank C-90. — Robin James

**THE PAGAN BABIES: The Pagan Babies** (C; Burt Lum, POB 152, Honolulu, HI 96810, USA) The songs are witty, light and endearing. The recording is spotless, the musicianship impeccable. It all adds up to innocuous pop music,

but something sinister and other-worldly seems to lurk behind it all. You just can't be too sure. You got crisp bright guitar-keyboard interplay; you got hot bass, a calypso beat, percolating percussion, energetic vocals. There's a hint of jazz, a taste of ska, some rockabilly licks for laughs. Polynesian rock? An Hawaiian Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks? Reggae gone mad? This stuff is different — jaunty, friendly, unselfconsciously inventive, and ripe with personality. — G. Specia

**THE PAINKILLERS: New Improved Painkillers** (C; \$3.50 or trade; Brenden Findlay, 123 Palmer Ave., Denmore, NY 14217) the Painkillers recall the Dead Kennedys of the old days, though their songs are not so catchy or hook laden. Paul Painkiller's understated yet hysterical approach is very appealing, despite unremarkable arrangements and simple musicianship. The Painkillers play good, fast punk music, and their lyrics express radical ideas seldom found these days. This band deserves support and apparently does not get much of it at home. — Glen Thrasher

**PAINTED WILLIE: Mind Bowling** (LP; SST) Pretty standard California core, with better than average playing. Tight thrash on a pretty good pressing. But come on, this sound has become as established as The Eagles! — C. Newman

**PANILO: City of Refuge** (LP; Resistance Records, Box 11563, Marina Del Rey, CA 90295) The wife and I were sitting around talking about this one. I said, "very atmospheric, kind of new age tinged folk, with a touch of English introspections ala The Smiths." She said, "Terminally wimpy." I said, "They've got nice background vocal harmonies." She said, "And really boring foreground melodies." So I said, "But how about those clever arrangements?" She said, "Tired. Real tired." I said, "It's introspective and laid back." She said, "Spare me, OK?" — Scott Siegal

**PART 1: Pictures of Pain** (LP; Pusmort, POB 701, San Francisco, CA 94101, USA) Enthusiasts of Heavy-Metal style art will enjoy the Deborah Valentine/Nick Blinko cover. Fans of "generic death rock" will probably enjoy the music inside. Yes, it does remind me of Siouxsie and the Banshees or Bauhaus or several other things. The titles: "Black Mass", "The Corpse", "Possessed," etc. tell where this record is coming from. This is pure formula (not form) over content, and it bores me. But this out-of-character Pushead release will likely appeal to many, including mainstream new rock radio and press. — Glen Thrasher

**PELVIC THRUST** (3 song 7"; Live Wire Records, POB 1222, Santa Fe, NM 87504) This is so bad, it's not even good. Repetitious simple melodies played by incompetents on sax, keys, bass, drums, guitar while ridiculous stream-of-consciousness words are read by the vocalist. The production sparkles, however; and upon repeated listenings an endearing child-like quality emerges along the lines of Half Japanese, though definitely lacking the latter's intelligence and humor. — John E

**AL PERRY AND THE CATTLE: Cattle Crossing** (LP; Added Recordings, POB 40421, Tucson, AZ 85717) This band delivers non-stop stomp sometimes described as Thrashability. Though not abrasive, this band attacks with speed and energy and well as a respectably sleazy knowledge of blues. "Camper's Blues" says, "You woke up in the morning, vaseline spread everywhere, I wanna know would you tell your best friend, honey, would you dare?" Every song jumps at the listener combining thrash, rockabilly, country, swing, blues, and who knows what else with a lot of humor. A band that begs to be seen live. What the Cramps might do if they really played their in-

struments. I've heard a lot of billy-bands but Al Perry and the Cattle are among the best. — Mark G.E.

**PERSONAL EFFECTS: It's Lonely Out There** (LP; Earring Records, POB 40313, Rochester, NY 14604) Good folk-rock with hooks coming out just like in trout season. And ignore the back cover photo where they look like a cross between the Pretenders and The Manhattan Transfer. Arty without sacrificing a bit of its innate accessibility, this record is ice-cool. — Jordan Oakes

**PERSON TO PERSON: Vol. 2** (C-30; c/o Raymond Bally, 496 Hudson St., #F34, New York, NY 10014; ph. 212-477-2417) Imagine the Incredible String Band doing Middle-Eastern folk music with casio rhythms and tape-looped effects. However, there is a rich diversity to this that can't be easily pigeon-holed. Most of the tracks utilize small groups of instruments and effects ("Good Moring Heatache" is arranged for piano, guitar, female voice and what sounds like rain) and leans toward minimalism. Each piece seems to paint a different picture with sound, and though each is decidedly "non-commercial", they are all highly listenable and thoroughly enjoyable. An exotic smorgasboard of delicious sounds. — Sally Idassway

**PERUNA JAZZMEN: Smoke House Blues** (LP; Stomp Off, 549 Fairview Terrace, York, PA 17403) During the past five years, Stomp Off has become the premier traditional jazz label. On over 100 recent recordings, Stomp Off has documented today's classic jazz bands and ragtime pianists, with very few clinkers. Although sharing characteristics with the unfairly scorned Dixieland music (hot ensembles, stride piano and inspiration from the 1920s), the traditional jazz groups of Stomp Off tend find magic in obscure songs of decades past and awhile avoiding cliches and cornball humor. The Peruna Jazzmen base their style on King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band of 1923, the two-cornet unit that launched the career of Louis Armstrong. This LP often sounds like Oliver's unit without being imitative. "Oriental Man" is a special treat, for Johnny Dodds' classic here features two hot clarinets in intense interplay. A fine LP by this Danish unit. — Scott Yanow

**PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH: Toilet Humours** (6-song C; \$2; 149 Grace St., Plainview, NY 11803) Sounds at times like a cross between Husker Du and King Crimson — driving, distorted noise guitar, bass, drums. The guitarist is hot, and the arrangements keep the trio format from getting dull. Recorded on a 4 track cassette deck, the sound is a bit muddy, particularly the vocals, but not unbearably so. — Ed Blomquist

**PIETUKH: The Air — No Clean Enuff** (C; Gregor Jamroski, 4007 Whitman Ave. N, Seattle, WA 98103, USA) Gregor Jamroski jams with himself on a variety of instruments. Wind instruments predominate, with some spoken words and "sounds". The thrust of this "The Air" is simple "enuff" — BREATHING. Particularly as practiced in yogic exercises. The text is good, thought-provoking, although delivered didactically. The instrumental accompaniment is rarely successful. During one section there is a cymbal high in the mix which makes it difficult to hear the voice. My favorite part is at the end when the reader inhales and exhales, punctuated by the word "again." There's a groove here — but even then, it seems a rushed. The second piece for percussion and "prepared guitar" is drivel. — W.R. Borneman

**PINK BOB'S STEREO: Pink Bob's Stereo Live at the Edge** (C; Home Recordings, c/o Steve Rubin, POB 4071, Bloomington, IL

61702-4071; ph. 309-454-1025) This charming artifact is exactly what it says it is: a recording of Pink Bob playing with his stereo at a gallery called The Edge. Some of the source material was prerecorded by Bob and various associates, though much here is common source material (shortwave time station recordings, telephone sounds, etc.) manipulated and looped during the performance. What saves this tape from becoming an exercise in noodling is its lightheartedness and sense of atmosphere. Pink Bob obviously had a wonderful time, and his joy is contagious. — Brook Hinton

**PINK BOB'S STEREO: Dead in the Middle** (C-30; see address above.) Things in a collage of sound include weirdly wafting horns, oddly strutting guitar noises, buzzy piano, synth bits, tape manipulations of tiny parts of the song "Help!" (Beatles), lots of unknown stuff and like that. — Robin James

**PINK BOB: Pink Bob Plays The End of the Tunnel** (C20, Home Recordings, see address above) Starts with great sparse acoustic piano then somehow gets changes to the old casio, beatbox and chummy vocals. Sorta elaborate with the vocals, sorta cutesy too. Walks along and sways in the stereo like an animated cartoon of a bunch of devilish smiling flowers playing the instruments. Maybe its just my taste but I prefer the acoustic episodes which are interspersed, a little wooden recorder (or flute) drone. The bass sounds pretty good too. Comes with a little booklet with lyrics and drawings. — Robin James

**PIN ROSE: Alicia II-Time and the Taro** (C; 107 Sherman St., 2nd fl., Denver, CO 80203, USA) One of the most beautiful tapes I've heard in ages. Pin Rose has created his own style of synthesizer music incorporating elements of early Kraftwerk, Durutti Column, and new age music and mixed this with his soft, personal vocals and haunting melodies. The percussion is sparse throughout, accenting the minimalistic music. The beauty of this tape lies in the overwhelming sadness and loneliness I feel when I listen to it. The insert is a nice photograph of a painting and the sound quality of the tape is very clear. — Lawrence Crane

**PLASMA PEOPLE** (C; \$4.25; dist. by Floating World, 804 N. Cherokee, Hollywood, CA 90038, USA) Minimalism with the best of intentions; but which is, alas, boring. Two sides of noodling guitar, piano, electronic sounds, and found radio broadcasts that never cohere. There's never a snatch of melody, or rhythm, or, from what I can discern. — W. Mueller

**PLASTICLAND: Flower Scene b/w Black and White** (7" single; Midnight Records, POB 390 Old Chelsea Station, NYC 10011, USA) Neopyschedelia. "Flower scene", among its crypticisms, speaks of long gone pop stars (none specifically) and how groovy flowers are against some of the easiest-flowing Small Faces/Syd Barret pop tuneage. "Black and White" is a tenser, punkier number that makes more sense in its own lysergical way. — Jamie Rake

**PLAYGROUP: Euphoria** (12" single; Factory Benelux/Of Factory) Not to be confused with the Playgroup of On-U sound's "Epic Sound Battles." This a monster of a dance single, destined for flash dance clubs looking for other-worldly disco platters. The song thrives on bubbling rhythm and glitzy production; the B-side is all electronic manipulation, hard-edged and full of thudding drum boxes — like one of those flashy jean ads on TV. — D. Maryon

**POISON GIRLS: — Songs Of Praise** (LP; CD Presents, 1230 Grant Ave., #53, San Francisco, CA 94133) A curious, unusual album that spews torrents of personal /sexual/

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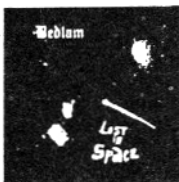
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social politics from the lyric sheet yet, musicwise, flows easily and melodically as styles are adopted and discarded with a frequency that defines the word "eclectic". The anarchic Crass camp was never like this! Vocalist Vi Subversa, ageing Marianne Faithfull that she is, draws on her intense feminism for inspiration without descending to platitudes. Similarly, the band takes elements of punk, ska, jazz, African, hard rock and even AOR and incorporates them into an uptempo pastiche that is nevertheless rock 'n' roll in the final estimation. — Fred Mills

**THE PONTIAC BROTHERS: Doll Hut** (LP; Frontier Records, POB 22, Sun Valley, CA 91353, USA) These rockin' warriors remind me of the great Charlie Pickett and The Eggs from Florida but with more of a garage feel. Their real talent seems to lie in their ability to juxtapose contrived R&B griminess to swell left-field hooks much in the same manner as The Del Fuegos. A party record, but strictly for surprise parties. — Jordan Oakes.

**POP ART: A Perfect Mental Picture** (LP; Stonegarden Records, 12436 Marva Ave., Granada Hills, CA 91344, USA; ph. 818-360-4331) This band should be called "Folk Art" not "Pop Art". Acoustic guitars and mandolin dominate the easy listening sounds here. Dave Steinhart's vocals never change from one song to the next, and neither do the basic arrangements. One song blends into the next, and they all sound the same. This is unfortunate, because it's obvious that there is a real feel for good folk/pop here. Creative production would make all the difference in the world. — Jim Butterfield

**POWDER BLUES: Red Hot/True Blue** (LP; Flying Fish) Combines blues, rock and a dose of R&B and it comes out as pure good times and dynamite music. But what the hell are they trying to impress by the lame version of "Roll Over Beethoven"? — Dale Knuth

**PRETTY RICKY AND BOO-SKI: It's Mine/Dreams** (12" single, Select Records, 175 Fifth St., NYC, NY 10010, USA) "It's Mine" is supposed to be the answer record to some obscure soul record I don't recognize, but it's successful out of context, too. Spyder D, Sparki D's producer, did this one up and you can tell from the short, harsh scratches and fluid M.C.ing. "Dreams" has nothing to do with Dana Dane's "Nightmares" but is an anti-racism, anti-apartheid, pro-Martin Luther King tribute rap with Kurtis Blow-style chorus that remains fresh despite the worn subjects. Cool stuff. — Jamie Rake

**THE PRIME MOVERS: Matters of Time** (6-song EP; Throbbing Lobster, POB 205, Brookline, MA 02146, USA; ph. 617-739-1866) Fast and hard rock. Very strong lead vocals with great phrasing. Lots of energy but the songs sound a too similar. Great to hear but not memorable. Not many hooks, just lots of great "crashing." Perfect for a high energy rock party. — Doug Hagen

**PSYCLONES: Psyclones** (LP; Subterranean Records, 577 Valencia St., San Francisco, CA 94110, USA) Pop, progressive, industrial and Chrome-like psychedelia. The performing and composing styles are simple and straightforward, which on the whole is very effective. The only problem I hear is with the pop-oriented tunes, which are terribly stiff. There are a lot of interesting ideas presented, but too many seem derivative and undeveloped. A lot of potential, though. — Scott Pollard

**PSY. PHALANX: Desire Libertainre** (Extreme, POB 2627X, G.P.O. Melbourne, Victoria, 3001, Australia) Industrial, but with a wide variety of sounds and styles. Along with harsh electronics and percussion, ethnic music (i.e. Tibetan), classical organ, and sac-

charine pop numbers; styles blending electronics and percussion, and there is even a meditative piece of new age music. Derivative, but mixed and matched creating a tape that can be listened to all the way through without boredom. — Scott Pollard

**PROOF OF UTAH: It Doesn't Matter Much** (LP; Smiley Turtle, 228 Clough St., Bowling Green, OH 43402, USA) Warm, funny, catchy, funky music. I wanted to make some crack about The Residents (bizarre lyrics, weird singing, blips and burps of radio sounds intermingling with horn squawks, etc.) but the record is so darn rhythmic and danceable that the comparison won't stick. Truly in a category of its own, if informed to a degree by the mindbending extremists of the New Wave. Styles are flirted with, including garage, jazz and progressive rock; often just briefly within tunes. This is traditional American music; Lot of bases are touched but never stylized to the extent that pigeonholing is required. Skewed for sure; nobody said it had to ignore modern



psychoses. For ex-punks, lapsed hippies and aging beatniks. — Fred Mills

**ARTHUR PRYSOCK: A Rockin' Good Way** (LP; Milestone/Fantasy) Prysock is one of those big-vibrato baritones who came to prominence in the forties. Singers like Prysock, Billy Eckstine and Al Hibbler were commercially popular in the late forties and early fifties. They were known primarily as ballad singers and occasionally had hits that crossed over to the white market. I admit not being favorably disposed to singers of this type; they're too mannered. However, when they cut loose on a jump blues, they really belt it out. And they are usually accompanied by first rate jazz musicians (especially Eckstine). I enjoyed the uptempo tracks on this album, but still find the ballads interminable and over arranged. But for those who like this style of singer, this is a good album. — R. Iannapolo

**THE RATTLERS: Rattled!** (LP; Jem Records) Rockin' guitar-oriented pop music — your basic fun stuff — and they're good at it. Good hooks with tight, energized playing. Former Ramone Tommy Erdelyi handles most of the production and a comparison to the Ramones is convenient and justified. Especially in the vocals with guitarist/songwriter Mickey Leigh teasing out some Joey Ramone-like cadences at times. (Mickey is Joey's little brother.) They lyrics don't offer much, but that's okay, they don't get in the way either. Afterall, the emphasis here is on fun. — Tom Shannon

**ANN REED: Room and Board** (LP; Icebergg Records, 207 E. Buffalo St., Ste. 501, Milwaukee, WI 53202, USA; ph. 414-291-9115) A beautiful alto voice sings folk and blues style songs, most of them her own, I wasn't moved by her lyrics until I heard the last song, "Carry Me" a ballad on the necessity and uncertainty of love. There is some lovely instrumental work on this album, especially the guitar and harp work. — Billie Aul

**REVERIE: In Concert** (LP; Encounter Records, POB 76, Morton, PA 19070, USA) Gutsy, soul/funk jazz that cooks. The sax is nimble and assertive, and conjures up the spirals of giants such as Sonny Rollins, Coltrane and Adderley. The energetic rhythm section is impeccable. And the electronic keyboards alternate between a soulful Jimmy Smith organ sound and a very effective electronic version of steel drums. Finally, the writing is comfortable and fresh. One particularly effective device is the use of instruments in tandem — sax and drums, bass and keyboards, etc. — instead of the usual soloist and support, or ensemble. — Bill Tilland

**REVOLTING COCKS: No Devotion b/w Attack Ships/On Fire** (3 song 12"; Wax Trax Records, 2445 N. Lincoln Ave., Chicago, IL 60614, USA) Hey, I like this! Revolting Cocks are Luc Van Acker (Shriekback) and Richard 23 (Front 242). Vocals like Yellow: guttural and distorted. Heavy danceable rhythms. Demonic, mean, hard, loud rhythmic percussion beats your chest, while the bass keeps a steady scarey groove. Great dance club music: repetitive riffs, hypnotic rhythms, unpleasant scarey feelings. It's a screamin' fall to hell...and you get pushed! — Mark G.E.

**THE RHYTHM BANDITS: For The Fun** (C; Tom Gould, POB 419 Huntington, NY 11743) Something for everyone. "Heart to Beat" is sort of A.O.R. attempt at Iggy Pop territory. "She's Askin' 'Bout You" and "Always Be With Me" sound like outtakes from the Lovin' Spoonful songbook; "You're the Reason" might have been a hit if Rick Nelson had recorded it. All the songs were written by Tom Gould and there's no denying his talent as a songwriter, the problem is that he lacks a specific original vision that might set him apart. Still, this is likeable and admirably untrendy. — Geo Parsons

**THE RHYTHM BANDITS: The Rhythm Bandits** (C; see address above) A four song cassette which documents the latest form of this band. Cyn Post is no longer singing lead vocal, however, Tom Gould has developed a strong intriguing voice. The songs have gone past their original R&B base developing into a fusion of full rhythmic funky melodic pop songs executed with guts. I was impressed by their first tape, however, this new work is by far more fun, more danceable, more diverse, and better produced. Furthermore, the addition of synth has given fuller sound. Overall a great bunch of songs integrating old and new without bullshit. — Mark G.E.

**WILL RIGBY: Sidekick Phenomenon** (LP; Egon Records, 719 Garden St., Hoboken, NJ 07030, USA) A lot of the new pop bands owe

a lot of their creative juiciness to Alex Chilton but not a lot of them have given the nod to A.C.'s apogee of madness: **LIKE FLIES ON SHERBET**. Well, dB's drummer Will Rigby's first solo outing pays real fine homage to that albums sensibility. Things are happily out-of-whack, like it was recorded at the Sun studios from the sidewalk. A lot of this is loopy C&W unplugged on acoustic instruments, honky hillbilly hokum that is cheerfully infectious. "Son of Sagittarius" sounds like Eugene Chadbourne as a member of C.C.R.; "Two or Three Things" is a lot like former dB Chris Stamey's work, only sloppier and fuzzed sounding like a bad bootleg tape. I love this record, not a bad track in the pack. — Geo Parsons

**RIGORMORTIS: The Convenyed Message** (LP; Tabb Records, 6201 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, CA 90038, USA) These guys are good musicians. The songs titles tell it all: Deathwish, Silent Scream, Violent Mind, BombScare, etc.. The music effectively conveys these ideas. Big Ed's vocals are pessimistic and gloomy at a speed that's fast but not thrash. — Ross Mohn

**HERMAN RILEY: Herman** (LP; Jam, 1737 DeSales St. N.W., suite 300, Washington D.C. 20036, USA) Although Herman Riley's name has appeared on many albums during the past decade, his various reeds have often been buried in ensemble work, restricted to brief solos. On this LP, his first date as a leader, Riley's tenor and soprano are featured in several formats along with guitarist Ron Eschente and keyboardist Milcho Leviev. On two long jams reminiscent of mid-60s organ trio funk (despite there being no organist present), Riley's tenor recalls such players as Eddie Harris and King Curtis, jamming over endlessly repeated bass and drum figures. Another selection differs only in utilizing a reggae beat. "My Friend" is a ballad for Riley's soprano that does not get much beyond the melody while the closing "MPH" is straight ahead, with the tenor-saxist doing a good imitation of 1957 Coltrane. A somewhat derivative date that could use fresher ideas, HERMAN is still a worthy effort. — Scott Yanow

**STEVE ROACH: Structures from Silence** (LP or C; Fortuna Records, POB 1116, Novato, CA 94948-1116, USA) Those who like Eno's DISCREET MUSIC will love this 59-minute LP of sublime space music. Roach uses synthesizers and computers (no specifics are named) to create very slowly paced and gradually unfolding work. Unlike many other "new age" albums that strain to be spiritual, this one does not smack of pretentiousness. The sound is very harmonic, ethereal, and restful. This is not space music noodling; it is carefully crafted music, and to use Eno's words "...as ignorable as it is interesting." — Sally Idesswey

**STEVE ROACH: Empetus** (C46; Fortuna, POB 1116, Novato, CA 94948, USA) Roach's new offering of electronic music is delightful but indistinguishable from scores of other artists. It could be Jarre, Faust, or any of the German synth whizzes. Its reliance on high-paced sequencers introduced by soaring swells becomes boring. Luckily, side two has stronger melodies, less sequencers, and more creative rhythms. The engineering throughout is excellent. The closing piece is spatial and almost ambient. This tape is not groundbreaking, at least it's a cut above the "new age" pabulum that is choking the record store bins that are supposed to contain electronic albums. — G. Ottinger

**ROADSIDE PETZ: Take Two** (C; c/o Todd Morse, 100 Lexwood Dr., Apt. 30B, Lexington Park, MD 20653, USA) I'm immediately suspicious of bands that spell their names with a "z" where an "s" should be, but rest assured,

these guys are no heavy metal headbangers. Just some clean and tasteful hardcore here, maybe a little too clean and tasteful. I'm referring specifically to the production, which is top studio quality, and which seems out of place with music whose most important characteristic is its raw power. A good effort overall by this band, though, and all seven songs on the tape are worth a listen or three. If Roadside Petz have a flaw, it might be that, unlike most punk bands, they've actually practiced too much. I'd advise them to cut loose a little more, but both their attitude and imagination lead me to believe that this is a band with a future. — Lawrence Livermore

**ROY ROGERS: Chops Not Chaps** (LP; Chops Not Chaps Music, POB 884273, San Francisco, CA 94188, USA) Rogers, the current lead guitar player for John Lee Hooker's Coast to Coast Blues band, has recorded his first solo effort on his own label. There is a nice blurb by Hooker on the back cover testifying as to Rogers' talent. "He's got it," states John Lee. If Hooker means guitar playing talent, then I concur. But there isn't enough here to justify my endorsement. The four tunes penned by Rogers are interesting with "Feel So Blue", and "Guilt of Lovin' You" standing out. The cover songs however, are remarkably uninspiring. An album of Rogers' own tunes without the covers would have been a much better product. — Dale Knuth

**SALLY ROGERS: Love Will Guide Us** (LP; Flying Fish) A collection of unmemorable and unoriginal folk songs. These songs may be good for sing-alongs, but their effect on vinyl is negligible. What is interesting here is the organization Rogers is dedicated to: Quilters: Piece for Peace, affiliated with the Northeast Connecticut Nuclear Freeze Campaign, that "through the traditional art of quilting and the display of quilts we make, we hope to encourage others to think about the things they can do as individuals to promote disarmament, peace and justice in their own communities and abroad." Their second peace blanket, a gorgeous concoction of the world in perspective is displayed on the album cover. Inquiries about this organization should be directed to Quilters: Piece for Peace, POB 408 Putnam, CT 06260, USA. — Kim Knowles



**DIANA ROGERSON: The Inevitable Chrystal Belle Scrodd Record** (LP; United Dairies, 40 B St. John's Villas, Islington, N93EA, London, England) The talents of Diana Rogerson (aka, Chrystal Belle) have become an integral part of Nurse with Wound's musical and visual presentation. She graces the inner cover and grooves of "High High Companion" and appears

on last year's "Brained by Falling Masonry". Much of her debut LP recalls Nurse with Wound, since Steve Stapleton is involved with production and arrangement. After repeated listenings, however, Chrystal's sardonic humor and unique lyrical and musical visions move to the forefront. Pieces like the hauntingly insane "Relax" and "Setzo" combine elements of musique concrete and minimalism, with sing-song voices hypnotically repeating lyrical rhymes, through which all manner of fragmented tones, chords, melodies and backwards tapes are interwoven. There is no predicting stylistic or textural shifts; at one moment an embittered female growls ravaged tales of heterosexuality and during the next, a crack drum and bass section hits a groove propelled by Karl Blake's (Shock Headed Peters/Lemmon Kittens) manic guitar. A perfect soundtrack for mutiny in an asylum; desperately deranged, with violence brewing beneath the surface. — Paul Lemos

**SONNY ROLLINS: The Solo Album** (LP; Milestone/Fantasy) For years I'd been hoping that Rollins would record his tenor unaccompanied, for his melodic explorations are usually quite fascinating, but this album is a distinct disappointment. Taken from a live concert, one hears Rollins noodling on his horn for over 56 minutes, never staying in a groove or building on an idea for over a half a minute. It's as if one were eavesdropping on a Rollins practice session as he tests out his horn. There are plenty of quotes from familiar tunes but Rollins quickly returns to his meandering exercise. If he had concentrated on a particular song or an original idea this date could have been a gem. Instead it was a lost opportunity. — Scott Yanow

**THE ROOM: Jackpot Jack** (5-track 12"; Red Flame, POB 927, London W3 6YB England) Recorded for a couple of BBC radio sessions that show a looser side to the now-defunct band (who were incredibly meticulous in the studio). Bubbly uptempo pop not like The Smiths but more positive lyrically. Bursts of jangly guitars pepper the tunes while the vocalist smiles proudly. Hints of jazz and folk add an endearing eccentricity to the proceedings. The title cut is a lengthy, neo-Velvets masterpiece. — Fred Mills

**P. RONNEBERG/K. ASKEN: Nightflight/Eden** (C15; Consum, Jan H. Kallevik, Fritz Kiaersvei lo, 0383 Oslo, Norway) Nightflight: A gliding electronic tune, weaved with quiet and gentle sounds with moments of dramatic feelings in the night. Generating an environment of relaxed happiness and lasting for only five or six minutes. An enjoyable piece. Eden is a repetitive piano piece dating from '78. More animated and joyful than most of the Eno-inspired music released these days. Very uplifting. A good start for Monday morning. — Arild Bergh

**PETTER RONNEBERG: Mental Pictures** (C60, Sophisticated Artworks, POB 1618, Vardafjell, 550 Haugesund, Norway) This has four pieces of music, entitled "Birth", "Life", "Dreams" and "Love". The music is electronic, softly floating throughout the tape with hints of both Tangerine Dream and Kitaro and far more interesting than most releases of this kind. The first two pieces have a gloomy atmosphere with a dark, flowing background and bubbling synth and repeated voice on top of it. While the two last pieces are more optimistic and lighter, with constantly changing synth layers, and the last tune has an underlying rhythm pattern weaved into the other sounds. Nice. — Arild Bergh

**THE RUDY SCHWARTZ PROJECT: Moslem Beach Party** (C; Rat Scum c/o Joe Newman, 301 W. 29th St., #103, Austin, TX 78705,

USA) Brings to mind Gilbert and Sullivan, Frank Zappa, the Chipmunks and the Fugs. Silly, sometimes fun, sometimes stooopid...too much Zappa style toilet retard humor. But when they let go of the baby stuff they can actually spin a nice surrealist scenario: "An Orange Is Nothing but A Juicy Pumpkin." The best stuff here sounds like the audio to a good cartoon (one piece is from an old Fleischer cartoon). Real nice production, excellent playing [actual musicianship] but too much jerking off. — Geo Parsons

**RIK RUE: Social Interiors** (C; Pedestrian Tapes, POB 213, Pyrmont 2009, Sydney, Australia) Audio madman Rue and his mate Shane Fahey in a program of sound collage: warped music and Soviet voices, a whining female joined by duggies, a gun shot beat with cut up preacher shouting "Worship the Beast", and other things he might not normally say without Pedestrian's help. The heavy slurping of juices, sheep and dissected beat music, jungle sounds, and heckled preachers aren't the stuff most tapes are made of. The real strength of this tape (to quote Ed Special) is its "audio-dacity." — CDinA2

**RU PAUL: Sex Freak** (12" EP; Funtone USA, POB 54472, Atlanta, GA 30308, USA) Modern, kinda mediocre funk, like an amalgamation of Cameo (without the finesse), Rick James (minus the swagger) and George Clinton (sans brains). Subjects are copulatin' and the wierdos in his neighborhood. What's new? This would be enough fun at a stompin' party whilst the minions are getting inebriated and will dance to anything. More oomph is needed, though. — Jamie Rake

**SALEM 66: A Ripping Spin** (LP; Homestead/Dutch East) This three woman, one man folk rock 'n' roll band appears casual; their lyrics, instrumentation and vocals are soothingly laid back, but the effect is engaging and positively beguiling. With self-assuredness and hauntingly personal lyrics, they cast aside the "Gee whiz we're a girl band" mentality, opting for an original blend of sincerity and ambiguity. Over usually upbeat sparkling guitar, vocalists Beth Kaplan and Judy Grunwald sing in vague, wispy, melancholy tones calling the listener to ponder poetically. — Kim Knowles

**ST. VITUS: Hallow's Victims** (LP; SST) When it's absolutely sludge-encrusted regresso-mud metal, you gotta have, pick this up. As on their first album, these mystic-looking longhairs keep you guessing about their religious inclination ("Prayer for the (M)asses" and "War is My Destiny" keep the Christian connotations of the previous release ambiguous). "The Sadist" and "Mystic Lady" add a little misogyny to the mix. You could have heard sounds similar to these over a decade ago and heard them called "progressive." — Jamie Rake

**LAWRENCE SALVATORE: I Love You [Say It With Bricks]** (C-60; 211 S. Hebbard, Joliet, IL 60433, USA) On a small scale, singer/songwriter/synthesist Salvatore has concocted an attractive, semi-conventional collection of tunes, most of which I caught myself singing along with after the second listening. The cheerfully melodic arrangements seem tame at first, but subtle quirks (treated vocals, synth effects) emerge as the varied songs are presented. The songs deal mostly with communication frustrations, compassion and optimism borne of silliness. Some notable titles are "La-De-Da", "I'll Absorb Your Pain", "The Irrevocable Twinkling in His Eyes", and "The Perfect Asshole." I enjoyed this whole tape, and with time and more production polish, Salvatore could emerge as a prominent figure in the alternative pop mainstream, if such a thing comes into being. — Michael P. Goodspeed

**THE SAME BAND: The Same Band** (LP; Disques Dual, POB 4395, Portland, ME 04101, USA) Material cut by John Etnier and associates in the then-fledgling Planet of the Tapes four-track studio between 1977 and 1980. Sounds are strikingly like Akron jazz-punks Tin Huey, only a bit jazzier and with an informal "bar band" flavor. Etnier's arranging skills and propensity for nonsense lyrics stand out. There's a lot more melody than power chords, and the sound is better suited to easy partying than pogo dancing. — Paul Goldschmidt

**STEN SANDELL: Damp** (LP; Wayside Music, Box 6517, Wheaton, MD 20906, USA) These six sound sculptures are performed mostly on percussion instruments ala Cage/Partch/Crumb. Much of it is static, obviously intended as ambience, but with an edge. Some near-melodic solo piano work helps lighten up this otherwise dark study in sonic environment. — Michael P. Goodspeed

**SANIBEL: Captiva Florida Surf** (C; Platinum Platters, POB 2773, Naples, FL 33939-2773, USA) The sound of surf, for whatever purposes you may have. Side one is day with kids and birds and action, the other side is night, just the surf. It's great environmental music. I use it for collages, but it's good for creating a mood in a place. — Robin James

**SAVIOR: Echos of Love** (LP; 3-in-1 Records, c/o Madison Street Sound Studio, 17 1/2 N. Madison St., Waupun, WI 53963, USA) The sounds of this decade have yet to come to these Jesus rockers in mid-Wisconsin. The sound is positively 1972 post-psychedelia, when things were going towards pop with traces of "art" thrown in. Early Kansas, perhaps? They are no doubt sincere (heck, playing what they do, it must be a bear for them to get booked into bars, much less churches). They don't mention the Holy Trinity by name very often so they might score crossover points that way. — Jamie Rake

**JANNE SCHAFFER: Traffic** (LP; Breakthru Records, 2 Lincoln Sq., NYC, NY 10023, USA) Schaffer is a Swedish guitarist/composer who has recorded with Abba, Toto and Andreas Vollenweider. He also wrote the music for the Swedish stage version of "The Wizard of Oz". It is with his own group Earmeal that this, his seventh album, was recorded. Although he has jazz experience, this is a pop album much like an Earl Klugh record. He plays the guitar well but the record has little variety and comes off superficial. — Bruce Christensen

**SCIENTISTS: You Only Live Twice b/w If It's The Last Thing I Do** (7"; Karbon, 19 All Saints Rd., London W11 1HE, England) Don't miss this band. The A side simultaneously mangles the Nancy Sinatra 007 theme while elevating it to a garage grunge classic. — Fred Mills

**SCRAPING FOETUS OFF THE WHEEL: Nail** (LP; Homestead/Dutch East) The musical madness of Jim Thirwell's Foetus continues and may have indeed climaxed in this creation, his finest and most varied work. Just when Foetus seemed to be getting predictable in the percussively driven, vocal chaos of the last few LPs, he delivers a record of striking intensity and dynamic variation. Much of this is marked by the same manic drive of the past, but it also presents Thirwell as a composer of depth and a true master of music technology. Foetus effortlessly moves from deranged carabret and bad-ass piano pumping rock 'n' roll to very difficult, hammering noise. But the highlights of NAIL are the "Pigdom Noise" segments where Foetus employs the Fairlight as a one man symphony, in the most grandiose arrangements. — Paul Lemos **Second opinion:** Big sound, an opera, complete with theme

and overture. Jim Thirwell's gravelly voice is similar to Nick Cave's, if Cave had himself strangled on a regular basis. Through clean, well-produced Wagnerian overkill, Thirwell celebrates the ugliest, most painful, and desperate human experiences, with no attempt to overcome them because it is a willful immersion/immolation in them that leads to freedom: "I CAN DO ANY GODDAMN THING I WANT." One can see the strong influence of writer J.G. Ballard, especially in the almost encyclopedic desire to experience all forms of pain and ugliness, to feel, wallow in, and understand it all. But all this seems like posturing, especially in the manifesto-like declamations in the liner notes, a self-appointed elitism that is merely a reaction against "pop kids." The shock value loses its punch. — Scott Pollard

**SCRATCH ACID: Scratch Acid** (12" EP; Rabid Cat Records, POB 9802, Austin, TX 78766; or Scratch Acid, POB 49263, Austin, TX 78765, USA) This has been around for a while. Faster than average dirge-rock with equal parts Butthole Surfers skronk and Birthday Party thud with vocals recalling the Sonics ("Psycho") pretty much describes it. Lyrics range from the humorously grotesque ("Cannibal") to the downright obsessive ("Mess") with more than an overdose of acid-damage. — John E

**SCREAM: This Side Up** (LP; Sixth International/Dischord, c/o Rough Trade, 326 Sixth St., San Francisco, CA 94103, USA) Their first LP STILL SCREAMING has been revered as a classic in hardcorepunkthrashrocknroll circles but this new one shows growth that could count them as the next — lawdy, do I dare say? — Minor Threat. You get the anti-drug references in "Gluesniff", a swampy dirge, plus the greatest reggae-punk anthem since those days when the Clash meant something in "Still Screaming". There are folk textures, fresh thrash and the grist of self-determination and self-awareness. Though they use well-worn forms, the energy and commitment keeps everything fresh. — Jamie Rake

**THE SCREAMING TREES** (C; \$5; STR Productions, 1 Viewpoint Rd, Ellensburg, WA 98926, USA) Eighties' rock-pop with a '60s sensibility. Though not a psychedelic revival band, there is a faint hint of incense and paisley on this tape, perhaps due to the great '60s combo-organ sounds, sitar impersonations, backwards guitar effects, and song titles like "Now Your Mind is Next to Mine" and "Pictures in My Mind." Here is creativity, energy and great use of the studio as an instrument. — Kevin Crothers

**THE SCREAMING TRIBESMEN: Date With A Vampire** (4-song EP; What Goes On Records, dist. by Dutch East India) If this is the Screaming Tribesmen from Australia, how come four white poofs in black leather are sneering from the back cover of the album. Not an aborigine in sight. The revved-up number, "Date With a Vampire," is the strongest song. This is a well-produced record of guitar/bass/drums with a tinge of Blue Oyster Cult and the Flamin' Groovies. The material is not too original, but what they do, they do well. — Bill Neill

**SECTION 25: Crazy Wisdom** (3-song 12"; Factory Benelux c/o Of Factory) I've never heard much variety from Section 25 — it seems that their music is chained to a mechanical drumbeat, with synths and electronic effects for color. Maybe I'm wrong. The A-side is mechanical with more potential than pleasure. On the B-side a harder edged dance tune with more fire in it, but vaguely oppressive. The third song is a welcome change: acoustic gui-




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tars, flute, very '60s folk rock in spirit. — D. Maryon

**SEMANTICS: Bwana Junction** (LP; Blackberry Way Records, 606 13th Ave. S.E., Minneapolis, MN 55414, USA) Very poppy, easily accessible music. However, this band is not boring! Semantics' delivery is clear and easy to understand. Interesting rhythms, competent vocals and fun hooks make this danceable and fun. Drums sound big, with lots of internal rhythms. This is something I hate to admit I like — but I do. — Mark G.E.

**17 PYGMIES: Captured In Ice** (LP; Resistance Records, Box 11563, Marina del Rey, CA 90295, USA) This band's explorations of experimental pop leans toward the ethereal and atmospheric. Similar to such 4 AD bands as Cocteau Twins and This Mortal Coil, though the Pygmies are both more melodic and even playful. Keyboards by Robert Loveless ice over most of the songs, usually creating the otherworldly mist. There are many good moments of bouncy, airy pop adrift these tunes, but only "Suit Of Nails" completely succeeds as an addictive pop-fix. All in all, a folk/pop/ambience with a world-view, even if it's all a bit too gray. — Scott Jackson

**THE 700 CLUB** (12" EP; Slithering Disc Records, 484 Lake Park Ave., Suite 142, Oakland, CA 94610, USA; ph. 415-839-4427) Four songs in a '79-'80 "new wave" style with guitar, synth, drums, irritating sax and quirky guy and gal vocalists. Reminded me of bands like Oingo Boingo and Tin Huey. — Pam Kirk

**SEWER ZOMBIES: Live It or Leave It** (C; Subversive, POB 552, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302, USA) Imagine a four piece thrash band opening up for the Dead Kennedy's and end up getting really drunk before they played. Now imagine that it was recorded on a crummy tape deck under the stage. It sounds like the audience likes them. It also sounds like they couldn't remember their songs and kept fucking around. — Lawrence Crane

**DOC SEVERINSEN AND XEBRON** (LP; Passport/JEM) "Chuck Mangione!" my wife said when I put this on. You won't be able to tell the difference either. Scores of these "fusion" jazz-rock LPs, each sounding virtually the same, get released every year. If you thought the Doc (whose previous work is heard mainly on E-Z listening stations) would produce jazz-rock of a higher caliber, think again. Not that it's poorly played or produced; on the contrary, every note Doc and his ensemble play is technically correct. It's also vapid to an extreme, but what do you expect in a genre that was already done to death five years ago? — Bart Grooms

**SHARK VEGAS: You Hurt Me, But Now Your Flesh Lies Rotting in Hell** (12" EP; Factory UK c/o Of Factory New York) Not nearly as threatening as the title suggests, this disc has three versions of a determined, if not angry, song about (what else) lost love. The main mix is exciting, lots of pulsating sounds and synths, some vocal interplay, some electric guitar. I'd put it next to Paul Haig and Depeche Mode — white disco with plenty of hooks and continuous circle of sounds. — D. Maryon

**EDDIE SHAW: King of the Road** (LP; Rooster Blues Records) Shaw, who left the Mississippi delta with Muddy Waters band in 1957 and joined Howlin' Wolf the following year, and now owns and operates the 1815 Club on Chicago's West Side and leads his own band. Following Wolf's death in 1975, Shaw inherited the band, made it a staple at the 1815 where Hubert Sumlin fans would flock to hear the master guitarist whose liting style had been the perfect complement to the rough, growling sound of the Wolf. KING OF THE

ROAD contains tunes from five different sessions over an 18 year period. Included are two hard-to-find Shaw instrumentals featuring Magic Sam. A nice package if you don't mind the format of flipping back and forth between years rather than grouping the sessions together chronologically. — Ron Sakolsky  
**STEVE SHEEHAN: Recovery** (7" EP; 5402 Camden Ave., Omaha, NE 68104-1717, USA) Progressive rock, dreamy and nostalgic of the '60s. — Andrew Orford

**G.E. SICLOVAN: The Beast Goes On** (C60; \$5; Private Studios, POB 531, Wyandote, MI 48192, USA) Electronics, minimalism, and a bit of avant-rock. Disjunct rising electronic riffs jam on through the sections of "Six Foot Wheel" and "Alarm Time Sleep" adds wailing guitar and treated vocal chants. These are great and primitive, but the vocals on the few other songs with words are not the tape's strong points. Most of the tape consists of atmospheres for electronics: plucking sounds, guitar, fuzz, and bells; soft electronic insects and percussion; dark spaces. — CDinA2

**SILLY WIZARD: Live in America and Golden Golden** (LPs; Green Linnet) Silly Wizard, one of the premiere Scottish folk bands, disbanded in 1984 but reformed for an American tour to celebrate (and perhaps pay for) member Phil Cunningham's remarkable recovery from an automobile accident. These two records document that tour, both taken from a live performance in Massachusetts. The recording quality is exceptional, with only the applause revealing it is live. The band performs their usual eclectic material, both traditional and original, in their unique ensemble acoustic instrumental style, along with Andy Stewart's vocal and songwriting talents. Most of the material has appeared on their studio albums, but the performances here are unique and enthralling enough to justify these records. — Christopher Pettus

**THE SILOS: About Her Steps** (LP; Record Collect, Box 20845, Tompkins Square Station, NYC, NY 10009, USA) Folk-rock and much more. These are some fine, fine mature songs, honest and direct. Rockin' sometimes like C.C.R. and reminiscent too of the invention of the Velvet Underground; especially with the Cale-like repetition of violin/viola on certain song. But these are just references, there's no imitation here. And if fact it might seem there's nothing much to grab onto first listen; no clear-cut ideology or flashy style, just down-to-earth heartfelt songs. — Tom Shannon

**ART SIMON: Four Pieces 1985** (C; Swinging Axe Productions, POB 3741, Northridge, CA 91323, USA) Both Ligeti and The Mnemonists come to mind. I hear a dark, existential avant-garde vision and many layers of sounds that arrest the ear, and though these sounds are very well structured they defy all notions of melodic and harmonic structure. The majority of the sounds are synthetic, though some violin is used on side two. The music is intense and powerful. — Scott Pollard

**RON SLABE: Trivision/Better Music Through Electronics** (C; 26351 Lakeshore Blvd, Euclid, OH 44132, USA) Sequential Circuits Pro-1 and Korg MS-10 synthesizers, Roland RS-09 organ/strings, Mbira thumb piano, Multivoix MXD-5 analog, echo, Elctro Harmonix Polychorus, Moog 1150 Ribbon controller, and more. Some titles: "Mponlit Mesa", "Graverobbers", "Adventure Through Mathematics", "If Man Were Meant To Fly" — including footsteps on the moon. — Robin James

**RON SLABE: Zagadka** (C-60; see address above) Synthesizers: we're out on a walk somewhere (the beat is a good clip to be walk-

ing with) the colors are beautiful, things we walk past, swirling things in the sky, bubbling and shooting around in the tremendous void above. Another space has a kalimba used to beneficial effect. — Robin James

**SONIC YOUTH: Making The Nature Scene b/w I Killed Christgau With My Big Fuckin' Dick** (7"; \$3; Forced Exposure, 719 Washington St., Apt. 172, Newtonville, MA 02160, USA) Live in Berlin late '83; Raymond Pettibone "acid swastika" pic sleeve. Definitely not for audiophiles, epileptics or folkies. This is brutal, loud, and jarring. A side is primitive and searing, the sound of a tribe of rabid cannibals attacking starving Ethiopians and snapping their withering limbs to cram more into the boiling pots. The kerwang of guitars and the nails-on-blackboard vocals echo from the heart of darkness to scream a civilization's agony. — Fred Mills

**SONIC YOUTH: Halloween** (12" single; Homestead/Dutch East) Features bassist Kim Gordon on vocals adding tension and sensuality to their guitar-din as opposed to Thurston Moore's torment. "Halloween" is a tension filled, sensual description of two people using their best mind games and sex moves on each other. "Flower", the stronger piece here, is an intense, slow, driving song ending cold and without resolve. Kim chants the lyrics: "Support the power of women/ Use the power of man/ Support the flower of women/ Use the word: fuck/ The word is love..." — Shawn Splane

**SOUL ASYLUM: Tied To The Tracks b/w Long Way Home** (7"; Twin Tone Records, 445 Oliver Ave. So., Minneapolis, MN 55405, USA) A jagged rush of hooks carry these songs over the top. David Pinner's vocals and Dan Murphy's harmony and galloping guitar licks click in grandly. But it's the drumming of Grant Young that makes these two sides reach the apocalypse. "Long Way Home" is only available on this single. — Scott Jackson

**SOUND COLOR: When Life Dances/Ritual Suspended** (C60; \$6.92; POB 211, Tacoma, WA 98401, USA) Dreamy modern psychedelia with ties to hallucinatory bands like Ultimate Spinach. Pulsating, echoey washes of sound pinned down by a solid backbeat and featuring dramatic vocals. Evocative rainy-day music. — Tom Furgas

**SOUR MASH MUSIC: White Boy Medicine Show** (C-46; Subelectric Institute, 475 21st Ave., San Francisco, CA 94121, USA) Kinda reminds me of the chemically induced/damaged horsing around made famous by those legendary Holy Modal Rounders, Stampfel and Wever. Except that these two guys are not nearly as polished or as focused with their humor. Ain't no question they're damaged, though. Just the two of them, and a cheap-o guitar sometimes creates seemingly interminable minutes of overstretching simple ideas and then hacking them to death. That's the biggest drawback. But don't think that I don't like these guys, I kinda do; I like their goofy blues song about a ramblin' dog, and I love how their affected harmonies result in a delightful distortion which occasionally punctuates this otherwise clean recording. It's an intentional grab at sublime idiocy. Are they aging hippies or are they just home from college? — Oleh Hodowanec

**SPADES: Head** (C; POB 365, NYC, NY 10009, USA) Spades is two art ghetto guys with a NYC noise scene reputation. Underneath all the effects, the guitarist sounds like a refugee from a fairly standard hard rock bar band. This tape suffers from a strategy of using technology to hide a paucity of ideas. Arty, existential prose-poems delivered in a twisting, careening manner. Flat, humorless,

lacking irony, but impeccably recorded. — Bob Forward

**PAUL SPEER, DAVID LANZ: Natural States** (C; Mirimar Productions, POB 70127, Bellevue, WA, USA) Unfortunately, even though NATURAL STATES is a sound track for a non-narrative nature film, it falls more into the category of support music. A solo electric guitar livens things up a bit on one part but otherwise the mainly synthesized music is pleasant, but quite forgettable. — Bill Tilland

**RUSS SPIEGEL: Pasture For Rebels** (C; \$4; c/o Mongo Throb Records, Buchwaldstr. 9, 6072 Dreieich, West Germany) This is an eclectic collection of work recorded between 1982-85 at various locations in Michigan and Germany, ranging from hard thrash to standard blues to experimental. Spiegel is an accomplished guitarist who seems comfortable in many styles of music. Favorite cuts: "Quintette De Verre" — minimal string quintet, "Terrazine" — collection of guitar treatments; and "The Scourge" — hot fusion trio with bass and drums. — Ed Blomquist

**DEBBIE SPITZ: Pipedreams** (C; Ladyslipper, POB 312, Durham, NC 27705, USA; or D. Spitz, 2350 Broadway, Rm. 903, NYC, NY 10024, USA) This bag is very mixed, with Spitz, a classically trained flautist who works out of NYC, serving up everything from chamber jazz to pop-oriented vocal music. The range of material is too wide to sustain a good groove (or even mood), but a bigger problem is the quality of the three vocals. Spitz is a flautist of intelligence and sensitivity, who has good support from various back-up musicians, but she is a weak vocalist with a limited range, and her lyrics are rife with pseudo-profundities and clichés, e.g., "I am you and you are me, and we are three." A program of just her flute music would have been just fine. — Bill Tilland

**SPONGEHEAD EXPERIENCE** (C-30; World Spongehead Headquarters, 622 W. 131st St., NYC, NY 10027, USA) One great Hendrix cover one Samoans cover and two strange tunes; by three guys playing soprano, tenor and baritone sax, vocals, guitar, bass, keyboard, drums. Original song titles are "S.O.S." and "More Dead Yuppies." — Robin James

**S'POOL: Auto(no mic) Radio** (C; POB 441275, Somerville, MA 02144, USA) Mysterys of the record button, sorta harsh and muddled. A very experimental operation in general, this tape is a documentation of uncontrolled activity seemingly somewhere between a radio station and an art gallery. — Robin James

**BILL SPOONER: First Child** (LP; Ralph Records, 109 Minna #391, San Francisco, CA 94105, USA) Primed for a late-seventies AOR station. Bill Spooner, ex-Tubes, has a good voice but tends toward the vocal delivery of a Steve Perry (Journey). "Placebo" is a great steal from the Todd Rundgren book of tricks, with a psychedelic twist. "Something In My Eye", an accapella tune, jumps away from the high-tech gloss that coats most of these songs. Yet, most of these 11 songs are devoid of funk and sterile. — Scott Jackson

**SSD: Break It Up** (LP; Homestead/Dutch East; or SSD, 8 Longwood, Rd, Lynn, MA 01904, USA) Hey, didn't these guys used to be hardcore? Well they've definitely taken the heavy metal road on this LP — and they've put out mediocre metal at that. The music is too slow and the guitar solos unimaginative. The singer's monotone adds nothing to the vacant lyrics. — Madeline Finch

**YM-STAMMEN: Overventrend and I-VI-Landet** (C-30's; Sang, Karlstadgt 4A, 0553 Oslo, Norway) Ym-Stammen has with these two tapes shown their true interest for their

old-Norse roots, and creates music in that vein. It's not genuine Norwegian folk music for the puritan, it's more an attempt to recreate an ancient mood. On both tapes it is Trygve Mathiesen's songs which is most distinctive. His voice isn't great or trained, but indeed special and intense. On the first cassette he is backed by various instruments including guitars, bass, kazoo, banjo and various drums. The second release is much stronger with vocals and primitive rhythms only. The overall feeling reminds me of North American Indian music. Included are calming accapella pieces as well as mighty call and response songs. Both tapes have strong but simple melodies you can't get out of your head even if you only hear them once. — Arild Bergh

**MICHAEL STERNS: Chronos** (LP; Sonic Atmospheres, 14755 Ventura Blvd., Suite 1776, Sherman Oaks, CA 91403, USA) CHRONOS is the soundtrack for an IMAX film of the same name, but because the film is not a conventional plotted production, this is not "just" a soundtrack album. There was apparently a substantial exchange between Sterns and Ron Fricke, the photographer/director; the visuals are edited to the music as much as otherwise. Sterns' earlier music displayed an epic sweep, but he outdoes himself here, bringing some of the eerie strangeness of his experimental LYRA SOUND CONSTELLATION album to his romantic vision. This music is powerful, restrained, lush and uncompromising. If this doesn't take you on an inner journey, nothing will. — Bill Tilland

**THE STOCKHOLM MONSTERS: How Corrupt is Rough Trade? b/w Kan Kill!** (12" single; Factory UK/Of Factory) An amazing record with a cryptic title. There's a '60s feel in the music and mood: sadness, anger, memorable hooks. It's hard to catalogue, but overall seems wistful. The A-side has slow grinding guitars and unintelligible ranting — it drives along at a determined pace. The B-side is a collage of odd styles, plenty of edits, invention and spare noises from the A side. — D. Maryon

**TIM STORY: Three Feet From The Moon** (LP; POB 415, Hamme, OH 43537, USA) A simple, warm, rich and elegantly crafted, entirely instrumental LP, based on gently flowing melodic piano motifs, interwoven and accented with delicate strands of guitar, synthesizers and electronic treatments. Each piece is a finely polished jewel, carefully composed and presented, without a note or tone randomly placed. Although Eno, H. Budd, Steven Halpern and scores of other ambient and new age purveyors have used similar instrumentation, their works bare little resemblance to Story's for his music is compact and active, and does not rely on shimmering studio gloss or embellishment. — Paul Lemos

**STRATIS: Musica Da Ballo** (C; Integrated Circuit Records, Hill Cottage, Tellerton, York YO6 2DS, England; or Temporary Music, Kuckucksweg 46, 5000 Koln 30, West Germany) These two electronic musicians sing in German, English, and Italian. Half of the pieces are instrumental. They use syncussion and percussion effectively throughout this danceable tape. Layers of melodic and rhythmic keyboards are woven without sounding dense. Imagine Kraftwerk and Vangelis becoming allies to conquer the disco market. This is techno-pop by men who have mastered their machines rather than vice-versa. A couple of pieces are filled with angst, balancing the general funk of it all. Warm up your dancing shoes. — George Ottinger

**STEADY "D": Take Your Radio** (12" single; Pop Art Records, POB 15591, Philadelphia, PA 19131, USA) This is an answer record to LL Cool J's "I Can't Live Without My Radio" rap

record. "D"'s rap is only half as passionate as Cool J's and without the deft as heck scratchin' of Cut Creator. Since rap answer records will no doubt be a collectable commodity one day, you may as well pick this up. — Jamie Rake

**PETER STENSHOEL: Manifest Ecstasy** (C60; \$6; 4249 Pleasant Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55409, USA) Stenshoel's first release, recorded '81-'85, includes a few minimal pieces, one an acoustic guitar picking overlay, the other, organ drone and filigree. He also plays jazz piano and brings us a solo piece featuring voices of many people in Japan talking after dinner. Real "loungue" feel. Radio soundscapes, made up of voices, layered and looped musics, and manipulations fill the rest of the tape. "The 20th Century Draws to a Close" puts modern classical music in a blender with digital delay. Quite a debut. — CDinA2

**SUCKING CHEST WOUND: A Collection** (C-90; \$5; Paul Hawkins, 271 Dundas E, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5A 1Z8) This tape is crazy from the name on: electrobeat, voices all over ("We hope all you mothers out there remember it's father's day") and everything from funky bass and drums to German loops and exotic ethnic space. "Puppy on the Table" is a classic: a banging bass beat, vocal loop and bits of bozo organ, echo bells, and lots of laughs. The title cut might as well be "The Residents do Reggae." There are sections of larger multimedia events, with artists/musicians/farm workers doing video, soiltilling, and of course, multi-faceted music. Non-music too: "Chandler Performance" is loopy bits of some gripping war drama. — CDinA2

**SUBGENIUS MEDIA BARRAGE #10: Repeat! Quit Your Job! Slack Off!** (C-90; the SubGenius Foundation, POB 140306, Dallas, TX 75214, USA) An official release from the Church of the SubGenius, a pseudo-religious cult parody. They praise a deity named J.R. "Bob" Dobbs and promote the concept of "True Slack." This tape is an hilarious montage of interviews with church members, speeches, synth pop from people like Devo and Qingo Boingo as well as guest appearance by Mark Mothersbaugh (Devo) and R. Stevie Moore that poke fun at our consumer based culture and media evangelists. You get to hear church "rants" like "The Brag of the SubGenius," "Bob's School of Time Control" and "The Zen of Butt-kissing." There's even a recording of a live "revival" which includes an actual on stage fight erupting between church members and people in the audience who aren't pleased with the show. This is a very funny and insightful tape. One dollar will get you a catalog of Subgenius material. For \$20 you can become a fully ordained member of the church. — Bryan Sale

**SUNNYBOYS: Show Me Some Discipline** (4 song 12"; Closer, 100, rue Diquemare, 76600 Le Havre, France) This Sydney, Australia group has been putting out records since 1980. They play melodic hard-tinged pop that draws from '60s punk, '70s hard rock and '80s glam-punk. — Fred Mills

**SURFIN' DAVE AND THE ABSENT LEG-ENDS: In Search of a Decent Haircut** (LP; Crammed Discs c/o Of Factory) Boring, standard rock and roll with no pizzaz. The singing is plain in the extreme. The playing is okay. — C. Newman

**SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK: The Other Side** (LP; Flying Fish Records) One of the greatest accapella Black gospel groups today. They use their life-affirming art to resist and counteract the life-negating politics threatening to shadow-out mankind. Founded in 1973 by Bernice Johnson Reagon, these five women from Washington D.C. perform a broad repertoire of original and traditional songs ad-



dressing racism feminism, exploitation, anti-war, third-world struggles. They offer a profound concern for collective and individual rights and freedom. Instead of numbing the ears with slogans and harangues, Sweet Honey's material sings for itself with dignity, strength of purpose and compassion. The group's adventurous musicality grows with each album and this, their sixth record, is a landmark work. Starting with "Mandiacappella," a West African inspired vocal jam, polyrhythms and polytonality pull our ears into focus. "Step by Step," using words from the preamble to the United Mine Workers Constitution, starts in unison and unfolds its shifting harmonies that edge into microtonality yet never lose the song's intent: "Drops of water turn a mill, singly none, singly none." The abundance of stunning music continues right to the end. — David Meltzer

**IAN TESCEE: Io** (LP; E-N Records, Pink Flamingo Music, 3218 East LaSalle, Colorado Springs, CO 80909, USA) A decent debut album in the pop synthesizer vein, with an artistic debt to biggies such as Kitaro, Jarre and Vangelis. Tescee has a good ear for melody, and some good ideas. However, there seems to be a problem, especially on the first side, with mixing and/or tonal palette: individual instrumental voices are not always distinct. For whatever reasons, the second side seems cleaner, and supplies several fine pieces. Tescee also uses an ill-advised "wow" on one cut, "Voyage: Day 650", which made me jump up initially to check my turntable. But weaknesses do not negate the overall competence of the album, and the likelihood of greater things from Tescee in the future. — Bill Tilland

**THAT HOPE: Eight Dollar Hat** (LP; Karen Records, 811 E. Olive, Bloomington, IL 61701, USA) This is a capable, high energy rock and roll outfit that uses a lot of progressive jazz chops, with a sound that is something like a cross between Eddie Van Halen and The Police, except that these guys are more jazzy. The lyrics are also capably written, thoughtful, though occasionally cliché and awkward. But all this music sounds generic, like the group hasn't gotten beyond its influences yet, so they still seem like a "local" band. Only on one song, "Useless Advice", do they seem to push their musical limits. Here they are use rap rhythms, a little extramusical noise, more complicated harmonies and melodies, and the lyrics are more profound and searching. — Scott Pollard

**THEE FOURGIVEN: It Ain't Pretty Down Here** (LP; Dionysus Records, POB 1975, Burbank CA 91507) This 12 song LP has some memorable psychedelia. From the cheezy flat production to the art work on the jacket Thee Fourgiven give a completely believable presentation of the psychedelic sound. Unlike many such bands, these guys bring new energy and twists to a sound which many only attempt to copy. The only thing that gives it away is the 1985 copyright on the jacket. From the opening "Down in My Room" to the final "Ain't That Mad" a fever pace persists showing off some of the best tremolo guitar you'll here. I recommend this to anyone "into" psychedelic music. — Mark G.E.

**THIN WHITE ROPE: Exploring the Axis** (LP; Frontier, POB 22, Sun Valley, CA 91353, USA) The lonesome howl of the desert. It pulls you right in. Guitars switchblade back across the sand, the beat plods, beaten down by too much sun, in a long endless moan. The sound is air-tight, impenetrable. It takes several spins on the table to pull out the strains of Guy Kyser's twisted links of logic. The voice, the moan, blends in so well with the desert scenario; it becomes part of the landscape. After

awhile, the landscape moves, it breathes. The voice reaches out. The words ring across the desert floor. A place inside which you carry along, forgotten. To the point, "Disney Girls", "Dead Grammas On A Train" "Three Song" and "Atomic Imagery" are great songs. "Exploring The Axis" is simply an amazing song. — Scott Jackson

**THIS PARADE** (3-song 12"; Rumpo Records, 3-7 Hazelwood Rd., Northampton, England, NN1 1LG) These folks have a lighter touch than a lot of New Order hypno-groove bands around. The singer has a reedy adolescent quality to his voice that quivers and wavers as if wind-tossed. "Heartfelt" is the best of the lot, working up from a lobotomized Byrdsy riff, it goes into an almost rockin' overdrive before it flickers out like a tin ghost. — Geo Parsons

**THREE COLORS: Soul Selects** (LP; Soul Select Records, 34 Holyoke St., Boston, MA 02116, USA) Fine jazzy pop. The lead vocalist sings with the punky soulfulness of Jonathan Richman and saxophonist Dana Colley illuminates the sound. Sandwiched between idiosyncratic lines ("it's not easy to swallow a bowling ball") are provoking poesy. — Kim Knowles

**THROWING MUSES** (C; POB 9515, North Dartmouth, MA 02747) This is what they used to call art rock. It's rockin' but it contains atonal vocals; also, some country curves thrown in. Throwing Muses contain three girls and a boy. Their music does not strike me as anything remarkable. Rumored to be signing with 4AD. — Calvin Johnson

**TIED IN KNOTS** (C; Live Wire, POB 1222, Santa Fe, NM 87504, USA; ph. 505-988-9523) This home spun cassette sounds like one from the recording quality but the music more than makes up for that. There's quite a variety of styles here. There are great pop tunes like "Out of My Mind" that just plain make me move. But more than that it's intelligent pop with lots of little "nice parts" from guitars and keyboards making some very hook filled songs. There are also a couple of fairly psychedelic songs again with the same well-thought structure. "Indian Joe" is very dark and heavy. My first thought was of Joy Division but it's more psychedelic than that. Then I looked at the list of the musician's prior bands and noticed that the two writers, Craig Ellis and Brian S. Curley, have played with Roky Erickson. There's the influence, but I don't hear stolen licks. An enjoyable tape. — Doug Hagen

**TMA: What's for Dinner?** (LP; Jimboco Records, POB 203, Ansonia Station, NYC, NY 10023, USA) Musically, the album is hot. Anger pours from the music but ends up being diluted by weak lyrics about being broke, misunderstood, suicidal, and pissed off about poseurs invading the scene. Questions are raised, but the answers aren't even suggested. Otherwise, there's some great mid-tempo thrash, catchy riffs, some all out hardcore thrash and then some decent heavy metal harmonies complete with a few Ginn-guitarisms. The production quality is great. — Shawn A. Splane

**KAORU TODOROKI: Uncle Calvin's Private Life** (C-30; Stratosphere, 12-12 Unoki Sayama-shi Saitama-ken 350-13 Japan) This is a delightful package through and through. The tape comes with a little booklet describing the gentle adventures of one, Uncle Calvin, a good natured, somnolent sort of fellow who's beloved by the children in his village. The kids are always consoling him after his frequent bouts with scary nightmares, or else teasing him about his pot belly. The sometimes awkwardly translated English text only makes the thing more charming. Some of the 15 songs

Some song titles: alla L'aa Ke; Farming is the Most Important Occupation today; Aro/Sekere; If You Have Something Today. Try and Enjoy It. For Tomorrow You May Not Be Alive To Do So. — Robin James

**TRIANGULUS AND BJORN J SON LINDH** (LP; Breakthru Records, 2 Lincoln Square, NYC, NY 10023, USA) Relatively conventional but satisfying instrumental rock from a new Swedish group that includes two former members of Ragnarok. There is a subtle but definite folk influence, and much of the music almost falls into the new age category, but it really has more bite than typical new age. The use of several "unconventional" rock instruments, e.g. musical saw, flute, cello, vibraphone, e-bow, plus overtone singing, contributes some unusual and effective textures. More solo work would help several of the weaker cuts on the album; the repetitive riffs are not quite enough to sustain interest. Further identity development might move Triangulus into the upper echelon of European progressive rock. — Bill Tilland

**JOHN TRUBEE AND THE UGLY JANITORS OF AMERICA: Naked Teenage Girls in Outer Space** (LP; Restless/Enigma, POB 2428, El Segundo, CA 90245-1528, USA) Trubee complains of being frustrated by his lack of recognition as a musician and composer. I'm frustrated for him. This album is great! There are 22 musicians on the album and Trubee uses them well. Gorgeous, flowing horn riffs and keyboard passages and contagiously pretty melody lines abound. Then there's the other stuff. "John Henry" is 5:36 of distorted, keyless, melody-less, beat-less guitar noise. Lyrics range from "Lay me down on a field filled with corpses" to "I'm a leper in the shadows..." Then there are the prank phone calls where Trubee threatens a minster with vomiting on his "Trout" daughter. Trubee is obsessed with producing music by his rules and I'm glad for that. His music reminds me of the "Grand Wazoo/Hot Rats/Waka Jawaka" period of Frank Zappa's music. Very much in a tight groove and jazzy with an infectious beat. But Trubee is not a Zappa rip-off. It's his music all the way. — Doug Hagen

**28th DAY** (LP; Bring Out Your Dead Records/Enigma, POB 2428, El Segundo, CA 90245-1528, USA) As the album cover sticker proclaims: "Barbara Manning drags folk music screaming into 1985 with dizzying, gory adeptness and Cole Marquis unwinds guitar strings in unparalleled Eastern Modal fashion." Things all come together perfectly in the hook-laden "25-Pills" as vocals overlap and entwine in a haze of erotic coupling, and drums urgently propel the couplers to their druggy destination and guitars peek in and out of the thick lysergic mix. This is a fun record. — Fred Mills

**U-MEN: Stop Spinning** (LP; Homestead/Dutch East) Elements of cowpunk, hardcore and blues can be heard on the well-played but uninspired rhythm tracks. The U-Men's trump card is vocalist John Bigley, whose David Thomas-meets-Nick Cave ravings are inspired, passionate and sincere. The lyrics are spare, sensual and tense, suggesting someone trying to keep his senses alive in a cold and unfeeling world. If the rest of the band would follow Bigley's cue and loosen up, the U-Men could be a vital group. — Brook Hinton

**UNDERACHIEVERS: Underfoot** (LP; Throbbing Lobster, POB 205, Brookline, MA 02146, USA; ph. 617-739-1866) Those familiar with The Jefferson Airplane of the '60s will hear echoes of those wonderful Slick/Balin harmonies in a few of the songs which Cilla Harison and Noel Boulanger sing together. It sounds great. But The Underachievers aren't neo-psychedelic purists by a long shot. They

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are sung in Japanese and some in English. Musically, it's an upbeat blend of looney electronics, affected vocals, and a rinky dink steam pipe and pots and pans styled percussion. Big fun. A beautifully simple concept executed in a very tasteful and effective manner. The group lists Van Dyke Parks, Amos Pyrolator and Tove Jansson as inspiration. — Oleh Hodowanec

**JUKKA TOLOMEN & COSTE APETREA: Blue Rain** (LP; Sonet Records, 121 Ledbury Road, London W11 2AQ; avail. in U.S. via Amoeba Arts, 221 South Lamar, Austin, TX 78704, USA) Two of Sweden's foremost rock-jazz fusion guitarists in a no-frills album of acoustic guitar duets. Straight-forward and musically honest. The rapport between the two musicians reflects the results of working together, in various musical contexts, for over a decade. Tolonen is technically flashier while Apetrea is more soulful. Until Sam Charters told me, I thought Apetrea was Spanish, gitane, because of the emotional gypsy-Django nature of his solos. Of the ten tracks, eight are original, the two exceptions being "You Never Give Me Your Money" by Lennon-McCartney and Django Reinhardt's haunting trademark, "Nuages." While all the other tracks are toe-to-toe two guitars at work, someone decided to "sweeten" the Beatie ballad with a lanolin string arrangement. Probably the same someone responsible for the album's mix which sponged-out warm bass tones and boosted-up the treble to the extent that Tolonen and Apetrea sometimes sound as if playing musical combs or kazoos. It's nevertheless a pleasure hearing two accomplished guitarists in a musical dialogue of shared delights. — David Meltzer

**THE TONE ROAD RAMBLERS** (LP; c/o John Fonville, Creative Performer Archive, Music Dept. B-026, UCSD, La Jolla, CA 92093, USA) As their name suggests, these six musicians are working from a serialist aesthetic, although there are many post-modernist influences in their music: Cage, a nod to minimalism, and some free improvisation. The group consists of a flutist, two trombonists, a clarinetist, trumpet player and percussionist. If you are tired of the sterility of later serial music, this record ought to freshen things up considerably. The group plays with the energy of the best contemporary interpreters (I think of the KRONOS quartet) and that's what it takes. This is a fine record. — John Baxter

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Touch — Lands End** (C-60; POB 139, London SW18 2ES England; or POB 31408, Seattle, WA 98103, USA) This is the best tape I have ever heard (seriously) it's got all my favorite sounds displayed in interesting and clear episodes: old peoples' voices, oriental stringed instruments, sustained peaceful moments, strange bird sounds from real birds, Elliott Sharp playing hammered basses (Black Rain), small and skilled solo pieces and ensembles, MORE. Pink Elin, Nocturnal Emissions, Sudden Sway, Soviet France, Lol Coxhill, Det Wiehl, sons of Arqa, Graeme Miller, Ricotti and Gulland Gilbert, George Regular Music, Wolfgang Wiggurs. An outstanding sound collage. — Robin James

**TOUCH: Drumming for Creation** (C-60; POB 31408, Seattle, WA 98103, USA) The tape and text offer just a few examples from an event that encompassed drumming sessions and instrument making workshops, comes with shiny photocollage booklet and clear plastic wallet. The music, musicians and instruments are African: hand held and acoustic drumming, Iseze (13 stringed instrument), voices, kora drum chime, balaphon. Exposition of the Jaliya Musicians of the Gambia, The Bagamoyo Group of Tanzania, Gwari People of Niger State, Dundun (ritual drum quartet).

mix in some '80s punkiness and sparsity, updating the sound. — C. Newman

**UNDERTAKERS: The Greatest Stories Ever Told** (12" EP; Midnight, Box 390, Old Chelsea Station, NYC, NY 10011, USA; ph. 212-741-7230) Another sincere Swedish fivesome doing '60s garage, but kinda derivative and trite in places. Some interesting instrumentation — clanking chains here and there, and minimal guiro (a serrated gourd played by scraping a stick along its surface.) — Jack Jordan



#### UNOVIDUAL AND MICHEL MADRANGE:

**Saunetic Fraction** (C; c/o Henk Wallays, Box 11, 9880 Aalter, Belgium) An international zone full of Roland drumboxes and old Kraftwerk records. This has the feel of much of the independent music that comes from the Dutch E-music organization Stichting Stopcontact: an eight-bar, sixteenth note pattern is overlaid with a simple percussive synthesizer ostinato with a little analog delay and some non-tonal electronic noises. The lively tempos rub right up against...this voice. It's the vocals that may push you over the edge, since this is audio verite, an 'untreated' voice with limited range warbling what are at best, forgettable lyrics. Overall, though I like the gritty, low-tech integrity of the project. The inserts to the cassette are a chatty search for recording partners, an offer I may take up. — Greg Taylor

**URGENT FURY** (5-song C; c/o Harry Viderci, 1535 Shore Parkway #3B, Brooklyn, NY 11214, USA) The packaging and the lyrics are more impressive than the music, which is basic punk rock thrash. The lyrics, by Abraham Rodriguez (guitarist and lead singer) are what stand out — they're straight-forward and politically charged. "Urgent Fury" refers to a codename used for the American invasion of Grenada. — Madeline Finch

**ANATOLY VAPIROV: Invocations** (LP; Leo Records, 7 Clare Ct., Judd St., London WC1, England) Winner in both the soprano and tenor saxophone categories of the critics' poll in the

Soviet jazz magazine "Kvadrat", Soviet reed player/composer Vapirov is one of the more visible free-jazz proponents in that corner of the world. The three works on this disc cover a vast landscape of expression. Riff tunes dance with textural approaches, the serene with the raucous and angular, traditional playing techniques with extended techniques. This record reflects Vapirov's immersion in the Coltrane school, especially the later ramifications — which slowly winds its way to plateaus of grand gesture. His ensemble (Sergey Kuryokhin, piano; Valentina Ponomareva, voice; Alexander Alexandrov, bassoon; Ivars Galenieks or Vladimir Bolkov, bass) works well, complimenting and interacting with one another with excitement and professionalism. Though Vapirov and his cohorts owe much to the '60s free-jazz scene in America (particularly New York), the music is in no way an imitation of this scene. This is a record with a delightful sense of play and focus. — J. Stacy Bishop

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Ahhh...** (C-60; \$4; Bad Compilation Tapes, POB 16205, San Diego, CA 92116, USA) Italian hardcore with nine bands and about 35 songs, most poorly recorded. If you can scrape through the sludge you'll find most of the songs to be above average. These are all capable bands, incorporating European and American punk styles, singing in both Italian and English, and hitting all points on the speed meter. Peggio Punx emerge as the most ethnic sounding with their clean, intensely percussive, punch-like songs. EU's Arse have a very dirty, grunge-guitar attack. The toughest band here, Cheetah Chrome Motherfuckers, play fast and furious, at times sounding like the DKs. There is a persistent vocal echo throughout, as well as non-stop buzzing guitars; and even though this may not be the most conclusive compilation (does one even exist?) it certainly succeeds in being a hearty Italian punk salad. — C. Carstens

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Center of the Universe — Kansas City Compilation** (C; ME Musik, POB 36532, Kansas City, MO 64111, USA) Six bands presenting previously unreleased material. Highlights include The Yardapes (sample lyrics: "I feel like a genius when I wake up on time") and Jas Skeel (a lot of great effects from this one-man band). The KC scene appears to be incestuous, with members of various bands appearing on each other's recordings. — Kevin Crothers

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Collage — The West Valley Sound** (C; Earthshine Records) From the inlands of Southern California we have nine bands performing funky new age jazz and atmosphere music. The emphasis is on the mellow and melodic. The tunes are well produced and feature guitar, bass and drums. Solos abound as do polyrhythms and jazz chords. The tones are crisp and clean, the attitude breezy and tight, the playing bright and attentive if not always imaginative. — G. Specia

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Collective Electronic Music Project, Vol 7** (C60; \$7.98; I.E.M.A., POB 176, Salamanca, NY 14779, USA) A highly professional hour of electronic music from eight artists. The so-called "jazz electronics" and the purely electronic sound collages are excellent. The more mainstream compositions adequately fill side two. Jeff Davies of Missouri and John Serrie of Georgia contribute works that are really fusion or good disco. Davies gives us some great highway or subway tunes. His rhythms are precise; the arrangements of synthetic flutes, horns, and drums move. It could be closed a little better or earlier. Serrie packs an equal punch into two and half minutes with a track that is three times shorter. He uses similar voices plus a se-



quence that seems to dance on a harp's strings. An organ melody with swelling bells complete his work, something that would fill the dance floor. The more creative collages are by Roger Luther of New York and Kevin Hall of New Hampshire. Their soundscapes hold interest to the very end. Other artists include the Nightcrawlers, Lauri Paisley, John Wiggins, and Dave Bulter. This tape will expand the horizons of electronic music. — George Ottinger

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Cornelius Cardew Memorial Concert** (LP; Impetus Records, 587 Wandsworth Road, London SW8 3JD, UK) "Cornelius Cardew (1936-81) was killed on the 13th of December by a hit and run driver near his home in East London. This double album preserves the memorial concert of May 16, 1982 at Queen Elizabeth Hall." It beautifully chronicles the full scope of his varied odyssey. Included is a thorough 16 page biography, warmly written by colleague John Tillbury. Cardew is like a missing piece to the puzzle of this century's experimental music. He links serial, indeterminate, minimalistic and improvisational music. His journey wandered through the Royal Academy, Cologne, Rome, SUNY, back to King's College. His influences vary from Webern and Boulez, Stockhausen and Cage, to Young and Wolff. His colleagues who perform here are diverse; David Bedford, Frederick Rzewski, AMM, the Scratch Orchestra, and five of the composers from Eno's Obscure label. Included is a movement of "The Great Learning", his monumental experiment in tones and modes. It's a milestone in graphic notation and improvisation. He shared risk-taking with Cage, but rejected indeterminism to develop graphic scores for spontaneous music. Here the performers cast the die, rather than being cast by the die. All phases of his career are featured on this album which concludes with his later compositions which are mostly works of political philosophy. Truly memorable performances by all. — George Ottinger

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: A Diamond Hidden In The Mouth of a Corpse** (LP; Giorgio Poetry Systems, 222 Bowery, NYC, NY 10012, USA) In "Scum and Slime" Girono proclaims, "I want to be filthy and anonymous!" Whaddya know, the guy's dreams just about come true on this, his latest compilation. Pin it on the company he keeps. His always amusing, tongue-in-cheek diatribes are excellently backed by fat and fungoid synth work. But it's no match for the forces of Sonic Youth, Cabaret Voltaire, Diamanda Galas, Coil, and Michael Gira who make up about half of the artists on this album. These performers at once markedly darken the overall mood. Husker Du's "Won't Change" kicks the album off, and is about as wholesomely rousing as things get on this collection. — Oleh Hodowanec

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Do Not Open Until Christmas** (C; \$5; Garbonzo Bean Productions, 7522 Crawford Dr., Delta B.C., Canada, V4C 6X6) Some of the best songs I've heard about that wacky boy Jesus' birthday! No Fun's "No Fun at Christmas" tells a kid he ain't getting no fun at X-mas: Somebody in the background tosses in "you little bastard". Bolera Lava's cut is exceptional in its three part harmony and island flavor. The Grapes of Wrath perform John Lennon's "Happy Christmas" extremely similar to the original. However, it is very competent and beautiful. Der Blitzzen have a Bangles appeal combining female harmonies with '80s handclaps and saxophone. 54/40s "Christmas Time" is the best produced track on the tape. Rich rhythm and pretty but thick and powerful guitar and ambient bells. — Mark G.E.

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Drastic Perversions: XXX Compilation** (LP; XXX, POB 1060, Allston, MA 02134) XXX, the Boston based experimental label, has been issuing some very adventurous cassettes and records during the past few years and now with the release of Drastic Perversions, the label has solidified into a force to be noted. This 10 track compilation presents a number of Boston bands whose works stem from the violence, sexual aggression and despair of the tortured subconscious. "Victim" by Sleep Chamber is the most pointed piece, consisting of porno groans and orgasmic screams, interspersed with the deadpan narration of John Ze Wizz, who tells us in no uncertain terms of his plans for the female victim. Through subtle use of tapes, electronics and repetitive electric rhythm the piece maintains a violence and undeniable musicality. Women of the S.S. also have created a disturbingly vivid narration of demonic nature with "Woman is Beast." The cold, controlled female voice delivers the tale, interwoven with all manner of sounds swelling and receding on the mix. Then there is the tour de force of the LP, Nurse with Wound's, "I've Plumbed This Whole Neighborhood." Again we are dealing with the manipulation of the human voice, yet the theme here is based on lines from "Eraserhead." Starting simply with "I've locked myself out of my apartment," repeated throughout, the sounds of scraping metal, dissonant violin shrieks, and howling interwoven voices lurch forth. The piece builds to a groaning dirge of looped sound and voice, layered until the abrupt ending. Other fine contributions include PSI Fields's "Baby Poison," which is an insane conglomeration of reverberating tape loops accented by the urgently shouted counterloop, "Shut up and tell me if you poisoned my baby!" The piece is a two minute swelling mass of maniacal tape manipulation, somewhat similar to Smegma's better work. Overall, Drastic Perversions is a very good, uncompromising, bleak and disturbing. — Paul Lemos

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Frendafolket** (C-30; Sang, Karlstadgt. 4A, 0553 Oslo, Norway) In the past few years the interest in Norway's folk music has blossomed among Norway's younger groups and artists who are proceeding in the rock milieu. And here it is: an excellent collection compiled by Trygve Mathiesen, one of Norway's cassette movement pioneers and known for the music he makes with his group Ym-Stammen. This tape covers music as various as Spinster and Wolf's flute and acappella ballad (reminds me of Simon and Garfunkel) to Borderline's Spanish tune with bagpipes from Macedonia. And between these we find a sacred Norwegian hymn from Dove Munker, a jig based on a Huguenot tune played by Øyvind Rauset on violin; a traditional Polish song (with violin) used to wish people welcome; Ym-Stammen's own "Elvesang" (river song) with only primitive drums and vocals; and my own favorite: the beautiful naive and simple tune by "Autistiske Barn" with acoustic guitar accompaniment to Kalle's incredibly innocent voice. Plus four more artists/groups just as diverse as the others. A treasure for those interested in ethnic music. — Arild Bergh

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Genuine Houserockin' Music** (LP; Alligator) Contains cuts by the artists Alligator has recorded for years like Albert Collins, Koko Taylor, Son Seals, Lonnie Brooks and Fantom Robinson, plus cuts from the stars recently added to the roster like Roy Buchanan, Lonnie Mack, Johnny Winter, Jimmy Johnson and James Cotton. An added bonus is the inclusion of Alligator's first artist, the late Hound Dog Taylor doing the previously unreleased "Don't Blame Me." This is a great bargain priced (\$4.49 list) introduction into

Alligator's vision of the blues — and a great party record. — Dale Knuth

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: HA! HA! Among The Trumpets** (C; Sound of Pig Music, c/o Al Margolis, 28 Bellingham Lane, Great Neck, NY 11023, USA) Zusammenwaschen and Linea Tactica from San Sebastian, Spain; Man's Hate from Cambridgeshire, England; and 37 Pink from Tucson, Arizona are some to the best examples here of synthesized snap, crackle and pop. There is no attempt by any artist to put together melodic tunes in the traditional sense. "Firm Words" by Nomuzic and "Tastes Grrr" by The Horse He's Sick are interesting examples of dissonance. "Old Men in Drag" by Man's Hate create electronic noise usually associated with a malfunction of the audio systems at Johnson Space Center: chaotic and disturbing at the same time you know someone is rationally trying to fix it. — Larde Bix

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: High Times All-Star Explosion** (LP; Alligator) A haphazard collection from "High Times", a superior Jamaican reggae label. Half of the ten cuts keep up the high standards of the label, half are generic and faceless. Mutabaruka shines on an anti-Xmas anthem "Postpone Christmas." Joe Higgs is sexy and morose in his "So It Go." Newcomer Devon Russell has a winning innocence as he sings in a thin, high style on "Homebound Train." Dennis Brown sounds energized by the apocalyptically titled "Bloody City" and Freddie McGregor sounds grateful for the chance to record in a session ungummed by needless synthesizers on "Strange Things." The other cuts suffer from trite lyrics and lackluster arrangements. This album also maintains the usual sexist status quo common in the Jamaican reggae recording world: the ratio of male to female singers here is 9:1. I find it hard to believe that Jennifer Lara's vocals on "Hand to Mouth" is representative of the best women are offering in Jamaican studios today. — Norman Weinstein

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Home Recording's Promotional Sampler** (C-60; POB 4071, Bloomington, IL 61702, USA) Shmaz, Big Hair, The Dits, Pink Bob, Spill Drink, Moisty Gecko, The Sediments, the Bob and Jeff Show. This tape has some serious stuff but mostly it's a bunch of clowns goofin around. A sweeping generalization about the artists at Home Recordings is hard to make, this tape captures some of the flavors: sweet, sour, simple, messy, a rocking answering machine message, loud, subtle, layered, serious, fancy, odd taped voices and guitar noises, throbbing, hard to understand, and FUNNY. — Robin James

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Hit Parader Presents: The Wild Bunch, 18 Metal Masters** (C; ROIR Cassettes, 611 Broadway, Ste. 725, NYC, NY 10012, USA; ph. 212-477-0563) Eighteen head-banging originals from what producer Andy Secher calls "young bands who rock with flair, power, and passion." And, while there are no surprises here, this cassette pretty much lives up to its billing: vengeful power chords; piercing banshee vocals; broiling guitar solos; pile-driven backbeat, tight, aggressive musicianship. Some of the hard-guy posturing represented here wore out its welcome quickly; the carbon-copy, self-consciously anthemic, clenched-fist defiance reminded me that (sad to say) even rebellion can sound monotonous. Then again, taking this stuff too seriously would be missing the point. There are some stand-out performances: Q5 and Castle Blak deliver ass-kickers ("Pull the Trigger" and "Never Enough", respectively) of a more pop/mainstream variety, polished though hardly restrained, while Megadeath ("Chosen Ones"), Anthrax ("Metal Thrashing Mad"), and Slayer

["At Dawn They Sleep"] offer a balder, more raw approach. Lee Aaron's "Metal Queen" seemed to soar and thrash at the same time and Teeze's "Party Hardy", whose title says all you need to know. This cassette doesn't prove Secher's statement that heavy metal is the "raunchiest, most entertaining music that mankind has ever produced" but it demonstrates that the genre is thriving (and thrashing) all over the world. — G. Specia

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Hyde Park After Dark** (LP; BeeHive Jazz, 1130 Colfax St., Evanston, IL 60201, USA) This album was designed as a reunion of Chicago jazz veterans who developed their talents in the 1950s. A rather offbeat frontline of bass trumpeter Cy Touff and tenors Clifford Jordan and Von Freeman fronts a local but highly rated rhythm section (pianist Norman Simmons, bassist Victor Sproles and drummer Wilbur Campbell). The dark and serious tone of Freeman is easy to tell apart from Jordan, who has a lighter, but a probing style. Among the highpoints are features for the rhythm section, ballad showcases for both the tenors and an all-out jam on the title cut. The individuality of these strong players shines on this fine album. — Scott Yanow

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Just An American Band** (C-90 with booklet; \$5; Discontinued Cassettes, POB 6057, Winston-Salem, NC 271098, USA) The first compilation cassette from Discontinued, a label that sells tapes of all kinds of music from all over. This tape includes two tracks from notorious rock destructivist and sleazeroke animal GG Allin; two tracks from legendary funny punk innovators Stukas Over Bedrock; two very demented songs from Electric Impulses (aka Tim Ski), and much more. And of course a few predictable but fun and original metal punk thrash core bands (Brood; Inbreed; Cryptic Slaughter) and folkpunk from the Larries, and from Faded Glory, a live version of "Full of Hatred" and a spoof of 60s songs. Two songs each by 18 very different bands. — Rich D. Beef

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Kollage 3. — Verzamelcassette** (C; Red Rat Recordings, van Alphenstraat 29, 3581 JA Utrecht, The Netherlands) Though this tape contains tracks by various artists from here and abroad (Magthea, Mr. Herz, Richard Franecki, and several others), it's hard to tell where one piece ends and another begins. Atonal bursts of random acoustic instruments and synthesizers characterize every piece. Occasional bursts of angst-ridden vocals in assorted languages set off some of the pieces, and some interesting percussion fills highlight others, but on the whole this tape leaves much to be desired. I've got nothing against art-damage, but this borders on total destruction. — Allen Green

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Life '85** (C60; Temporary Music, Kuckucksweg 46, 5000 Koeln 30, West Germany) Beautiful electronic blends of music from around the world collected into a cassette with a 8x5 plastic wallet, a nice black and red text (in German) and photo on a folded page. With Emerald Web, Stratis, Asketen, Tim Story, Tara Cross, 96 Eyes, Ende Shneafliet, Port Said...14 different sonic adventue. — Robin James,

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Live At Jazzberry's, Vol. 1** (C; Jargon Records and Tapes, POB 90594, Rochester, NY 14609, USA) Features the Colorblind James Experience on side one and Personal Effects on the other. The former serves up a good-timey, Texas-swing derivation, seasoned with loose, half-spoken vocals and some slick pickin', all tossed in your lap. James is a skillful vibist/guitarist and his flourishes give a unique flavor. The lyrics strain

to be clever and, in the end, cause the Experience's to seem contrived. Personal Effects is a quartet modeled, one suspects, on the Talking Heads (a cover of David Byrne's "Heaven" is included in their four song set): simple melodies over broad rhythmic underpinning. The arrangements are spare and tight, and Peggi Fournier's plaintive vocals linger on long after the tape has ended. Thoughtful and friendly. — G. Specia

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Luxury Condos Coming to Your Neighborhood Soon: A Coyote Anthology** (LP; Coyote Records, POB 112, Hoboken, NJ 07030) Some twangin' bands that would never live in condos. Most seem to be urban/suburban dwellers affected by the grain-fed revolution sweeping the nation. Groups come from New England, New Jersey, and the South. There are a lot of women singers and guitarists. The music swings along at a lively clip. My favorite number is Syd Straw's "Listening to Elvis," on which she is backed up by the Del-Lords. There's not much intensity or flash to this record. There are links in style and in personnel to REM and the dB's. — Bill Neill

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Missing Children** (C60; \$3; Sound of Pig Music, 28 Bellingham Lane, Great Neck, NY 11023) A solid collection of strange electronic sounds from the likes of Data-Bank-A, Attrition, Randy Greif and The Haters. Just the thing for those who want something a little unusual but not beyond the pale. — Lang Thompson

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Musicworks #31: Women Voicing** (C45; \$6, includes tabloid; Musicworks, 1087 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6J 1H3) Women working in contemporary sound forms, usually involving the human voice. Individual pieces segue into one another and sometimes overlap, with recorded sounds of nature acting as conceptual glue. Along the way are Inuit throat songs, sound text, electronically manipulated voices, vocal performances recalling Diamanda Galas, awareness exercises from Pauline Oliveros, found broadcasts, and statements by the composers. Musicworks has a streak going of valuable cassette releases, and this one exemplifies the "uncensored energy" referred to in its text. — Dennis Rea

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Musicworks 32: Atlas of Scores — The Canadian Audio-Visual Journal of Sound Exploration** (C; \$6, includes tabloid; see address above) People do the damndest things, and here's proof. I like the idea of this project very much. An excerpt of a score is presented in a newspaper format publication, along with some explanatory text. The works are also excerpted on an accompanying cassette. One gets to see what a number of composers are up to notationally, as well as aurally. It's a very nice idea; unfortunately, seeing the score of an excessively self-absorbed work doesn't improve the experience. Not all of the 14 composers who contributed to this issue fall into the above category. There are some very interesting entries — Rodney Sharman's "Erstarring", Gordon Monahan's "Solitary Waves" should be remembered in the minimalist hall-of-fame. I found that in some cases, the score attracted me to the music and in other cases, the music to the score. It is curious to see what some people take the trouble to write down. With some of the works the score is much more the reward than the music. All in all, though, the quality of the publication is very good and I applaud the efforts of those who dreamed up this project and work hard to keep it going. — Leland Sainty

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Nightmare Culture** (LP; Laylah, Rue J. Bassen 68, 1160 BXL, Bel-

gium) A split LP: one side a new piece by Current 93 (Dave Tibet and co.) and the other, a collaboration between Coil and Boyd Rice, entitled "Sickness of Snakes." Current 93's side long "Killy Killkilly" (A Fire Sermon) presents more of the occult imagery of their past several releases, built upon their trademark choral chanting. Over this are backwards voices, screamed and spoken narration, prayers and other vocal effects. Occasional swells of feedback and bass distortion, coupled with dischordant piano and percussive pounding provide slight compositional variation, but basically we have heard this before. Current 93's first few releases were uniquely potent and unnerving, but at this point I would like to see more progression. The "Sickness of Snakes" side is by far, the better of the two. Ominously beautiful and unexpectedly subtle; it is strong and unique, influenced more by Coil, than Rice. "Various Hands", the first piece, is a dissonantly synthesized orchestral introduction, somber, yet vigorous, accented by cracks of white noise. "The Swelling of Leeches" follows with thunderously howling noise, a maelstrom of confusion, ebbing into an almost Philip Glass like sequence, underpinned by Tibetan horn and rumbling keyboard chords. Ending the side is the "The Pope Held Upside Down", an exercise in tape manipulation and electro acoustic recording. The sound sources are not clear, probably scraped surfaces, percussion and voice slowed down, accelerated, flanged, run backwards, etc...An undulating densely tracked and undeniably threatening piece, the best on a very short LP. — Paul Lemos

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Nine Underground** (C60; \$6; WREK, POB 32743, Atlanta, GA 30332) A valuable compilation of Atlanta avant-garde and industrial music, 1984/85. Includes Jarboe's extraordinary "Walls," a voyage to the depth of psychosis through sound. PVC Precinct delivers three original, moody songs. Sequence 3 offers an exceptional piece of pure, gutsy noise. Young Schizophrenics' "Podunk Earth" is an unpretentious Zev-like percussion piece. There is a lot more, including one of Atlanta's best ever one-shot bands, Incest. This is all past now, but this document is a testament to Atlanta's industrial past and a warning of more noise to come. — Glen Thrasher

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Nye Takter Kasset No. 1/Norge 1985** (C; Nye Takter, Boks 134, Kalbakken, 0902 Oslo, Norway) This compilation, released by the Norwegian music paper Nye Takter, contains 11 of the more established rock groups here in Norway, although none of them has enjoyed any great commercial success. This is however, not because there's any weird, experimental stuff here, everything is within the borders of mass acceptance. But this doesn't mean that it's dull and boring. On the contrary, all groups presented here have their own genuine style though they, of course, are inspired by other artists. Here you can find guitar rock a la the sixties, intense ballads, innovative new rock, catchy mainstream pop/rock and much more halfway between. As with most compilations, there are artists/groups one can miss. But presenting Babij Jar, Can Can, Ken Dang, Bols, The Act, Skjonn Forening, Gardens of Delight, Wannskrækk, The Major Chord, Cirkus Modern and Crawdaddy Simon, this gives a good idea about what's happening on the contemporary Norwegian rock scene. — Arild Bergh

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: On This Day** (LP; Hogeve Records, c/o Flying Fish Records) This record is too artistic for my Perry Como and Smurfs-loving family to play for their cool Yules. This is a gathering of five folk players (Fred Campeau,

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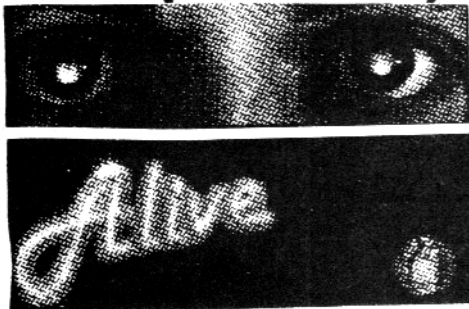
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### FOREIGN OBJECTS

FOREIGN OBJECTS  
Into The Squared Circle  
Breakthrough, LP

Boston Rock

If you've been following your mega-trends, you know that rock 'n' roll wrestling is a big thing this year. But Amherst's Foreign Objects were way ahead of the trends, playing songs like "Wrestling Is Real" and "Rock 'n Wrestling Roll" as far back as 1979. At the time, their irreverent tunes were enough to get them banned from college parties (I'll never forget the time I saw 'em shock the kids at Mt. Holyoke). They reformed this year to make this nifty LP, which is heavy on Ramones-style guitars and smartass vocals. Almost half the songs are about wrestling, and you'll learn from the lyrics that Lou Albano is a genius and Doctor Beach is a bum. But this album is no throwaway: songwriter Bill Perks has real wit and a knack for hooks, and the band thrashes hard. So go ahead and buy it, ya pencil-neck geek!

—Brett Milano

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Jim Craig, Stuart Ropsenberg, Anne Hills and Shinobu Sato) doing a variety of Christmas tunes from U.S. and Europe, some obvious and others obscure. Classical inflections arise, necessary for the more traditional interpretations. There's some acapella and near a capella, too. This is the kind of stuff to calm you for the Second Coming, which is kinda the purpose, no? — Jamie Rake

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Opiate of the Underground** (C; \$3.25 Canadian, \$2.50 U.S.; Materials and Processes, 3 Belvedere Blvd., Toronto, Ont., MBX 159 Canada) A four-song tape from the people who produced a fine sampler of Toronto music about a year ago (reviewed in S.C. #3). This one is much less satisfying; at times, even annoying. Believer's Voice of Victory offers an inscrutable piece on the theme of machines and things that begin with the letter K. Crawling with Tarts pushes a twang-fuzzed guitar that made me wince, and the Size Queens continue the discomfort with a shrill harmonica and a grating nasal vocal. Rising above is a sleepy song with good guitar by Groovy Religion about a kitchen boy who goes on a rampage, and about lying in bed with beer. It has a strange, sad mood. — W. Mueller

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Own the Whole World #11/12** (C90; 812 Stadelman Ave., Akron, OH 44320) This appears to be the last cassette issue "for a while," so grab this one up you Ohiophiles. Bizarros! Does anybody out there remember the Bizarros? Well, it has been years, hasn't it? Here they are captured in 1980 with the classic "The Big Sleep" — easily this tape's finest and punchiest moment. There are also some tiresome "found voice" exercises, just as there are on about every other damned "various artists" cassette I've heard in the last couple years. But there is also a decent share of more interesting material to make up for it, thankfully; folks like Ragged Bags, Ghosts before Breakfast, the Off Seats and Malcolm Ryder, to name a few. The fidelity varies, and the whole 90 minutes is in mono, but don't let that wreck your day, you get a mag in the deal too. The 'zine has a one page interview with Eugene Chadbourne plus lots of reviews. It's a nifty read while you listen to the tape. There's no price info enclosed, but an option of sending OTWW a blank tape and a thoughtful amount of postage to cover mailing the shebang back to you may still apply. — Oleh Hodoanec

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: A Phosphorous Seed** (EP; Babel, POB 131, Kalamazoo MI 49005) Two K'zoo bands get one side each of this 12" of kinky tribal technorock. Akibu Red (formerly "Strange Fruit Akibu") are slow and spacey with disjunct beats, drifting singsong female vocals, strange words, electronics, guitar, a far off sax, and they have the hit on this EP, "Mirage." Guitar soars over fast loopiness and beat, then cuts out, loop slows, sax wails and she sings wordless vocals in the distance. It's silly and spooky too. Ark of Bone try to be stranger than "Strange Fruit." Titles like "Anal Allure" and "I Dream of Meat" help. Male and female vocals over sinister keyboard cycles, electronics, guitar and percussion. Strange birds. — CD in A2

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Pyrrhic Victory** (C; \$4.99 postpaid, 922 15th Ave., Seattle, WA 98122) A well-done compilation of mostly-defunct Seattle-area bands. The bands share a proclivity towards over-use of studio processing devices, especially on the vocals. The complete rundown: Ten Minute Warning - "Stooge (love)" Too slow to be metal/core, to heavy-metal to be old-style punk, but a good sound. I don't think the S&M/death imagery lyrics have anything to do with Larry, Moe,

Curly, or Shemp. Vexed - "Six Foot Hole" - Over-processed guitar, tribal drums, and (fake?) accented vocals - tepid at best. Feedback - "Soul Doubt" - Interesting guitar instrumental with several style and tempo changes and a touch of processed vocals at the intro. Mental Mannequin - "Mannequins on Parade" - Great globs of keyboards and flanging with a recitation, a processed vocal group intoning the title and heavily echoed lead vocals. Pink Floyd could be a reference for this track from 1980. The Fags - "The average grinding/whining guitars, echoed vocals, and background wind sounds add up to music that is unfortunately not as controversial, or experimental as their name. Colour Twigs - "I Said" - The highlight of the tape. Dual metallic (but not metal) guitars, processed vocals, a decent-sounding drum machine, and a marimba (!) or the synthetic equivalent create an interesting groove. Skin Yard - "Stuck in a Plan" - Definitely heavy metal, with a great-sounding bass (in fact, this track has the best-recorded sound on the tape). The Probes - "Tomorrow" - This multi-rhythmic piece features dual harmony lead vocals as well as a metal guitar solo. The Horrible Truth - "Five, Four" - Nice contrast between heavily-distorted guitar and undistorted guitar in a song that experiments with different time signatures (particularly 5/4) Soundgarden - "Incessant Mace" - Definitely Black Sabbath. — K. Crothers

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Rare Tracks Vol. 1** (LP; Kevin Kat Records, 116 W. Sunset, San Antonio, TX 78209) Kevin Kosub, who fancies himself the Phil Spector of San Antonio, is the lunkhead behind this collection of guitar workouts and blues ballads. He has surrounded himself with characters like Neal "Dogface" Walden on guitar and Frank "The Wild Jalapeno" Rodarte on saxophone. With a crude sense of humor, Senor Kosub and his looseknit band pummel their way through 14 selections that range from clever to lame and repetitive. This plastic cowpie ought to be welcomed by rowdy, rockin' rednecks; but it's not for anyone who thrives on slickness. — Bill Neill

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Ritual Des Sadicos II: French New Music Compilation** (LP; P231, 11 Allee du Prunier Hardy, 92220 Bagneux, France) The number of fascinating experimental groups in France is astounding, and as is evidenced by this seven band, 12 track compilation, the scene is rapidly growing. Released by P 231, a purveyor of some very challenging music himself, Rituals presents sound pieces of wide stylistic spectrum. Some are based on semi structured brooding ambience, others deal with harsh industrial rigidity and still others present warped, Residents like song form. At the forefront is the wonderful Vox Populi, showing new developments. Their four pieces are richly rhythmic and exotically textured reminding me of music from the Cameroon rain forests. Other highlights include the subdued violence of P 231, whose work is muffled, somber, brutal; built on dull percussive thuds and mangled, shrieking electronics. The little known D Z Lectric provide another interesting track of ravaged funk, jangling guitars, jumbled voices and noodling rhythm. James Brown meets Liliput. The last piece is the most conventional, and perhaps the most successful. It is by J P 118, presenting a piece very exotic and rich in texture, however the arrangement complex, highly structured and melodic. Rituals is a fine introduction to French difficult music. — Paul Lemos

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Scary World** (C; Sound of Pig Music, c/o Al Margolis, 28 Bellingham Ln., Great Neck, NY 11023, SA) If you like the idea of all the techno-industrial overload music, but you've grown tired of listening for subtle-

ties in punch presses and radio static, then this tape is worth listening to. A compilation of deep subconscious states from Colorado to Austria, it truly lives up to its billing. Eerie moods of sadness, desperation, paranoia, schizophrenia, and submission float among the synthesizers, squeals, pounding, moanings, foreign music, and strange voices. After listening to this a few times I felt positively sane. — W. Mueller

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Snapshot Radio Cassette Magazine #6** (C-60; POB 2391 Olympia, WA 98507, USA) This has a nice little booklet with handcolored parts, some come with real snapshot family photos taped to page one and seven. What you get are bits from so many different audio snapshots. Let me explain. It started with an idea for a radio show, two hours a month with things recorded on cassettes that are just people talking or clowning around or just the wind blowing and the birds singing or a tape from a visit to China many years ago, or Nicaragua, or conversations with people downtown. Anyway, you get a 90 minute tape and a booklet with amazing things like what Ray the Hermit said, and parts of a letter written at the turn of the century, human things like that. It's a great idea, lots of possibilities. — Robin James

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Tellus #12: Tellus Dance** (C; \$7; Tellus, 143 Ludlow St., #14, NY, NY 10002) Tellus is a bimonthly cassette release of audio art, and this issue is devoted to innovative dance music. Quite simply, it's great. Quite a few of the pieces on this cassette were commissioned for various choreographers. Artists include A. Leroy, Carol Parkinson, Hearn Gadbois, and Liquid Liquid. My favorite is a funky overdubbed saxophone quartet done by Tower of Power alum Lenny Pickett. Dance music with heart, soul and substance. — John Baxter

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Tellus #11 Radio** (C60; Tellus c/o Harvestworks, 16 W. 22nd St #902; NY NY 10010) Pieces made for radio presentation, mostly dramatic or expository. Some work by Jay Allison, Adam Cornford and Daniel S. Crafts, Gregory Whitehead, Susan Stone, The New York IPS, Zahner Ollswang, Gina Allison, Marjorie Van Halteren, Lou Giansante, Karen M. McPherson, Barrett Golding, Rick Harris, Janice Ball, and more, 19 pieces altogether. Very interesting combination of comedy, drama, a ghost story, a story about sexual abuse, poetry, experiments, lots of NPR stuff. Well worth looking (listening) into. — Robin James

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Tellus #10 Guitars!** (C60; Tellus, c/o Harvestworks, 16 W. 22nd St. #902, NY NY 10010) Contemporary guitar artists making strange sounds with their instruments, including Lee Ranaldo, Arto Lindsay, the Butthole Surfers, Bob Mould, Joseph Nechvatal, Elliott Sharp, David Linton, Jules Babbiste, Lucy Hamilton, Run Nigger Run, Glenn Branca, Joe Disney, Frankenjerry, to name a few. Mostly these artists work in an experimental rock or quasi-rock mode, no way-out sustained noise stuff, and very little acoustic guitar stuff. But heck, it's a great tape — don't get me wrong. — Robin James

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Tellus #9 Music with Memory** (C60; Tellus c/o Harvestworks 16 W. 22nd St. #902, NY NY 10010) The best piece on the whole tape is (for me aghast of age and darkness) Brenda Hutchinson: Interlude from Voices of Reason, with a Fairlight CMI and voices from a nursing home (evidently). Freaks me out every time I hear it. The other pieces utilize expensive and inexpensive digital memory devices with synthesizers. Apples, Memory Moog, our pal the Casio, rhythm box

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By ELLEN SUESS  
Reporter

Reminded me of U2, but I probably shouldn't say that.

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them out and tell us what they sound like.

and Microvox speech synthesizers. It's a digital party — John Driscoll, Nicolas Collins, Ron Kuivila and Paul DeMarinis; the pace is very sustained, nothing hurries by. The shortest piece is 4:14, longest is 16:06 seconds in length, buzzing and talking away, coming and going back again. — Robin James

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: They Pelted Us With Rocks and Garbage** (LP; After Hours Records, 300 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, OH 44115) Ten fairly well-known area bands and three fairly unknown (to me anyway) bands that try to make a serious attempt to show outsiders that Cleveland is thriving with original music. This record runs the gamut from the hardcore thrash of Spike In Vain to the modern psyche of Death of Samantha with a little modern dance by New Small Appliances thrown in. The best songs are the Death of Samantha track which is not on their album or two singles and "Happy" by the power poppish Reactions. — John Krinov

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Tokyo Reggae Clash** (LP; Wackie's, 4731 White Plains Rd., Bronx, NY 10470) This album anthologizing the efforts of seven reggae bands from Tokyo is a welcome surprise. The temptation to dismiss Japanese reggae as a totally contrived musical mutation is great. That temptation is given support by the opening cut here, PJ and Cool Runnings, an 8 piece unit, performs the cumbersome and even silly "Back to Africa." (When were they last there?) The rest of the recording makes this opening disaster quickly fade from attention. "Ko-Ki-Ko-Ki-Ko" by the Vibrations has Japanese folk music rhythms colliding with reggae with lyrics which move from Japanese to English to scat. "Wave Inside" by I & I Community merges a neo-psychedelic soft rock sound with melodica runs a la Augustus Pablo. The 69 Band makes a cogent musical statement out of the fluffy Minnie Riperton "Loving You." Excellent production throughout heightens the appeal of this groundbreaking collection demonstrating how the spirit of Jah music knows no geographical limits. — Norman Weinstein

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: War is the Health of the State** (C60;\$3; Sound of Pig Music, 28 Belingham Lane, Great Neck, NY 11023) One of the best of the always reliable Sound of Pig compilations, this mixes edgy experimentalism, quirky compositions and introspection. Contributors include Problemist, Zanstones, Mystery Hearsay, Ken Clinger and der Akteur. Recommended — Lang Thompson

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Vita Nova International** (C; 8 Rue Sidi Brahim/38100 Grenoble, France) This is an above average international compilation, nicely packaged and musically diverse, including such artists as Savage Republic, Etant Donnes, Die Todliche Doris, Nurse with Wound, and Deviation Social. Ranging from high powered electronics, and musique concrete to tribal rock 'n' roll and neo-dadaist sound montages. Most of the material is inspired and well-executed, some tracks being a bit too long (Etant Donnes, Victor Nubla) or a bit too short (Die Todliche Doris). Musically, there's a lot of energy and creativity exhibited, but the cassette is hampered by very tinny sound quality and some annoying tape hiss as well as a few "clinkers." In general, however, this is a worthwhile addition to any cassette collection. — Paul Lemos

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Where to Now?** (C60; Harsh Reality Music, POB 241661, Memphis, TN 38124-1661) Ten bands from places as diverse as Michigan, Belgium, Tennessee, New York, California, and England. A myriad of styles/approaches show up here. Eternal Concessions contribute a spooky church organ infested (bad) concert in "Sex Ghouls." Yowling overdubbed vocals relate a rambling tale which

fell over the edge a long time ago. Memphis' Skoptzies sound like 53 late sixties horror movie soundtracks simultaneously on "Pitfall." There is rhythm machine oriented synth-pop gloom by The Quiet Room, unreconstituted female synth pop by Belgium's Bene Gesserit, and Police-like pop from The Louvre. On "Loyalty," The Unopened Present low-fi out on a lyrically psychedelized garage tune. There's forced horror from Mental Anguish and If, Bwana contribute a steamleak ditty. Konstruktivits' "Ice" is more straight forward rhythmically than other pieces of theirs that I've heard. Methyl Isocyanate floats away to bring the tape to a close. Generally high quality recording and comes with a contact address supplement. — Bob Forward

**VELVASCURGE: Human Element** (EP; Esync Records, POB 380621, Miami, FL 33238) This is fun stuff from a Miami trio that knows how to write and produce great modern pop. The lead vocals of Greg McLaughlin are clear and full of energy. Engineer, producer and musician, DeLoach, steals the show however. All five songs are very slickly produced, but a "human element" shines through to make them endearing instead of mechanical. No standout tunes on this record — they're all great. — Jim Butterfield

**VICTORIO AND THE REBEL QUEEN: "Enter Into You" b/w "The Testimony"** (7"; V Records) Vic and the Queen sound pretty much like early '80's Prince. "Enter" is a love/lust number with driving organ riffing that nearly intimates rape. Turn it over and you have a slightly more gospel sounding hook over which Vic Tells of his spiritual salvation. Beats me as to what they, Rebel Queen, (two women) do aside from looking pretty...hey! a la Vanity 6: How much did these people listen to Prince? — Jamie Rake

**VISCERA: "Get in the Action"** (LP; Cause and Effect, POB 30383; Indianapolis, IN 46230) Deborah Jaffee (Master/Slave Relationship) and Hal McGee (Dog as Master) are Viscera and this is their fifth powerful electronic release on CAE, their label. "Relax" has a rapid heart beat and heavily fuzzed out vocal atmosphere and distortions. "Falling Backwards" is a more involved march beat, crashing electronics, alarm tones, and Casio filigree that builds into song structure. It's all driving and distorted, male and female vocals swirl and scream through the mix. Good sound. Get in on some heavy action. — CD in A2.

**THE VOICE: "One Year Date"** (12" single; Orphan Records, POB 86, Sterling Heights, MI 48311-0086) Lyrically vicious anti-Parents Music Resource Center rap. The music does pack a jumpy kind of wallop, though nothing like harsh New York hip-hop m.c.-ing. The lyrics accurately, if a little hyperbolically, portray the PMRC as the first step to fascism and how they got George Orwell's 1984 to arrive "one year late." Though he would surely defend Doug E. Fresh and Ricky Dee's right to be obnoxious potty-mouths, Mr. Voice will probably keep his mind on more substantial matters and is the better for it. — Jamie Rake

**VOODOO DOLLS: Problems With Girls?** (6 song EP, Sunjay Productions, Box 139, 447 00 Vargarda, Sweden) Swedish rockabilly-based trio with original songs. Their guitar, stand up bass, and drums combination delivers a surprisingly full sound. The guitar work and the vocals are enthusiastic throughout and the good news is the vocals don't have that I-don't-know-what-the-hell-I'm-saying lip sync quality of so many Europeans singing in English. The Voodoo Dolls work well within a punkabilly framework, but throw in lots of touches to open up their sound. From the melodic garage band sound of "I Need More Than This" to the

fast punkabilly instrumental "Club X", to "Vampire Ville," with its hardcore vocals and screaming over an early rock beat, Duane Eddy twang guitar and monster lyrics, the Voodoo Dolls show a lot of imagination and love of just plain fun. Although their longest song "Flip Your Coin" is repetitive and takes on the role of an unwanted epic, the EP's final cut "Through With You," gives bluesy guitar work with an overall sound like the Cramps with coherence and good backup vocals. — John Grooms

**VOOT DIN AND THE DEN OF INIQUITY** (C60; Vince Oliverio, 159 S. Main St., Salamanca, NY 14779) Voot Din cooks. This cassette is hard-driving bar-band boogie, heavy on the guitar, reminiscent (some) of George Throgood or Hound Dog Taylor. Lots of lyrics about drink and sex and "I'm the meanest sonofabitch on the streets." Voot Din's guitar — especially his rhythm licks — steals the show here, and I think Strat fans would want to hear this guy. Write Vince and get one of his tapes, then take it for a ride a 80 mph on the interstate. With the top down. — John Baxter

**VOMIT LAUNCH: Fishbutt** (C60; POB 4527, Chico, CA 95927) From the name you might expect some industrial concrete scab-noise grit, but what comes out is more like the Raincoats jamming with Joy Division. If they had a fashion consultant and a big-deal record producer, these kids could be rich, which is definitely not the point. Their version of "Paint it Black" wouldn't sound too bad next to anything by Shockabilly (a compliment). Strictly from the smart side of Hellsville. — Geo Parsons

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: Woodstock 1985** (LP; Trigon Records, 6837 Hanna Ave., Canoga Park, CA 91303) Damned silly but great compilation of bands who may never be heard from again, pseudo-commercials and faked documentary talk to give it the feel of the followup to the infamous festival of free love, music and drugs. Best cuts include A Flock of New York Conceptual Artists Without Work's Laurie Anderson sendup, "O Sharkey's Dog," the psychoambience of English 101's "Crimson and Metamucil," a couple of things by the Ugly Genitals of America and a rap devoted to farting by the Ghetto Blasters. For added authenticity, Francis "Off" Key ends the LP on a mutation of patriotism with his "Scarred, Strangled Boner" a la Hendrix' perversion of the National Anthem. The best Jewish punk/metal parody since Gefilte Joe and the Fish is included here in the form of Mensch's "Matzo Balls to the Wall," too. Doctor Demento is likely getting a load of wear out of this. — Jamie Rake

**LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III: I'm Alright** (LP; Rounder Records, One Camp Street, Cambridge, MA 02140, USA) It's been three years since his previous album and this release was co-produced by Richard Thompson (who also plays here) and includes musicians Danny Thompson, Gerry Conway and Paul Brady. But this is Wainwright's record, with the cast of distinguished supporters adding just the right ease and color to the songs. Wainwright is more thoughtful and reflective than he has been previously. And, though this makes for a darker wordplay, it is delivered with a clarity and light. "One Man Guy," "Out of this World" and "Ready or Not (So Ripe)" are the best examples of this dark/light focus. The biting humor often associated with Wainwright can be found on the title track and "How Old Are You." The move towards a more personal perspective adds insight and bite, though a tendency towards whimsy, and an overly relaxed attitude works against some of these songs.



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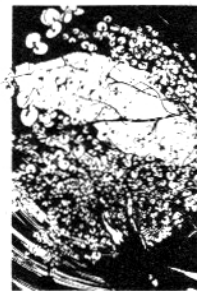
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But, I'm glad Wainwright's voice is still searching and grappling with life's issues as he sees them. This is one career move I can appreciate. — Scott Jackson

**THE WAKE: Here Comes Everybody** (LP; Of Factory New York) At first this synth-based band sounded like another early New Order clone with softer, more pleasant vocals, but eventually the record grew on us. The muted, dreamy quality of the music promotes an atmosphere of repose. Time to relax and get mushy. The even temper and lack of tension may be too pleasant for some, due to the pervasiveness of cynicism in the world today. We like to use *The Wake* as the soundtrack for our sweet dreams. The Delevois say: 8.

**WALLMEN: Not A Good Day** (C; Dead Judy, 7711 Lisa Lane, Syracuse, NY 13212) Grrr...scary monster-man voices "singing" songs about killing Jehovah's Witnesses...makes me think of a bunch of guys having a good time being jerks and goofing off with instruments, noisemakers and a tape recorder. A little bit of everything and not much of anything. I like this, but I don't love it. Cruddy sound quality, icky cover art, and a bad attitude. — George Parsons

**TOM WASINGER: Paradox Found** (LP; \$9.98ppd; Myth Informed Records, POB 7272, Boulder, CO 80306, USA) In a sense this is a formalist take on the singer-songwriter genre: "poetic" first-person lyrics sung to minimal, tasteful instrumentation. Wasinger, however, turns the slight variations into an asset through a nice sense of melody. It doesn't hurt either that the lyrics don't dominate the music. Pleasant but not compelling. — Lang Thompson

**THE WAYFARERS: Suddenly Life's a Perpetual Holiday** (C; c/o Discovoltante, 40 Hill Road, Sands Point, NY 11050) Six tunes on this cassette; some vocals, a few instrumental. Sort of a '60s garage sound, with tinges of jazz, this group reminds me of some of the, well, they were called combos, that played the teen ballroom scene when I was a kid. The vocals strike me as flat, but the instrumental cuts have energy. — John Baxter

**BEN WEBSTER: At the Renaissance** (LP; Contemporary/Fantasy) Webster, one of jazz's most significant tenor-sax masters, had a lot of ups and downs in his career popularity-wise, despite remaining at a consistently high level artistically. His tough raspy tenor could be remarkably tender on ballads, a very effective contrast. This disc was recorded in 1960 at Ben's insistence; he felt that he had developed a special rapport with his sidemen (pianist Jimmie Rowles, guitarist Jim Hall, bassist Red Mitchell, and drummer Frank Butler) and that the music should be saved for posterity. He was right. On two ballads and a pair of medium-tempo standards, Webster is in superb form and each of his rhythm players have moments to shine. — Scott Yanow

**SAM WEIS: Hologram** (LP; Kicking Mule Records #178, POB 158, Alderpoint, CA 95411) There are not enough superlatives to say how much I enjoy this album. At first I was skeptical since my exposure to 12 string guitar virtuosos has left a bittersweet taste; then I put the record on and was immediately transfixed. I was surprised on several counts. First by the original material. All but one song (a medley of San Antonio Rose and Jambalaya) all were penned by Sam. Second, Sam's a woman — the front cover does her no justice at all and the back cover photo was at first taken for a cute boy; besides which this was the first such album by a woman I had encountered in all my years of collecting. The tunes are very melodious, not tedious as some 12-

strings can be; but playful and full of motion; as Sam herself put it: "...a dance, a daydream, a journey..." So, indeed, this record is an aural diary of the artist's travels near and far, within the mind and without the body. — William Ponsot

**WE THE LIVING: Renaissance Man** (C; Subversive Records, POB 552, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302, USA) A five-song 25-minute cassette filled with driving rhythms a la Killing Joke and Regressive Aid along with excerpts from an interview with the band. The problem with the music, and especially the longer instrumentals, is to sustain the energy and drive through repetitions. But they pull it off nicely. "Something About Driving" and "Dootie" cruise while only one song ("Funky") lagged. The interview is inarticulate and annoying, but the music can move and I'd like to hear more from them. — Tom Shannon

**WHISTLE: ("Nothing Serious) Just Buggin'"** (12" single; Select Records, 175 Fifth Ave., NY NY 10010) Imagine U.T.F.O. gone go-go and you have part of the picture. This is go-go/hip-hop/novelty rap something on the order of Tricky Tee's "Johnny the Fox," only poppier. A little sexism (unfortunately a current rap trend) doesn't deter from a splendid tongue-twister, cool sampling effect of a song from an old cartoon (that's where I heard it, leastways) and all-around jammin' groove. Thankfully, a sequel to something this quirky seems doubtful. Likely to be influential. — Jamie Rake

**WHITE BOY MEDICINE SHOW: Sour Mash Music** (C-46; The Subelcktrick Institute, 475 21st Ave., San Francisco, CA 94121, USA) All acoustic guitar and vocals done with a warm badly recorded (in New Orleans) singer-songwriter setup, one plays and the other sings about funny things like we all do, sorta sad. It's hilarious, folkified down-home spoofs and emotional rants and such. Some titles: "Lord Joe" (a song about a dog), "Love, Greg" (a letter written while leaving, not happy but sorta funny now), "Hotel" (perhaps the best piece, the suspenseful story of what happened before we or the fish were born) "Big Train" (add harmonica for that wandering kind of song, the final joke is on you), "Ramblin' Dog" (stunning a cappella intro, bluesy like the other songs). All sung off key. — Robin James

**THE WHOLE LOTTA LOVES: The Recline and Fall of Rock and Roll (Part 2)** (LP; Treasure City Records, POB 40092, St. Paul, MN 55104) A 7-song mini-album of some jumping garage-pop complete with fuzzy guitar and farfisa organ. Mid-60's retro-rockers to be sure and sometimes it works out swell, especially with "Emmerita"; a solid, energetic tune with a memorable hook. Other times though it just sounds like these guys are trying too hard, pushing some songs to breaking point and beyond. The title track is a muddy live interpretation of Gary Glitter's "Rock and Roll Part 2." Self-indulgent and plodding, as a live showcase it falls flat. A mystifying inclusion. — Tom Shannon

**WIDEMOUTH CASSETTE** (C; POB 382, Baltimore, MD 21203) Not sure of title but I'll try: (frustrated) fone sex/(boomed usic) (fone sex)/(boomed usic) (jerks off) telepropheremoaningquinquennial (vaudio's audio) [long blank space I think it denotes the other side then:] boomed usic at the No Business As Usual Benefit (get that?) The first side is a recording made of a live show in a populated hall of some sort in Baltimore (are all Baltimore people like Divine or John Waters or other famous pervers?) The guy and sometimes his friend Butch talk to telephone prostitute types over the phone which is specially wired

and amplified over the p.a. system. It seems that the main event (he even pre-paid \$25 for this) has a busy signal but he manages to contact one person he knows and one person that someone in the audience suggests and they talk dirty a little. There is some artful manipulation of sounds and feedback (I love feedback) also some um surprises. Comes with a healthy dose of propaganda and the cassette is in a plastic holder. It's nicely confusing and I expect to spend many hours looking at it. I can't decipher much right off. Ain't art grand? Emphasis on anarchy and liberation through madness or maybe I'm just a weenie, frightened and confused, lost from my tribe. — Robin James

**STEPHEN WILEY: "Bible Break"** (One-song C; Brentwood Contemporary Records, POB 1028, Brentwood, TN 37027) When you think of it, the exhortations of many black gospel preachers are a direct precursor to rap but being that the contemporary Christian market wants to keep contemporary (trendy?), Christian rap was inevitable. The Lumpkins of Baltimore do it the best I've heard and the Rap'sures are utterly wretched. This falls somewhere between them. It's reminiscent of a recent reggae tune called "Bible Reader" wherein a sing Jay goes on reciting the name of every book of the good book and how it is spiritual strength. Wiley sounds a little out of his element (whatever that may be), if not downright unfunky. In that way, it makes for a few guffaws. The cover illustration of a Bible-cum-boombbox gives the impression he meant that. If you send in the card with the tape and tell him you memorized his spiel, you get a free copy of that odious picture. That's funky! — Jamie Rake

**ROBIN AND LINDA WILLIAMS: Nine til Midnight** (LP; Flying Fish) This album captures Robin and Linda Williams, frequent guests on A Prairie Home Companion, in a live setting. Peter Ostroushko and Bruce Calin, perform ably on mandolin and bass, respectively. There is a nice mixture of ballad and uptempo tunes. Favorites include "I'm S.A.V.E.D.," a humorous satire on the religiously smug, and "Whip-poorwill," a beautiful ballad co-written by Robin. The album is well recorded and captures the live spirit of a Williams' well, complete with those beautiful vocal harmonies. I wish Linda would get to sing lead more often but that is a tiny bone to pick. — Dale Knuth

**WILMA** (LP; Subterranean Records, 577 Valencia St., San Francisco, CA 94110) A four-woman band from San Francisco who are full of imagination, restraint and sympathetic playing. The sense of balance is heightened by a great recording. Wilma are a sometimes cheery, sometimes wistful (rather than gloomy), often spacy, avant-wave beat group, tied to the New Wave by virtue of contrived lyrics and mannered vocals. This last point is most obvious in their unfortunate inability to resist the now-rampant trend of trying to appear cool by covering a (usually great) "dippy" song and making sport of it. This arrangement of "Georgie Girl" is brisk, fun and imaginative, and needn't have been saddled with lame attitude. Elsewhere, Wilma fare better. From the sparse, hypnotic Tuxedomoon-like plod-groove of "Pornography Lies" to the novel keyboard sounds and busy bass propulsion of "Alexander Haig," Wilma deserve points for attempting a personal style and finding it. (And no synth drums!) — Gage Kenady

**JEFF WINEGAR AND FRED MEYER: Our Own** (LP; Kicking Mule, POB 158, Alderpoint, CA 95411) The clawhammer banjo and mountain (or fretted) dulcimer, are the primary instruments represented here (along with guitar, fiddle, etc.) The music is in the usual



**PAUL WINTER: Canyon** (LP; Living Music Records, 65 Golden Gate, S. Road, Sausalito, CA 94965) Winter celebrates the Grand Canyon on this album, half of which was recorded in the Canyon on location while the remainder was cut at a large cathedral in New York. Although one can appreciate Winter's love of the Grand Canyon, as music, this album is peaceful, slack

and predictable. The canyon selections have nature sounds behind the spacious melodies (usually stated by Winter's soprano) but without the visual stimulus, something is missing. Prettiness and mellow vibes dominate. It was undoubtedly fun to play at the canyon. — Scott Yanow

mountain music repertoire and the players are definitely masters of the form, and it had me bopping around the apartment after a track or two; what more recommendation could there be? — Christopher Pettus

**WINSLOW, MAMLOCK, KARCHIN** (LP; CRI, 170 W. 74th St., NY NY 10012, USA) Walter Winslow's competent, yet inappropriate, settings of Nahuatl texts "Nahua Songs" (1975) divests texts of their stark, refreshing frankness and mysticism. Winslow's difficult settings for soprano and piano (admirably negotiated by Jeanne Kostelic with the composer at the piano) are histrionic in the worst way. Setting the text problems aside, the music spins out at times effortlessly, and at times (all too often) seems snared by its attempts at overwrought grandeur. Winslow's second work on this album is the pleasant, though rarely inspired "The Piper at the Gates of Dawn" (1980), an 8 1/2 minute flute solo. This rhythmically exciting work runs, jumps and generally rhapsodizes its way through familiar fields, here and there tripping over an awkward pitch choice. Flutist Janet Ketchum turns in a sterling performance. Ursula Mamlok's contribution, "Panta Rhei" (1981) is a delicate, sometimes engaging, sometimes neurotic, three-movement trio for violin, cello and piano. Her use of both subtle and exaggerated dynamic contrasts is extremely effective. Louis Karchin's "Duo" (1981) for violin and cello is a three-movement, virtuosic, hypertense "tour de force" which succeeds best when at its most violent. Rolf Schulte (violin) and Fred Sherry (cello) glide marvelously through the intricate and unyielding demands of Karchin's music. — J. Stacey Bishop

**A WITNESS: Loudhailer Songs** (12" EP; Ron Johnson Records, dist. by Cartel, UK) "Lucky in London" snarls off your turntable like some

smelly refugee from '77 who had spent the last few years listening to nothing but Fall records and perfecting a grating vocal style. This is punk rock, kids, the kind they poked and prodded in the provinces and which gave rise to all sorts of horrible noise merchants around the end of the '70s. Viddy British, not altogether listenable, yet oddly fascinating. Certainly a candidate for a John Peel feature alongside the likes of Half Man Half Biscuit or The Shock Headed Peters. Gosh, there's even a smattering of what we now call, in reverent tones, industrial. The final cut, "Drill One," constructs a wall of clatter and screechy voices for what seems a couple of eternities; then, in true art rock fashion, an electropercussive denouement. — Fred Mills

**THE WOODENTOPS** (3-track 12" EP; Rough Trade, 61-71 Collier St., London N1 England) An odd mixture of tinny electrogarage pop, breathy post-Smiths vocals and Spectorish production. Admittedly catchy, though. The remaining two cuts attempt to fuse bits of everything that has come out of Britain in the last several years, from salsability to the aforementioned Smiths poprock to Bauhaus-meets-Jesus and Mary Chain to industrial clanging. A no-calorie, no-protein psychedelicatesan of sorts for the ears. — Fred Mills

**XMAL DEUTSCHLAND: Sequenz** (3 song EP; Fundamental Music, Box 20309, Covington, GA 30209, USA) This 3 song EP was a disappointment for us Xmal fans. The songs sound like regurgitated versions of their first album, FETISCH, only not as stirring. Rather, they lacked in freshness and interest. "Autumn" drags and the lyrics are mumbled. "Polar Licht" lacked distinction. "Jahr um Jahr 11" attempted to set itself apart with pronounced guitar work, but still could not save this EP. The Delevois say: 4.

**GABRIEL YACOB: Trad. Arr.** (LP; Green Linnet) Founder of Malicorne, the highly-esteemed French folk group, Gabriel Yacoub offers his debut solo album. Recorded in 1978, it is finally released in the states and is a stirring recital of traditional songs. Yacoub accompanies himself with guitar and is joined on some tracks by an assortment of instruments, including violin, harmonium, hurdy-gurdy and cornemuse, the French bagpipe. Fellow Malicornians, Marie Yacoub and Hughes de Courson join in on vocals. Central to the experience of this material is Yacoub's voice which is haunting in its tone and nuances. Much of his power is in restraint; the kind of compressed passion heard in Arabic and Flamenco singing. Highly recommended. Included is a lyric sheet with both French and English texts. — David Meltzer

**YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS: Topsy Turvy** (LP; Popluma Products, POB 95364, Seattle, WA 98145-2364 or Park Avenue Records, POB 19479 Seattle, WA 98109) Punk pop with '60's overtones but you also get a few country/folky numbers, a couple of pseudo lounge ones and a Sonics cover. Most songs were pretty catchy with a humorous slant to the lyrics. My fave tracks were "Searchin' USA," "Where is Groovy Town?", and "Hang out Right." I gave it a 7. Mike said "I want it, can I have it?" and gave it an 8. Bob called it "frat party basement stuff" and gave it a 4. — Pam Kirk

**YOUNG LORDS: Paradise Now** (LP; A Night in Tunisia Records, L.A.W. #346, 2140 Hyperion Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90027) Strong Dylan-type stuff; sincere enough to convert anybody to realistic thinking. There is a pent-up energy in Jonathan Haft's songs that bring to mind some of The Velvet Underground's more charged adventures. The guitars are crisp sounding and speak a special language of their own, and everything adds up to great music with an uncooked flavor. — Jordan Oakes

**ZEITGEIST AND THE 7 YEAR ITCH** (C60; Al Margolis, Sound of Pig Music, 6804 Third Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11220, USA) Not to be confused with Minneapolis new music ensemble "Zeitgeist," this "Zeitgeist" does wandering improvs with honk and squeak sax, spacy synth, some guitar, a farting trumpet, voices here and there, "near" jazz with tribal percussion, blips, noises, pulses, and bubbling space. The sax does jam on "Meteors, Motors, and Motifs," and the guitar wails on "Sequences for Dreaming," but on the whole this tape lacks something. — CD in A2

**ZENON: The Mad Draconians** (C60; Newvieux Productions, 2616 Garfield St., N.W., Washington DC 20008, USA) This is affine collection of cinematic electronic music. A wide variety of moods is represented here, from oriental mysticism ("Northeast Rising Sun") to industrial angst ("BRC Express"). There are a lot of lush, classical-sounding themes and rich electronic orchestrations, and few of the typical cliches that so often invade this genre. Zenon know his/her craft well. — Allen Green

**Z'EV: My Favorite Things** (LP; Subterranean Records, 577 Valencia, San Francisco, CA 94110) This album by this percussion master is one of the finest releases of the year. My Favorite Things documents Z'ev in performance and in the studio from as early as 1979 to only as recently as 1983. He displays amazing range, using texture, rhythm and melody (yeah! That's right, melody) Some of this music is harsh and abrasive. Some is soft and relaxing. There is nothing boring, trite or derivative about Z'ev's music. This is truly experimental music for the open-minded. This is improvisation with pure sound. — Glen Thrasher



# Singles

**ACKI-ACKI: Another Face/Look (The Other Way)** (Of-fice Records, P.O.B. 2081, Sta. A, Champaign, IL 61820, USA) Top forty ethereal commerciality with boring lyrics.

**ALGEBRA SUICIDE: An Explanation For That Flock of Crows/Somewhat Blescker Street/Tonight/Agitation** (P.O.B. 14257, Chicago, IL 60614-0257, USA) Minimalist troubador rock. Boy/girl duo. Primitive synthesizers and female spoken voice making person to person observations.

**MIKE ALVAREZ: The Night I Watched You Sleep/Orphan Aged** (Not Records, P.O.B. 49734, Austin, TX 78765) Fast paced rock, with a Bo Diddley beat and whining psychedelic guitar, innocuous lyrics on side A. B-side mopes with some Byrds and Quicksilver references.

**ANDREW AND THE UPSTARTS: Shiver and Shake/Everything Hurts** (Upstart Records, P.O.B. 3483, Nashville, TN 37211, USA) Sniveling pop. Attempt at cute rock.

**BABY'S FIRST XMAS: Walk With A Winner** (six song EP; Fission Records, P.O.B. 83761, Los Angeles, CA 90083) Living room rock with the neighborhood guys and girls. Warped. Kinda endearing or irritating depending on your mood. Good for an all-ages birthday party.

**BARBEQUE: I Do What I Want/Tumble Down** (Souptime Records, 614 Hicksville Road, Masspequa, NY 11758) A side: jazzy, animated Devo-ish silly ska pop with saxophones. B-side: Acoustic Neil Diamondish rock, experimental folk and a little bit of Rolling Stones. Semi-serious. Catchy chorus. Sufficiently unique.

**BRAVE TEARS: Mystery box/The Last Good Time** (9392 Fireside, hunting Beach, CA 92646, USA; ph. 714-982-8272) Languid rock n' roll.

**BUNJI JUMPERS: Brilliance/Maybe Banana Records**, P.O.B. 16621, Cleveland, OH 44116, USA) Female vocalist, drum machines. Clean and clear. Kind of like disco but not hot enough to dance to.

**THE DIG: Problem With Mary/Trains** (Susstones Records, P.O.B. 6425, Minneapolis, MN 55406, USA) Six months of practice has enabled them to emulate late sixties rock n' roll.

**DREAMS SO REAL: Everywhere Girl/Whirl** (Coyote Records, P.O.B. 112, Hoboken, NJ 07030, USA) Neo-psychedelic emulation of the whiny vocals and jangly guitar variety. Following their instructions to play this loud did not improve the music, however turning it down did.

**EDGE CITY: The Juggler/Nothing At All** (Independent Alligator Records, 106 Old Country Road, Severna Park, MD 21146, USA) More regular rock n' roll. Could sneak its way onto a Christian rock radio program.

**EIGHTH ROUTE ARMY: No Leaders/Daily Beat** (Box 923, Northampton, MA 01060, USA; ph. 617-657-4111) Homage to late '70s British punk. Tame attempt at social urgency. Proficient but not sufficient.

**THE FERRETS: Are You All You're Ever Thinking Of?/You Don't My Mind Anymore** (Jargon Records, P.O.B. 90594, Rochester, NY 14609, USA) Hard edged vocal rock and roll, but why he's so angry isn't evident. Garage music with crisp studio production.

**FLYING COLORS: Look My Way/Dear Friend** (Cryptovision Records, P.O.B. 1812, New York, NY 10009.) Laidback Power pop. Harmonizing. Clean, accomplished, mainstream formula.

**LENNY GEE: From Dusk til Dawn/Love We're No Strangers** (Vokes Records, box 12, New Kensington, PA 15068, USA) Hackneyed cryin' in your beer country music. Hardcore country instrumentation but Lenny doesn't offer much emotion.

**GLORY SEEKERS: Holidays Are Gone/Don't Want No One** (Whizeagle Records, 308 S.W. Washington, Portland, OR 97204, USA) Progressive punk, bratty hiccuppy Pete Shelley/Buzzcocks vocals. A cut above three chord rock.

**GOSTBIT: The Yard Sale/Chasing the Wind** (Gostbit, 1406 Linden Ave, Nashville, TN 37212, USA) Unique experience of the ordinary rock. Synthesizers, real drums, unoffensive, complex instrumentation, white boy funkadelic. A side's a near winner, B side drops to mediocrity.

**IRON CURTAIN: Like A Family/Telephone** (Zarlon Records, 520 W. Carrillo Blvd, #1, Santa Barbara, CA 93101) Polished synth pop. Laid back vocals. Predictable formula. Suitable for a flashy singles club.

**THE IRRITATORS: Getabona** (Robey Records, Box 808, Newhall, CA 91322, USA) Upbeat urban whiteboy tribal rock. Syntho raunch. Our copy came with a little rubber pee-pee that erected when we pulled the record from the sleeve.

**MIKE KASSEL: Fortune Teller/Guru Massage** (Wacko Records, 802 Potrero Ave., San Francisco, CA 94110, USA) Incredibly derivative of practically every pop rock n' roll song from the mid sixties to mid seventies. That takes some kind of talent.

**LIQUID GENERATION: I Love You/1/4 to Zen** (Green Monkey, P.O.B. 3093, Redmond, WA 98073, USA) Monkeys vocals, distorted guitar, singing about being "ooooooooo hiiiiiii". (These guys can't handle full doses) Pop rock.

**LOPEZ BEATLES: BITCHEN PARTY/Spin-A-Roo** (Shanghi Records, 1473 South Shennandoa, Los Angeles, CA 90035, USA) Dilletante rock with attempt to be coolish hip in a humorous way.

**MAGIC MOSE AND HIS ROYAL ROCKERS FEATURING BLIND SAM: I'm Dreaming of a Noir X-mas/Have Yourself a Groovy Little Solstice** (Arf! Arf! Records, Box 954, E. Dennis, MA 02641, USA) A side is afro rhythmic tune with clever vocals and lyrics with soulful vocals. B side is lounge music parody. Humor, soulful weirdness. Stands out.

**MASSACRE GUYS: The Rider/Something Died Today/Kill, Kill, Kill (not listed on sleeve)/Living End/Glamour City** (Unclean Records, P.O.B. 725, Sand Springs, OK 74063, USA) Kill, Kill, Kill, the stand out cut, is a kid singing into a tape recorder with his impersonation of a mass murderer. Lyrics include "Got A knife, and your life, fuck your wife." Energetic.

**DON MCHAN: The Ballad of Little Ben and Casey Jones/Grat Smokey Mountains** (Cindy Jane Music, 4724 Lillian Hwy, Pensacola, FL 32506, USA) Country and Western railroad ballad from the perspective of a hobo riding on the train Casey Jones crashed. Flip side is soulful Marty Robbins style. Sincere.

**BUNNIE MILLS: Someday/If This Ain't Love** (Bon Jak Records, 900 Westgate Lane, F-10, Bossier, LA 71112, USA) Garage country and western including words of wisdom about love eg. "It's like a souped up hot rod engine and I can't stall it."

**MOD FUN: Hangin' Round/I Believe/Action Time** (Making Time, Inc., 131 W. Passaic St, Maywood, NJ 07067, ph. 201-845-7032) Energetic sixties garage rock. British style harmonies on the B-side. Accomplished, well produced.

**KATHY MURRAY AND THE ELECTRIC KILOWATTS: Sweet Lovin' Daddy/Vacancy In My Heart** (Lectro Fine Records, P.O.B. 3751, Austin, TX 78764) Rhythm and Blues Austin Style. Sultry, mannered vocals from Kathy.

**NECROS: Tangled Up/The Nile Song** (Gasatanka, 1241 N. Harper, Suite #6, Hollywood, CA 90046; Necros, P.O.B. 421, Maumes, OH 43537, USA) A side is fast metal straight out of the seventies ala Krokus, Uriah Heep. Energetic. Formula snarling, disdainful, power. B-side plodding grunge.

**THE NIGHTMARES: Baseball Altamont/Hold On and Pray** (Coyote Records, P.O.B. 112, Hoboken, NJ 07030, USA) Hard edged rock. Baseball Altamont started as a good idea. The flipside is flat.

**NIGHTPORTERS: Mona Lisa/One Step Closer/Get The Feeling** (1044 West Peachtree St., Atlanta, GA 30309.) Perky pop on side A. Side B flirts with ska.

**NOTHING BUT HAPPINESS: Narcotics Day/Couldn't Make You Mine** (Justine, 134 East 17th, New York, NY 10003, USA) Mellow, crescendo rock. Dreamy vocalizing. A side drags bad at over seven minutes. British influences heavy on the upbeat B side.

**THE PROJECTILES: Some Things Never Change/I Need Somebody** (Jargon Records, P.O.B. 90594, Rochester, NY 14609, USA) I wish we had more synonyms for derivative. This is more neo-sixties garage rock.

**PRUDENCE DREDGE: Don't Stomp Away/Problem Child** (Green Monkey, P.O.B. 31983, Seattle, WA 98103, USA) Melodious pop. Sounds like Neil Diamond's hard rockin' younger brother, if he ever had one. Rocks and roll on the wheels of sixties Detroit sound.

**PUSSY GALORE: Die Bitch/HC Rebellion/Constant Pain/Car Fantasy** (Adult Contemporary, 2151 CA St., # 402, Washington, DC 20008) Industrial punk grunge. Four varied selections guaranteed to get a response. Unignorable. Talks to the nerve endings. Post-Flipper. Urban tribal ritual. If radio stations were hip this would be in heavy rotation throughout America.

**ROD MYERS AND THE RAMPS: Wheelchair** (Subterranean Records, 577 Valencia, San Francisco, CA 94110, USA) Rod Myers is crippled and sings his song "Wheelchair" to the tune of "Wild Thing." ("Wheel Chair, I think I love you.") Kicks at the heart of the issue. Rolls and rocks.

**THE RANCHETTES: Slaughter The Pig/Your Eyes** (Jargon Records, P.O.B. 90594, Rochester, NY 14609, USA) All female rockers. Above average raunchy rock n' roll. Nothing special.

**THE RAVE-UPS: Positively Lost Me/You Ain't Goin Nowhere** (Fun Stuff, P.O.B. 1814, Beverly Hills, CA 90213, USA) The L.A. Times reports these guys are working their way into mainstream rock by groveling in the mail room at A&M records. Competent in a brown nosing way. Spineless though. If they bend over a little more they'll get their contract.

**RUDE AWAKENING: Teenage Suicide/Wanted** (Incas Records, 272 Benham Ave., Bridgeport, CT 06604, USA) "Teenage Suicide" addresses the latest high school student phenomena playing it up the shock value, no attempt to answer why so many kids are killing themselves today. The b-side offers an answer "they just want to be wanted." Whatever that means. Formula hardcore rock.

**THE SINGLE COIL: A Tree of Knowledge/He Still Plays/Your Eyes, Sacrifice** (Terry Vogel, 32 Federal St., Beverly, MA 01915, USA) Folk pop and one commercial rock song. Clean production.

**THE SHY: I Found Out It Ain't Easy/I Found Out** (P.O.B. 734, Utica, MI 48087-0734, USA) Urban Rockabilly.

**THE SHY: Phone/Gone So Long** (see address above) Slightly more slick urban rockabilly.

**SKIP GRAVES: Ol' Man Atom** (Hornet Records, 8933 Washington St, Denver, CO 80229, USA) Country and Western anti-nuclear protest rap with humor. Cool, novel.

**SNOKELESS ZONE: (We Should Be) Together** (Pyramid Records, P.O.B. 23506, Nashville, TN 37202, USA; ph. 615-373-0058) Well practiced, well constructed, English crescendo rock; dramatic delivery of throwaway lyrics. Potential live show highlight.

**THE SPLATCATS: Five Big Ones** (30 Brantford Pl, Buffalo, NY 14222, USA) Five songs on this 7". Energetic boys pulling their ideas from sixties big guitar rock. Rhythmic, polished. Peaks at the exciting rock instrumental "Night stalker" perfect for stage entrance number.

**STEPFORD HUSBANDS: Seeing is Believing/I'm Rode Out** (Cryptovision, P.O.B. 1812, New York, NY 10009.) Sixties farfisa garage rock neo-psychedelia. Talented mimicry. B-sides the best with sixties punk angst vocals that could rev up a dance party.

**TEN FOOT FACES: Don't Want Love/Sand Fuck/Dangerous Visions** (Independent Project Records, P.O.B. 60357, Los Angeles, CA 90060, USA) They pull it all together on this winner: punk, powerpop, hardrock, neo-psychedelia garage rock and sixties instrumental guitar tunes. What a blend! Power, fun. Out-A-sight.

**TOODY: Coming On Strong/Rather Be Your Lover** (Whizeagle, 308 S.W. Washington, Portland, OR 97204) Country bar band rock. Some of us say she is a novelty act, some of us say she's just a spunky girl who's totally serious but can't quite keep a tune. Kinda cute, kinda funny.

**THE TROUBLE WITH LARRY: Blind Eye/Hyenas/Sex Tear Us Apart** (Good Kitty Records, 205 N. Davis, Richmond, VA 23220) Plodding, lounge punk.

**THE TUFF BAND: Tell It Like It Is/Potatoes** (Fred Reif, 1928 Robinwood St, Saginaw, MI 48601, ph. 517-753-1024) A side a funk-rap with little direction. B-side is groovin' R&B, some Lou Rawls sounding vocals and kicks butt over the A side.

**VARIANT CAUSE: Out On the Streets For Love Again/You Put Me in the Hospital** (K.D.T. Records, P.O.B. 85781, Seattle, WA 98145-1781) Pop clash, a good try, sort of danceable, medium fast. Kind of corny.

**WAYFARERS: Esperanto/wonderful wonder** (Lolita, F.G.L. 80, av. du Maine, 75014 Paris, France) Uptempo rock beat lounge music of the K-Tel school. Female vocals and instrumentation on side two is straight out of Brazil 66.

**THE WESTERN FRONT: Stampede/Looking Back At Me** (Whizeagle Records, 308 S.W. Washington, Portland, OR 97204, ph. 503-226-0088.) White-boy college new wave punk country music that cops lead guitar riffs from Johnny Rivers "Secret Agent Man." Toying with the cowboy legend.

**WHAT NOW: Small Record With Four Songs** (Incas Records, 817 chapel St., New Haven, CT 06510, USA; ph. 203-776-5513) Slick, youthful confident contemporary rock and roll, with MTV production values. Kinda urgent sounding, kinda.

**WILFRED AND THE GROWN: I Could Get Closer To You/I Can't Get The Nerve** (Zonik Music Productions, Box 223, Sub 11, U of A T6G 2E0, Edmonton, AB CAN-ADA) Pleasant synth pop. Easy listen rock and roll. Unoffensive, clear, lyrics and production. Cutesy. Phil Collins similarities. A good showcase for someone wanting to be a studio musician for tv shows.

**THE WOLVERTON BROTHERS: Love City/White Folks** (Day One Records, 7085 Dimmick Road, West Chester, OH 45069) Neurotic David Byrne type vocals. Barband Rock beat. Vague Southern rock, Kentucky hills influences combined with Talking Heads.

**YO LO TENGO: The River Of Water/A House is Not A Motel** (Egon Records, 719 Garden St., Hoboken, NJ 07030, USA) Moribund Rock n' roll.

**THE YOUNG IDEA: Stop And Think/Cool Side of Town** (Jargon Records, P.O.B. Rochester, NY 14609, USA) More neo-psychedelic garage rock. A bit more powerful than most of the stuff.



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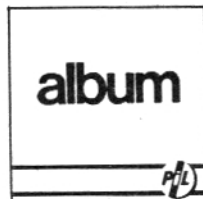
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# CENTRAL AFRICAN GUITAR STYLES

by Ben Mandelson

The guitar is not new to Africa. The Portuguese brought it to Angola and Mozambique early on; and the spread of Muslim culture likewise brought the 'ud around the coasts and along the trade routes. The 'ud is the twin of the Renaissance lute (it's the same word; lute = al' ud) and grandpappy of the guitar as we now pick it (via Spain). So the links between Europe, guitars and Africa have been laid down and strengthened in many ways.

Let's fast-forward the history: Empires and Colonies, traditional music and instruments; African soldiers in two world wars, travelling away from home; cheap record players, 78s with jazz, Latin and country music; radios, new guitars; 78s with African music, the spread of a new sound.

## ROOTS

A prime figure in this new sound was a young self-taught guitarist from Katanga province in the Belgian Congo (now Shaba in Zaire) called Mwenda Jean Bosco. His influence was so strong and inspirational that the modern Congolese guitar sound can be traced back to him.

Bosco played acoustic guitar (known in Africa as box or dry guitar) with a capo at the fifth fret to give the strings a clear, bright zing, and he picked with his thumb and first finger. His top string figures counterbalance bass runs and passages in sixths filling in between the vocals, and all played with precision and bounce. It sounds similar to ragtime picking in its technique, and via record Bosco influenced the white ragtime folk guitarists in the 1960s. He chose to sing in Lingala (a new trading language of central/East Africa) and so was understood throughout a vast area.

There we have some background, now we'll have some foreground. Every country in Africa has some special guitar techniques and guitar heroes of renown: I'll focus on some of the main styles that the intrepid reader will be able to hear in Britain - certainly on record and hopefully live.

## ZAIRE

The Congolese bands have the blend of guitars off to a fine art; their guitars form an intricate web of overlaid patterns. Most Congolese (aka Zairois) songs are divided into two parts which conveniently fit on side A and side B of a single. Part one is the slower, more romantic; part two the serious dancing, more flamboyant, up-tempo section in which the guitarists take off. Some where in part two there will be a 'drop out' which is where the rhythmist comes to the fore, because it's just the rhythm guitar and skeletal drums for the pulse. The classic drop-outs were developed in the 1970's by bands such as Orchestre Kiam and Orchestre Lipua-Lipua, but you'll find this feature on most records.

A major force in Congolese music is Franco (alias Luambo Makiadi) with his Orchestra TP OK Jazz. Starting in the late 1950s with the Orchestra African Jazz, alongside Rochereau (aka Tabu Ley) and Dr Nico, he evolved an electric guitar style which drew heavily on Bosco and on traditional thumb-piano music, where he would play riffs in sixths. The style hasn't changed much in itself, but instead remains consistent as Franco continually modernises his bands' sound.

The major recording centre for modern Congolese music is now Paris and there is a "studio Mafia" of guitarists who give records their distinctive sound. The lead guitar is very clean (modern Fender-type out-of-phase sound Di into the desk with slight chorus and flanging to distinguish the various layers). Names to watch out for? Dybbo, Ringo Star (no, not that one... the famous one who plays with Kando Bongo Man), Master Mwana Congo, Bopol, Pablo Lubadika Porthos, Syran Mbenza, Souzy Kassey, and Jerry Malekani (with Manu Dibango). These men all play the various guitar and bass parts (often overdubbing every part themselves) and their presence on a record guarantees its sparkle.

## ZIMBABWE

In recent years, a whole new style of guitar music has developed in Zimbabwe through the efforts of Thomas Mapfumo and his band The Blacks Unlimited. Although they originally started playing cover versions of American music and "progressive" rock (Grand Funk Railroad, Jethro Tull...), during the independence struggle they evolved a new music - Chimurenga or "liberation" music - drawing on the mbira (thumb-piano) tradition but using electric guitars and full board. Mapfumo's guitarists (notably Pickitt, the rhythm guitarist) play double notes in fourths while deadening the strings at the bridge with the flesh of the palm - rather like country players do, or like the picked guitar in reggae that outlines the bass playing in a higher octave. Other Zimbabwean bands play brighter, up-tempo music similar to South African Mbaqanqa music.

## SOUTH AFRICA

Mbaqanqa music features guitarists who play machine-gun licks of paired notes like Chuck Berry sped up to an incredible pace. Usually there is just one guitarist who uses a very hard, bright sound with few or no FX and who whizzes up and down the fretboard like greased lightning. If there is a rhythm guitar the player will put in chopped chords making the beats. The bassist is similarly speedy, often playing counter-melodies high up in the instrument's register; for greater facility and cut the bassist often uses a plectrum.

## JUJU/FUJI

From Nigeria comes Juju music, based in Yoruba tradition, but with practitioners such as Sunne Ade, Segun Adewale, Dele Abiodun and Chief Commander Ebenezer Obey the sound is aggressively modern. The guitars play picked patterns; for example, the rhythm and tenor players will rhythmically outline the chord of A minor while the lead guitar runs up and down the pentatonic scale of A minor (A C D E G A) rather like the way a blues player would use a lead break. At a certain point in the intensity the lead player will change to repetitive riffs with paired notes in thirds in the key of A major (ie pairs A & C, C & E) and so bring in the next part of the song. These bands all feature steel guitars to deadly effect. So if you know any hardened country players, this could be the music to open up Africa for them.

## MALI/SENEGAL/GUINEE/GAMBIA

Further up the coast in the countries of Senegal, Mali, Guinea and the Gambia, the guitarists use all the modern resources of FX to reproduce traditional music in a startling contemporary style. Their handling of sustain, delays, fuzztone and chorus enables them to mirror the timbre and modes of the balafon (xylophone) and cora (21-stringed harp). The current stars of this music are the singer Youssou N'Dour from Senegal, who plays Mbalax music, and Les Ambassadeurs from Mali with the great guitarist Kante Manfila.

The classic sound of this music was realised in the 1970s by Sekou Diabete-Bembeya, guitarist with Bembeya-Jazz National of Guinea. On first hearing this music you might find it harsh or discordant because they use harmonies and sounds that aren't regarded as "nice" in our western view of music, but further listening should be rewarding.

My own favourite guitar playing comes from East Africa. It's the music of the Luo people of West Kenya, and they play their version of the East African Benga music. Its sparks and velocity make you want to check the record deck. And, yes, it is playing at the right speed. The vocalists sing in close harmony and the guitarists answer over the hard but minimal drums and the bass players who have more than their fair share of digits.

## HIGHLIFE

The west coast of Africa (Ghana, Nigeria, Sierra Leone, mainly) is home to the many different forms of Highlife. "Highlife" itself is the name of a dance originating in the bourgeois nightclubs or in the streets, depending on whose history you follow. Its subdivisions are many and its guitarists numerous.

## ONWARD...

Of course you don't really need any special guitar or FX to play "African" (apart, perhaps, from the beloved Copicat). There is a preference for the Fender sound, but anything will do. For many of the players, owning an instrument is an impossibility. There isn't the outrageous selection that we have available to us in Britain, and if there is gear available it's often ridiculously expensive. I regularly send guitar and bass strings to musicians in Kenya who couldn't normally afford them, even if there was anywhere to buy them.

This means that any guitar is treasured, and many guitars are still around that were last seen in Europe 20 years ago. It's truly the Graveyard of Lost Guitars: all those Hofners with rows of push-in switches, Egmonds, Burns, Ekos, Fenton-Weills, plenty of false mother-of-pearl inlay and whammy-bars. Beat group fugitives. And they all sound marvellous in the heat.



**BASIC THREE-NOTE 1.** Use the first three frets as a sequence, or move this one up and down as needed. You could be the G string.



**BASIC TOP-STRING 1.** Again, could be used transposed in any position. Just play the top four strings.



**BASIC "INSIDE" 1.** The last of this simple sequence - just play the top four strings.



**ALL-PURPOSE CHORD 1.** As this stands, it's a C. Play the D-string (C) and it suggests a C. Play the B- and E-strings (B and A) and it suggests an F. C and B (D) suggest G.

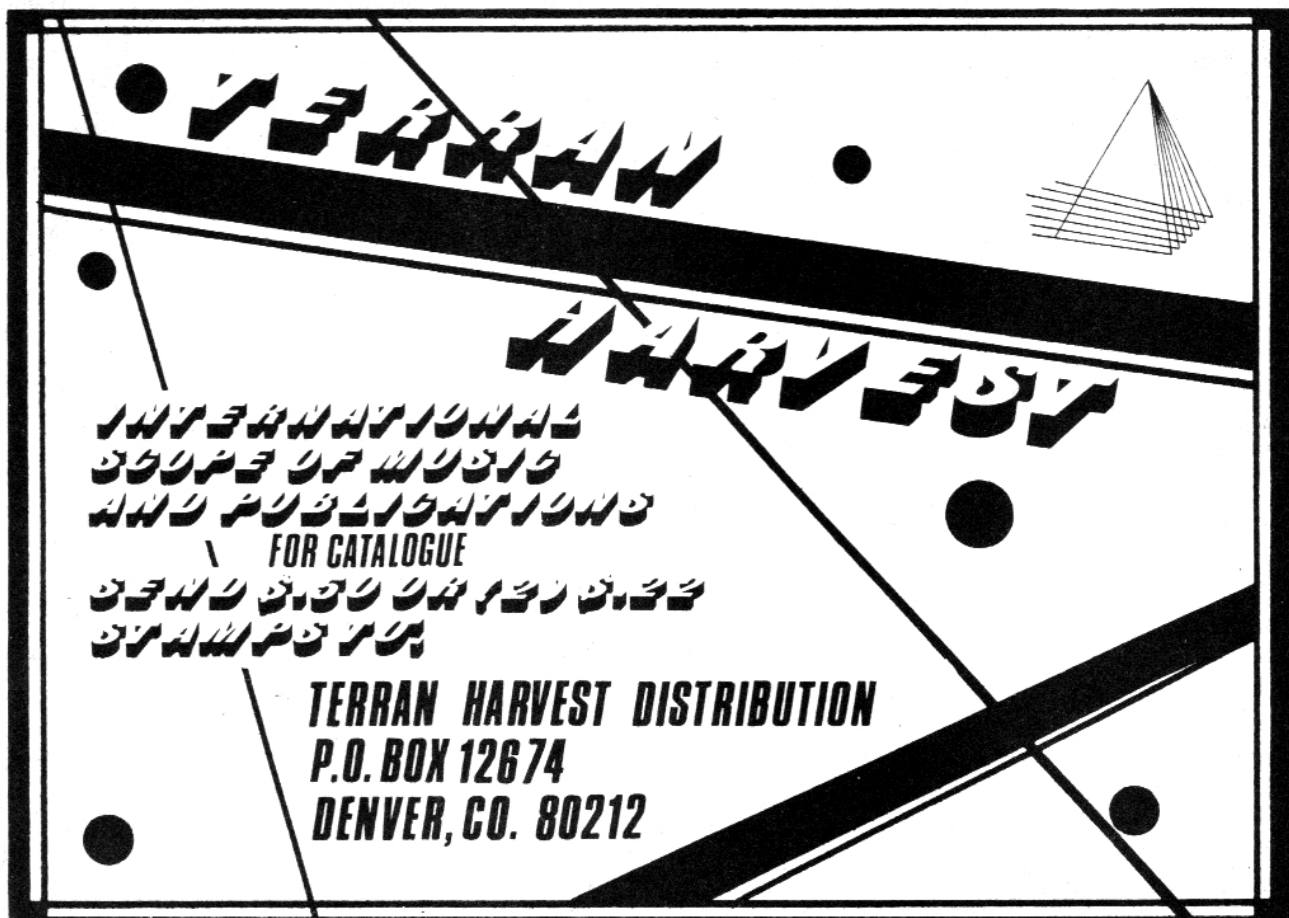


**ALL-PURPOSE CHORD 11.** As it stands, Dm. Play the B- and E-strings (B and A) and it suggests a C. Play the G- and B-strings (G and F) and it suggests F. The D- and G-strings (D and F) suggest G.

This article is reprinted from the W.O.M.A.D. Talking Book, Volume 2: An Introduction to Africa. The music and documentation on this compilation is outstanding.

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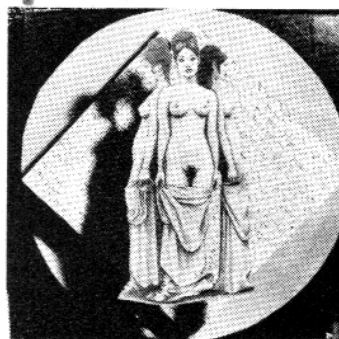
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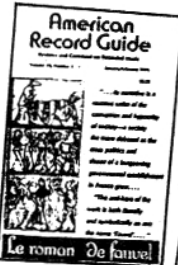
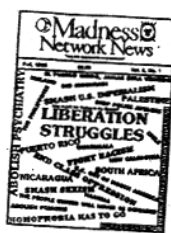
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## Publications

As always, there are boxes of publications we've received but have not had the opportunity to mention yet, but we're working on it. We will generally trade copies of Sound Choice with anyone who sends us their publication. We continue to receive a number of outstanding publications that were mentioned many months ago in older issues but have not been mentioned in newer issues of Sound Choice. Before the year is out we will print an update on what we consider the best or most unusual or interesting periodicals we've been receiving on a regular basis. Keep them coming in. And remember, publications cost a lot of money to keep going. Be sure to send a dollar or two or at least a self-addressed, stamped envelope when requesting information. And publication publishers: please let us know what the postpaid prices is of your publications and we will include that info.

**Acrid Fanzine** (18782 Peppertree, Villa Park, CA 92667, USA; \$1) Premier issue is a neat, trim and youthful hardcore 'zine with pieces on 7 Seconds, Doggy Style, Love Canal and Ill Repute. Editor Greg Acrid promises more "Skateboard Culture" in future issues. 16 pgs with lots of photos on good paper.

**American Music** (Box 139, 44700 Vargarda, Sweden) "American Music" for this Scandinavian magazine means stuff like Elvis Presley, Bill Haley and cventemporary people like the Leroi Brothers and Ronnie Hawkins. A high quality magazine, it is written in Swedish, though this issue had an English language supplement.

**American Record Guide** (RD #2, Box 59 A, South Road, Millbrook, NY 12545, USA; \$3.25, bi-monthly) Nearly 100 pages of reviews of mostly classical recordings with a few jazz reviews. Essays too. High quality, thoughtful with an affection for independent labels.

**Anti-Isolation** (Xerox Sutra Editions, 1341 Williamson, Madison, WI 53703, USA) A classy little networking zine with addresses and descriptions of other zines and indie cassette creators. Poetry and good graphics complete the package. These folks distribute all kinds of alternative publications and cassettes. A catalog is available for 39 cents in stamps.

**Artitude — The Audiophile Magazine** (c/o Carl Howard, 209-25 18th Ave, Bayside, NY 11360, USA; monthly, 50 cents) This fine tabloid focusses on the non-commercial, uncompromising side of music and audio art. Recent issues have included pieces on Whitehouse, Christian Marclay, Slap and John Zorn. Editor Carl Howard has a strong vision that is at odds with typical music journalism salesmanship. He prefers analysis over consumer advice when discussing records and tapes.

**Between The Lines** (c/o Erik Kosberg, 3013 Holmes Ave, Minneapolis, MN 55408, USA; \$1) Humor, with a nod to the Subgenious Foundation, that pokes, jabs and twists and sometimes just prints verbatim verbiage from various forms of the national printed media. Other stuff too. 26 quality pages.

**Beware** (P.O.B. 210208, San Francisco, CA 94121, USA) Eight pages of photocopy collages.

**Blue Suede News** (Box 25, Duvall, WA 98109, USA; \$1) "Roots Rock" zine with an emphasis on the Pacific Northwest. Promising premier. 16 pages.

**Buzz** (P.O.B. 3111, Albany, NY 12203, USA; ph. 518-489-0658; 4/\$6; \$1 for sample) Independent mainstream rock is the forte of this professional, local oriented zine with an eye toward the rest of America. 32 pages. FREE classifieds!

**Chicohell** (P.O.B. 4527, Chico, CA 95927, USA; ph. 916-345-8834) An energetic zine covering the music scene in the rural college town of Chico, CA, and beyond. Published by writer, musician and DJ Lawrence Crane

**Circle A in Atlanta** (P.O.B. 57114, Atlanta, GA 30343, USA; ph. 352-1822) Spirited and educational articles promoting anarchy as a political (or anti-political) movement. Some recording and zine reviews too.

**Conflict** (147-01 72nd Dr., Flushing, NY 11367, USA) Homestead Record's demigod Gerard Cosloy puts this out with his friend Sheila Mitchell. Outspoken and cynical, this is good read for anyone interested in the harder edges of independent rock n roll. Interviews and reviews. Gerard seems to be the only writer and he wants to keep it that way.

**Crazy Men On Vacation** (T.B.H.C., 611 Garfield Ave., Milford, OH 45150, USA; \$2) Cartoonists M. Roden, "Big Daddy" Roth, XNO, Bob "X", Jim Ryan, Jeff Gaither and Mark Fisher team up to create pen and ink comic book adventures of the "Crazy Men." Full color, glossy cover. Surreal.

**The Defense Monitor** (Center For Defense Information, 303 Capitol Gallery West, 600 Maryland Ave. SW, Washington DC, 20024, USA; ph. 202-484-9490; \$1 for sample) Interesting, quality newsletter, from a staff headed by retired Rear Admiral Gene R. La Rocque that pushes for spending less money on weapons and more money on social, economic and political structures to safeguard the national security of the U.S.A. Claims that "charges that the U.S.S.R. has violated past arms control treaties are either largely unsubstantiated or arise from ambiguities in the wording of treaties."

**Deja Voodoo Train** (Og Music, Box 182, Sta. F, Montreal, Quebec, H3J 2L1, Canada) Tabloid newsletter for/from the rock group DejaVoodoo.

**Ear** (325 Spring St., Room 208, New York, NY 10013, USA; 212-807-7944) An impressive, sometimes scholarly (but not pedantic) tabloid about "new music." Articles and reviews including pieces on technology, philosophy, and the science of music. Lots of serious musicians and listeners and especially fans of the Canadian publication "Musicworks" should like this a lot.

**The Fessenden Review** (Box 7272, San Diego, CA 92107, USA; \$3) Glossy, top-notch cultural review journal. Essays, reviews. Part of the purpose of the publishing organizations is to "assist humanity in achieving dignity, self-worth, and hope as we participate in this bizarre spectacle we call life."

**Flourishing Wasteland** (P.O.B. 336, Salt Lake City, UT 84110, USA; \$2) An interesting punk influenced zine attempting to coalesce an "alternative" scene in Salt Lake City.

**THE GENTLE ANARCHIST** (Cooperative Economics, P.O.B. 1313, Lawrence, KS

66044, USA; 25cent stamp for sample) Lots of interesting Anarchist info and commentary in this excellent, large broadsheet.

**THE GOLDEN ROAD** (484 Lake Park Ave. #82, Oakland, CA 94610; \$3) This is Grateful Dead fanzine of superb dimensions. Published quarterly, each issue is professionally put together on high quality paper, always at least 40 pages.

**Guide to Unusual How-To Sources** (Light Living Library, P.O.B. 190-sc, Philomath, OR 97370, USA; free for SASE) Photocopy pages describing periodicals and networks about alternative tech, travel, low-cost shelters, gardening, woodstore, etc. A bargain.

**JAM RAG PRESS** P.O.B. 23, Clawson, MI 48063, USA; ph. 585-2173) Zine dubbed "Detroit's Rock Forum." Mainstream.

**JazzTimes** (8055 13th St., Suite 301, Silver Spring, MD 20910, USA; ph. 301-588-4114, \$1.50) Big tabloid specializing in straight-ahead U.S. jazz.

**Jazz Forum** (International Jazz Federation, 13 Foulser Rd., London SW17 8UE, England) An excellent, truly international magazine about jazz, written in English. Reports from all over the world. Broad minded.

**Libertarian Daily News** (Dagny, P.O.B. 224, Long Beach, CA 90801, USA) Latest issue had program notes and info about Dagny's Freedom Festival '86, a Libertarian convention/get together in Long Beach (keynote speech by Robert Anton Wilson).

**LIFE IN A REAL WORLD** (P.O.B. 1321, Hattiesburg, MS 39401, USA; 75 cents) An unfocused young person's zine of some sort. Mumbly and drawings. Nevertheless, I look forward to the next one.

**Living Music** (Minuscule University Press, 66358 Buena Vista Ave., Desert Hot Springs, CA 92240, USA) Quarterly broadsheet focussing on "New Music".

**London Calling: A Rock and Pop Guide to London** (Media and Travel Publications, P.O.B. 8415, San Diego, CA 92102, USA; ph. 619-235-6003; \$7.95) This professionally published book gives names, addresses and photos of London's music venues, guides us to the good record stores, radio shows, eateries, publications, movie houses, travel arrangements, etc. The Brit slang dictionary alone could be a real life saver. Recommended to any Sound Choice reader embarking on their first trip to London.

**The Louie Report** (Orange Records West, P.O.B. 2430, Santa Clara, CA 95055, USA; ph. 408-749-9757) Zine that attempts to "organize and log all activities related to Reichard Berry's classic melody, 'Louie, Louie...' 4 pages.

**Luna Bisonte Prods** (137 Leland Ave., Columbus, OH 43214, USA) Send \$3 for "a generous sampling" of the publications from this source. Mostly poetry stuff, much of it about the gooiest aspects of repressed humanity.

**Madness Network News** (P.O.B. 884, Berkeley, CA 94701, USA; \$1.25) An impressive newprint periodical championing the rights of mental patients. Interests include abolishing forced drugging and forced sterilization of mental patients. Lots more info. Points out how many of the currently "acceptable" procedures are essentially governmental mind-control research — with ties to the CIA.

**The Mail Art Calendar, 1986** (Berkeley Office, 1649 Dwight Way, Berkeley, CA 94703, USA; \$5) A mail art sample and a mail artists birthday for every date of the year. Black and white. They hope to have one for 1987 as well.

**Mendocino Commentary** (366 N. Main St., Ft. Bragg, CA 95437, USA; ph. 707-964-6528) A freindly, "whole-earthly" alternative newspaper.

**The Mobilizer** (853 Broadway #418, New York, NY 10003, USA) Informative periodical actively working toward global peace and freedom from repression and environmental poisoning.

**The New Settler** (P.O.B. 730, Willits, CA 95490, USA; ph. 937-5703; \$1) A truly great, thick magazine filled with interviews of active "alternative" type people. It is locally oriented however almost every interview has information relevant for people living anywhere. Very open minded and down to earth, and intelligent. Interviews range from radical environmentalists, to former nuns, to punk magazine journalists.

**The Neutral Zone Fanzine** (c/o Jason Rosenberg, 614 Cordova pl., Davis, CA 95616, USA; ph. 916-756-0697; \$1) New wave music zine covering the Davis scene.

**Provocateur of Random Thought** (P.O.B. 421169, San Francisco, CA 94142, USA) Small music fanzine. No. 6 includes interviews with Frightwig and Anti Scrunti Faction

**R@d** (P.O.B. 867, Morro Bay, CA 93442, USA; 89 cents) Energetic, active, anarchistic punk zine.

**Rauch-O-Rama** (c/o Brad Goins, P.O.B. 2432, Station A, Champaign, IL 61820, USA; 25 cents in coin or stamp) A couple sheets of reviews and/or profiles of underground and experimental and some rock type music with contact addresses.

**Seven Buffaloes Press** (P.O.B. 249, Big Timber, MT 59011, USA) Writer, painter and editor Art Cuelho publishes several excellent periodicals and books of and about literature and art from "rural America." In his periodicals which include "Hard Row To Hoe," "The Azorian Express" and "The Bread And Butter Chronicles," Cuelho and his fine writers take us to the soil and soul of the country roads and fields and the people therein.

Seven Buffaloes Press shows that the literary rows hoed by Woody Guthrie and John Steinbeck continue to yield bountiful harvests when tended by contemporary writers. Samples of the periodicals range from 50 cents to one dollar each.

**This Is Our Valley** (c/o Rex Doane, 690 Haight St., San Francisco, CA 94117, USA; \$1) Eclectic photocopy zine with affection for bad movies, junk food, television, non-New wave music and humor.

**'til the Cows Come Home: Rock N Roll Nebraska** (P.O.B. 17314, Seattle, WA 98107-1014, USA; \$15) A handsome, polished encyclopedia styled guide to the history of Nebraska rock n roll, written by Bart Becker.

**Trepidation** (P.O. Box 48, Terrassa, Barcelona, Spain) Photocopy art and world wide art and music contact list. Some English, mostly Spanish.

**Wholesome** (c/o Dave, 630 So. Spring Ave., La Grange, IL 60525, USA; \$1.50) Handmade "teenage punk" zine.

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## David Thomas from page 25

know. Sometimes people or the band will say things or do things that I don't like, it's not like what I'm trying to do. I'll tell them after the show that wasn't the right thing to do, or something. There's no point in having Allen, Ralph or Tony (Maimone), or anybody else like that, and telling them what to do, and giving them charts to read. It's like, when I first met Richard Thompson, he told me that they have him in the studio playing off of charts. That's totally absurd to have somebody like Richard Thompson playing off charts. Why bother with these people, ya know you can get other people cheaper,

you can get some kind out of high school cheap. What's the point when you can get people who have something to say. Tell me what it's about, if it's not about people getting together and expressing themselves.

**AR:** That's a good analogy. When you want to have a conversation, and you know what it is you're gonna try and talk about, so you go out and find somebody who can't talk about it.

**SC:** If a band does not have the national or international visibility that other less intrinsically motivated artists have, could Pere Ubu be considered as unsuccessful

because it communicated only to those in the know.

**DT:** Well, we didn't say Pere Ubu was unsuccessful. We were greatly successful. We were wonderful. We certainly accomplished a lot, more than any of us ever dreamed. We were one of the greatest rock and roll bands ever. I mean if you'd ever heard us, you ever heard us go into Heart of Darkness, you just would have never forgotten it. We've never forgotten it.

**AR:** No! I'm actually convinced that feeling Heart of Darkness bubbling up behind us when we were on stage was really

enjoyable.

**SC:** Is there any pressure to do tunes from Pere Ubu's catalog?

**DT:** No! I had to go through all that years ago. No. Now it's because we want to. Finally, people have forgotten about Pere Ubu. People who are coming to see me never heard of Pere Ubu. I don't...we only do the Pere Ubu tunes because we want to. Because we like them. Because they are good songs. This tour is the first time that I've done Ubu tunes. As far as classic, what's known as the classic period of Pere Ubu.

## Lemos from page 23

ally, it's a lack of resources at this point that prevents live work.

**AR:** If you were to perform, can you give us an idea of what could be expected?

**PL:** It's hard to say. I don't have an interest in being at the forefront of a hall or stage. So, for me, the performance would consist of live music to accompany and define certain atmospheres, using different, lightings, props and performers (dancers). We would probably not be on the stage. The performance would be choreographed to the music.

**AR:** Then what would be the point or attraction of doing a live show? Isn't the whole idea of performance to be seen on stage?

**PL:** Maybe for some. We are nothing to look at! The beauty of a show would be to accurately convey the feelings behind the music through visual imagery,

reinforced by the sound. So, the emphasis would be on the subtlety of lighting, the movement of the dancers and the arrangement of objects on the stage. I would also like to make music (at high volume) in an outside room to be channeled into an adjoining room in absolute darkness.

**AR:** Can you cite some specific musical influences?

**PL:** There are so many. I suppose my first strong influence was The Stooges, and then through high school I was mad about Frapp, Eno, Mahavishnu as well as the Pistols and the early punk bands. A bit later I was very taken with the old avant gardists like Cage and Varese. Presently I'd say that George Crumb, Swans, Phil Glass, Neubauten, Dan Lenz have really excited me. It's an ongoing process once again.

## Bisi from page 20

sensual experience of the sounds involved, having natural sounds like voices manipulated in strange and exciting ways. But history will tell about the Art of Noise. Five years from now, when you can make those sounds in your own house, will it really stand out?

But look at all the music that has been done using exactly the same instrumentation: pianos, violins, exactly the same number of them and all tuned the same. Some of the music is totally mediocre and some of it is classic. You put your own character on it. That's what I try to keep in mind.

**DR:** Don't you think that some of the downtown bands thumb their noses at the public and deliberately avoid mass acceptance?

**MB:** I don't like the majority of Americans and I find that most of these people don't like me. It will be a great moment when most Americans don't like most of America. We approached that point in the sixties, and if we can get to that point again it will be great. That's the kind of everyday that most of the downtown bands are shoving in people's direction. If they can get it together enough, in the studio and with their songs, we can be doing something here that is as important for cultural change as for musical change. I've seen it happen with Rap, and I see the same earmarks in the downtown bands.

What I like about Elliot Sharp's CARBON is that Elliot expresses the sensibilities of a certain type of people. On his records he presents the people he knows

downtown as its own ethnic group. It has a certain cultural integrity, its own ethnicity. For me, listening to a group of American Indian dancers and listening to Massacre or Jimi Hendrix has the same authenticity.

**DR:** For several years you were a core member of the pioneering musical collective, Material. In recent years Material seem to have become almost wholly a production team. Will Material continue to function as a performing/recording entity?

**MB:** Material has broken up. There was a definitely a falling out. It was personal, it was business, it was all of those things — a perfect example of how that incredibly youthful and spiritually valuable intent could decay.

It started clearly during the One Down record. We wanted to make a record that black kids going down the street with ghetto blasters would like, to take the music and fit it totally within a form. It was a flop.

There is no more Material. It's just Bill (Laswell), and he shouldn't even use the name anymore, out of respect.

Musicians keep coming back to the studio. They know that when they put money into the studio it's going back into their future projects and other people's projects. They're always welcome to suggest what I should do next. People feel like this is their studio.

## Bad Press from page 28

commercial rubbish; and this, for the moment, doesn't seem to be a shapeless, anarchistic hysteria, as it was formerly with the Clash, or a mindless blathering about Karl Marx, as it was with the Gang of Four. But it is too early to draw conclusions...

**OF COURSE** I have a number of reservations about the pop music press: its information has often been unbelievably inaccurate (for instance, when Alex Harvey died I found chronological details in the different papers wholly at odds with one another, by factors of several years, and all at odds with entries in rock encyclopedias). And one in three articles I read (at best) has absolutely nothing to say at all.

Still, contrary to much radical opinion, I do think that it is possible to gleam some information from every issue, even though it is indisputable that journalists distort musical life considerably, and push to one side completely all uncommercial music (which to me is the most interesting music of all). But then, how could it be any other way?

I vaguely remember a science fiction movie of "Flash Gordon" back in the 30's which showed all of the workers in some city moving around like robots. The hero tried to talk with them but they didn't pay any attention. He then noticed that all the workers were wearing the same kind of helmets. He took off one worker's helmet. The worker seemed to come out of a trance and told our hero that while they wore the helmets they were literally slaves and had to do whatever they were told by their masters.

In the book "Brave New World" the people were given a drug called "soma" each day as they finished work. As I recall, this kept the people in a blissful unconcerned state of consciousness.

billboards, read magazines and newspapers. During this time I usually also took one or more of the consciousness altering drugs. These addictive drugs included nicotine, caffeine, alcohol and sugar. The drugs may have made me more susceptible to the programming that I was receiving.

My programming was achieved by many methods. First of all remember that most of the mass media is owned or controlled by big money people. They not only use the old methods of slanting, falsifying, exaggerating, omitting, monkey-see-monkey-do, loaded words, hypnotic music, etc., but are also now using many new subliminal methods of implanting ideas, opinions, fears and desires into our conscious and subconscious minds without our being aware of it. (see "Subliminal Seduction" by Wilson Bryan Key, Signet) They were able to program me almost as effectively as computers are programmed.

I was dependent on these various programming medias for my entertainment. I thought I actually enjoyed the movies, TV, radio, etc., that I was being programmed with. I thought I enjoyed the drugs that I was dependent on. I had lost or never learned the art of entertaining myself. I was a human robot. I allowed others to do my thinking for me. I had very little self confidence in my ability to figure things out for myself. So I pretty much, just did what was expected of me.

I was 10 years a salesman and 10 years in business. During most of that time I went blindly around that old merry-go-round of working, spending and trying to pay my bills by the 10th. There were many times I couldn't pay on the 10th and I would try to borrow money from the bank to pay bills. Ha! I sorted the bills and paid only the most imminent and stalled the rest. One big bummer! Who has time to do any important thinking about life, pollution, wars, etc. at a time like that? My thinking was totally occupied with finding a way to make a buck.

I went painfully around and around that wheel (endless rut) every month, always trying to get a little ahead of the game. It was not unlike a grave with both ends kicked out, like a robot programmed to work, spend and pay. I didn't like it one bit but I didn't know how to get my helmet off!

I think that I might like background music if I was not trying to talk or think, that is, providing I was sure that there was no programming in it.

Somewhere along the line I got mad at my TV addiction and gave my set away. It was almost impossible for me to turn the damned thing off until the program was over or until I was exhausted. I'm now happy that I did this especially since I've learned about the subliminals they are bombarding TV watchers with. I don't need it. My subconscious must have told me to get rid of it. I rarely take in any of the other news media or movies any more either. This leaves me with time and inclination to do some thinking for myself. In fact I would not dream of even voting for anyone to represent me and make laws for me anymore.

I was taught in business college the rule, "Charge all the traffic will bear.", that I must make a profit and the more the better. At that time it sounded logical, so I went into business. It seemed quite natural to follow that old rule, so I did. I didn't stop to realize that everyone else would be using that same rule on me too. That for everything I would buy there would be someone trying to get all they could out of me. (This kind of economics make a fertile ground for trusts, monopolies and cartels. So those with the most, make the most.)

I didn't worry about the people whom I sold to. I didn't give a second thought to the workers in foreign countries who made only a few cents a day on the imported products that I bought or sold, until I visited some of those countries.

recently. Then I saw some of their living and working conditions. It made me start to think. Then I realized that workers in this country are exploited too, only on a different level and more subtly.

My belief<sup>2</sup> that everyone here had freedom of choice of work fell apart. I could see that most of us were doing work that we didn't like. Because we needed the money to pay the rent, food bills, etc., we had to take work at any place that was hiring, whether we liked the job or not.

I rarely questioned whether the manufacturer of what I was selling or buying, was polluting my drinking water supply, my fresh air supply or my food supply. I trusted government to protect those supplies for me. I trusted my city sewer disposal and my city water purification departments. It never once occurred to me that if we didn't pollute our water supply we wouldn't need the purification dept. I trusted my city government many years ago when they said that it was hazardous to health to put human waste on croplands. I had forgotten the fact that my dad always put our human waste on our cropland. I forgot that I had seen the Japanese farmers do this 30 years ago.

We have been making great technical advances. We have developed fabulous new techniques, alloys, compounds and methods that give products more strength, durability and all kinds of wonderful new qualities. But they sell us products that are always breaking down, wearing out and polluting more. e.g. Cars won't start, they rust out and fall apart.

Why did I allow these things to happen? First of all I wasn't aware of much of the BS that was going on. Second, when I became aware I tried the usual things, e.g., writing to my congressman, writing to the press, etc. I was a volunteer worker in the Republican Party. All to no avail. Third, why didn't I drop out and stop participating in the consuming, polluting, exploiting and depleting of resources? Well, I thought I needed the income to pay for my shelter, food, clothing, auto payments, business loan payments, taxes, insurance, upkeep, entertainment, medical, vacation etc. How could I have said "No," to a boss or to a client and take the risk of losing everything? I thought I didn't have no viable alternative. Fourth, I mulled over all these thoughts for some time before I decided on a partial way out. (I think this might be the point where many of us would have said, "Well, screw it. I don't see a way out of the mess. Then they go to a shrink and he/she tries to "fix them" so that they can get back into the old rat race and run again. What a bumper!)

After about 20 years in the race I was starting to get ahead a little. I decided to get out of the race and sold everything I had when I was 42. Decided to take a few years off. Figured I had learned how to make money and could do it again if I ever had to. I have been learning, growing and enjoying so much in the last 8 years that I doubt if I'll ever go back into the rat race.

Since I have stopped taking in the programming, I can walk through any of the big stores and never get a desire to buy any of their stuff. What little I need I buy at rummage sales for just a few cents. I have no idea what's in style any more, and care less. Of course I can't buy second hand food but I'm eating more of the cheaper and more basic foods. I got rid of my car because it was always eating money and taking up a lot of my time. I now live close to where I do my thing so I walk most of the time or bus to farther places. I don't spend much money so my small income is sufficient for everything that I desire.

My first reaction to my study of the overall picture, was that things are sure screwed, all backwards and muddled up, a regular nightmare. But on closer examination I decided that this is the natural trend that must take place under the present world-wide economic system. (The "Pay System", take pay for work and sell the product.)

I understand that corporate trust agreements have given way to large corporate conglomerates which more easily corner national

## Free Time and Purpose

Not spending much money means not needing to spend much time earning money. This gives me lots of free time to think, listen, smell, feel, taste, touch and reason. Sometimes I feel like writing and I do, I don't know if anyone will understand what I'm saying but it feels good to write it anyway. I have discovered a purpose for my life and it feels right and good now. Eight years ago I was almost dropped out. I asked myself, "What is the highest and best use that I can put my mind, heart and body to? What kind of work needs to be done the most? What can I do that will be for my own good and for the good of all? What is the greatest need of the hour?" I decided to try to discover and design a more perfect system of living together on this planet. I derive much happiness from my purpose (my work). I am free and I'm my own boss. I can quit anytime and go back to work anytime. I do my work as I see fit. I don't give a damn if my paper sells because I give it away. ha. If my ideas for freedom are valid I expect people may use them. If the seeds that I plant are fertile, I trust that the good things that I have sown will water them and cultivate them. If this happens we will all share in the harvest.

My guess is that the big money people who order the mind programming are in a dilemma themselves. They seem to be in a competitive game with each other. It's like they have a hold of the chain that holds a vicious bulldog (Power) and if they let go someone else will grab it and go after them with it. So they don't dare let go of their power.

They seem to be working together now. Big money is going strong in Agrobusiness. They are buying up land like it is going out of style. They already seem to have a corner on the market in meat, sugar, coffee and oil. Whenever a commodity drops in price overnight you can be pretty sure that they have cornered that, too. It is inevitable that they will continue the game until they can set all prices wherever they wish and the same with wages. What freedom will this leave for me? If I wait until then to try to make change it will probably be too late. Most people will by then be so thoroughly programmed (brainwashed) that they will believe that, "Everything that happens is for the best."

Ernest Mann a/k/a Larry F. Johnson,  
12/27/76 Ex-Real Estate Broker, Mpls.

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### Attachment

Tape fragmentation consists of interrupting the audio input to a tape deck from the tape deck; that is, using the tape deck to fragment an audio input.

I often record my environment for source material in audio collages and for cassette correspondances. The portable recorder I use has a pause button that slurs when turned on while recording. I decided to see what it would sound like if I turned the pause on and off rapidly while recording. The results cannot be explained by someone who wasn't there... the sound is alien and familiar at the same time.

My home recorder has a pause function that is exact and completely without slurs. Using this deck, I fragmented sounds from the radio (mostly classical music and speech), other tapes I've produced, and sequences programmed in my synthesizer. I also tried unplugging and plugging in the power cord to the tape deck while recording, but the results weren't satisfactory.

I believe the best fragmentation comes from speech. One can recognise voices and an occasional word, but the overall effect is the destruction of language. Words are cut apart and re-combined in new and unpredictable ways.

Fragmented tapes are very easy to ignore. That is, if you set your mind to something else while listening to a fragmented tape you will find it very easy to block out. It is the kind of destroyed sound that your hear when there is a television on in the next room, or when a radio is playing in a passing car. This background noise effect and the extremely easy process of creating fragmented tapes make them ideal audio accompaniments to performances or exhibits for those with limited access to expensive recording ~~audio~~ equipment.

# UNCLASSIFIED ADS

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**TCAB STUDIO** is making its 1986 summer catalog free for the asking. The catalog lists all the recorded works of Mickey Stein and James Hill currently available to the public. Included in the catalog are indepth reviews and information about the tapes. Write to TCAB Studio, P.O.B. 884763, San Francisco, CA 94188, USA.

**MINUTEMEN INFO NEEDED.** Articles, interviews, reviews, photos, anecdotes, insights. Help us document this fine band. Send to Sound Choice, P.O.B. 1251, Ojai, CA 93023, USA. Or call 805-646-6814. Thanks!

**MAILING LIST:** Independent Radio Stations. They want your music. Over 360 stations in U.S., Canada and elsewhere. Stations playing cassettes are noted. Hard copy or printed mailing labels — \$12. Both for \$20. Send check or money order to Lee Scott, P.O. Box 185, Newhall, CA 91321, USA.

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**AUDIO EVOLUTION RADIO SHOW**, currently broadcast on KCSB, Santa Barbara, California (home of the Western Whitehouse). Please send us records and cassettes that will either enlighten or scare the shit out of our poor President. All genres and styles of music and audio art are eligible for airplay on this weekly program. Send recordings to Sound Choice, P.O.B. 1251, Ojai, CA 93023, USA. A copy of each recording will become part of the A.E.N. non-profit, public-access independent recording library.

**GRANTSMANSHIP.** The Audio Evolution Network is in need of a volunteer to establish grant proposals to upgrade and house the growing Audio Evolution Network non-profit, public-access independent recording library. Any positive input on this project, currently in its infancy, will be greatly appreciated. Call or write, Sound Choice, P.O.B. 1251, Ojai, CA 93023, USA; ph. 805-646-6814.

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**HEY CAROLYN!** You are my jewel. Happy 30th birthday. I'll always love you. Oh, and let's go Mets!

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